BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER
1935

1/-

In this issue
SPECIAL MOTOR SHOW SECTION

HILDA DANVERS DEARDEN
CHARLES D. G. ROBERTS
HANNEN SWAFFER
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FERDINAND TUOHY
PHILIP PAGE

COMPLETE HOME and FASHION Sections

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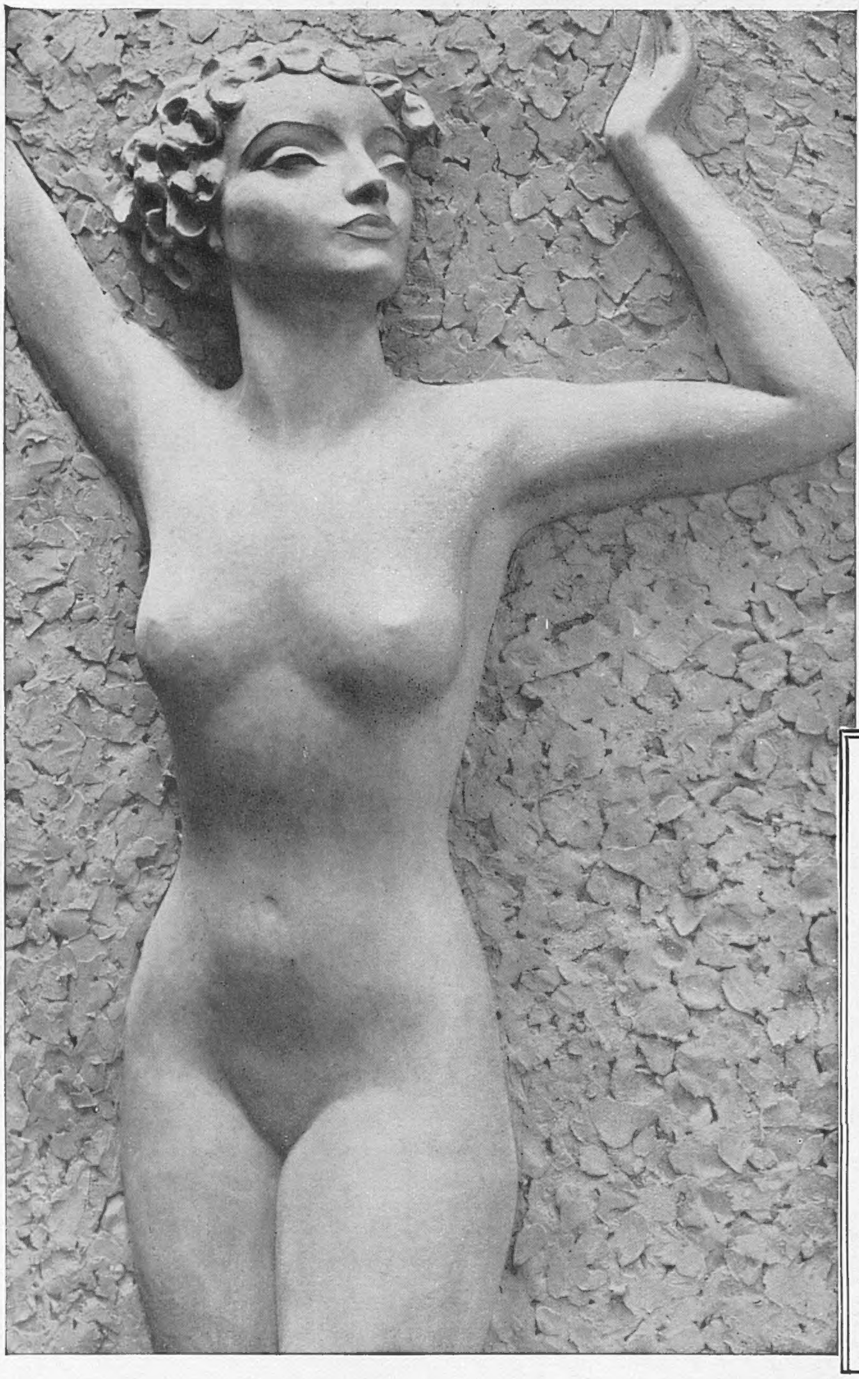
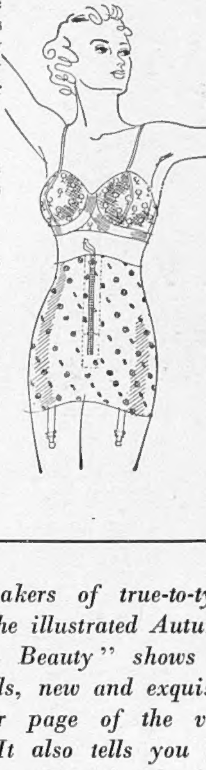


THE AVERAGE TYPE



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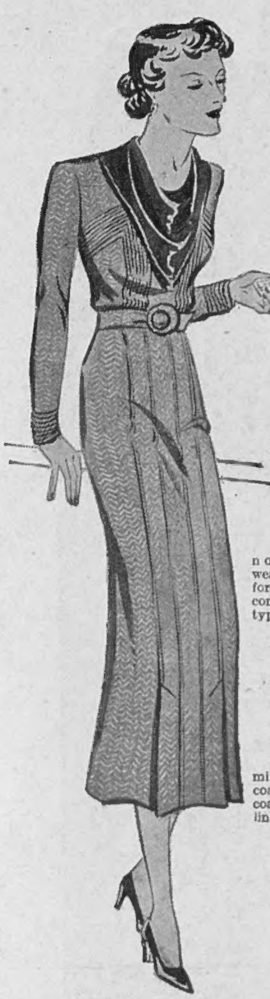

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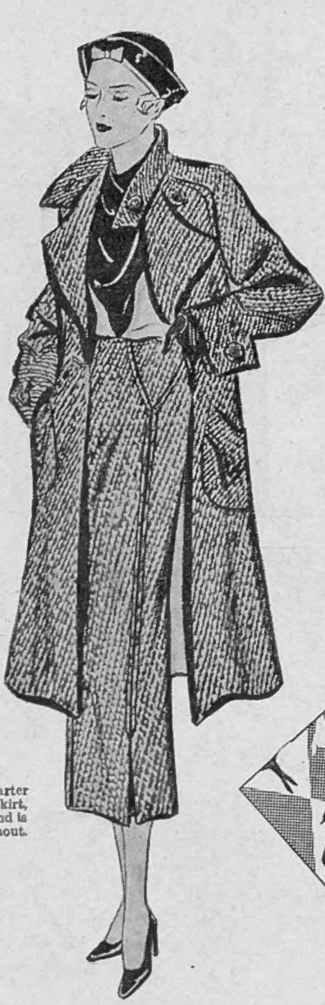

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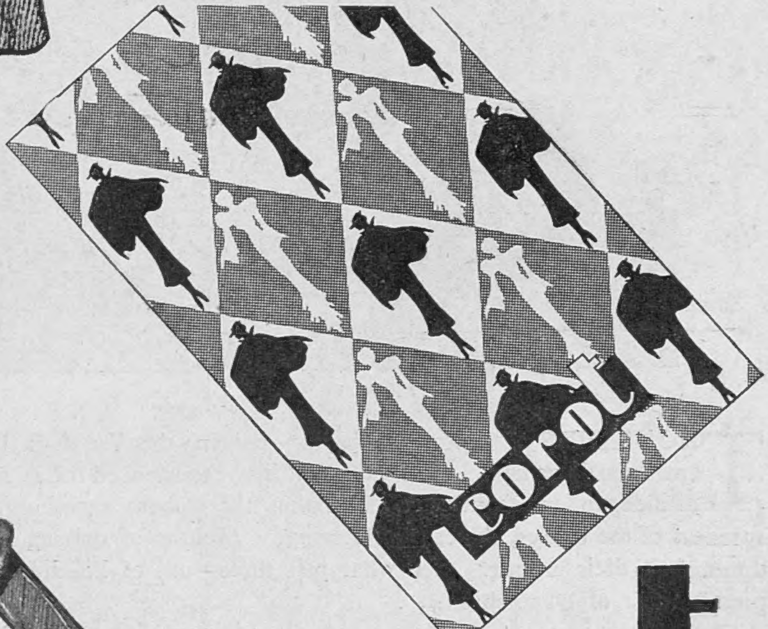

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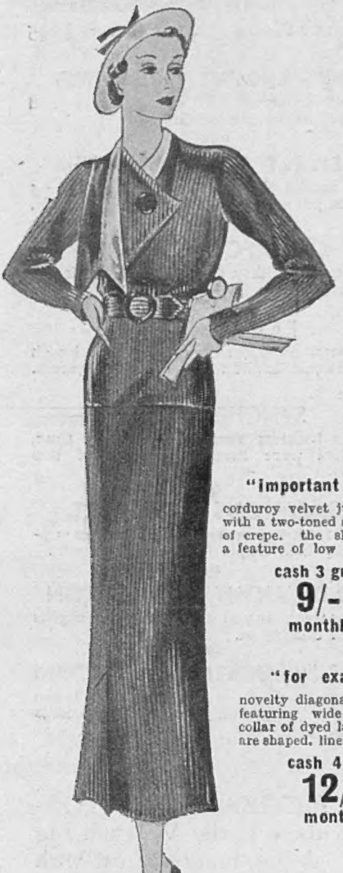

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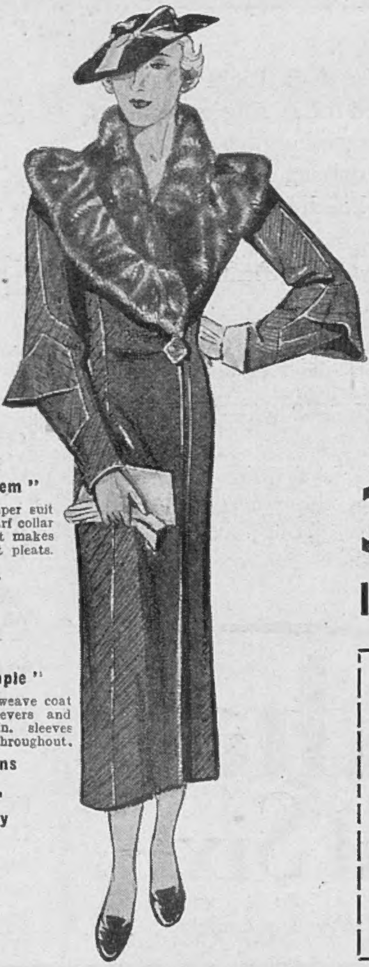

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 11, No. 4 OCTOBER, 1935

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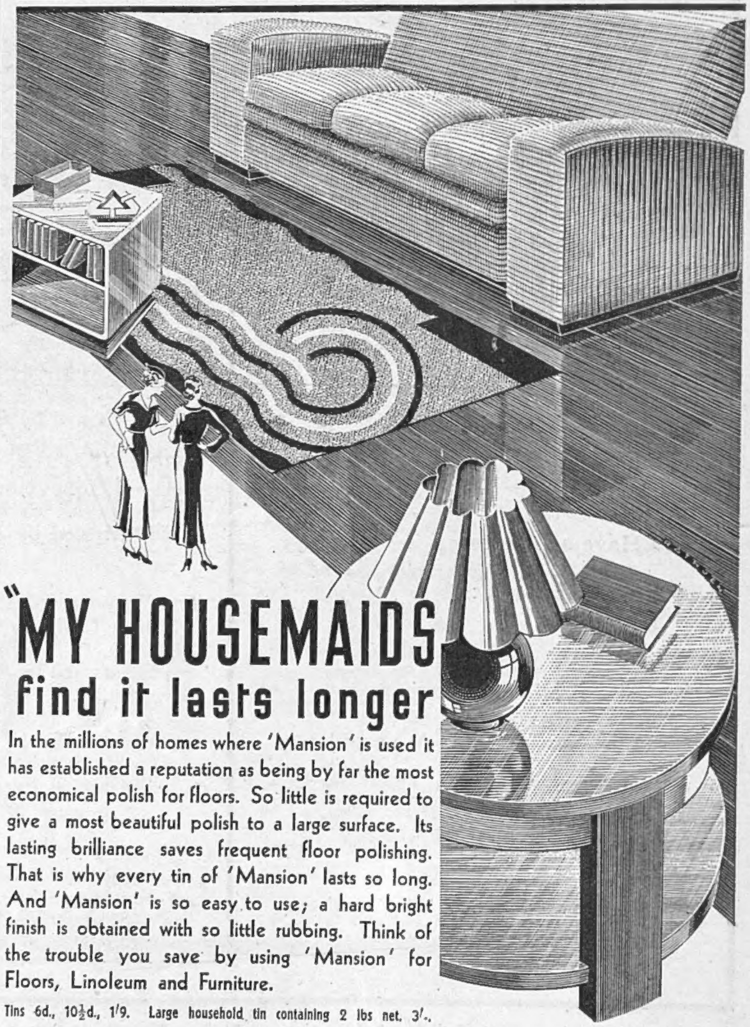

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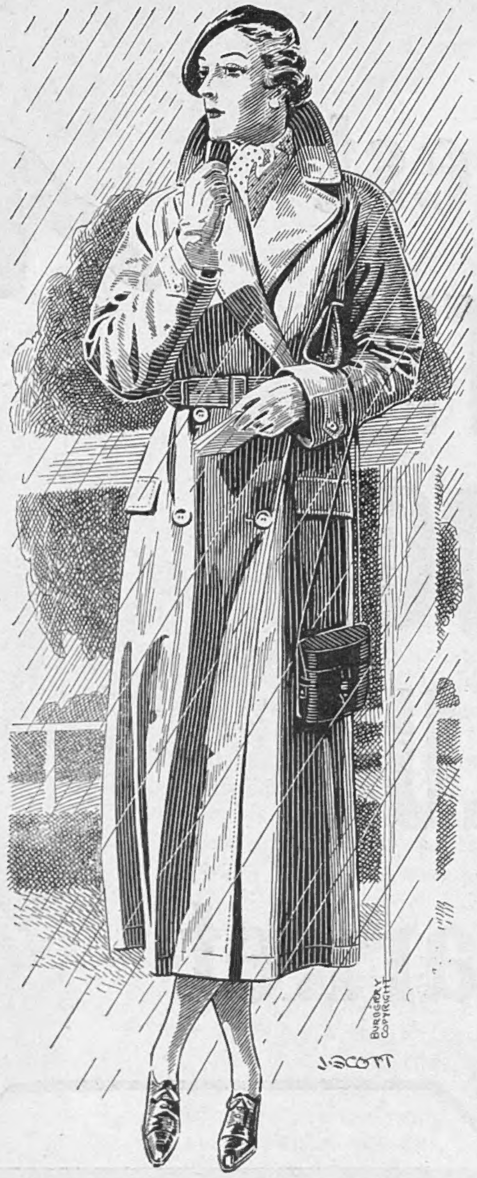

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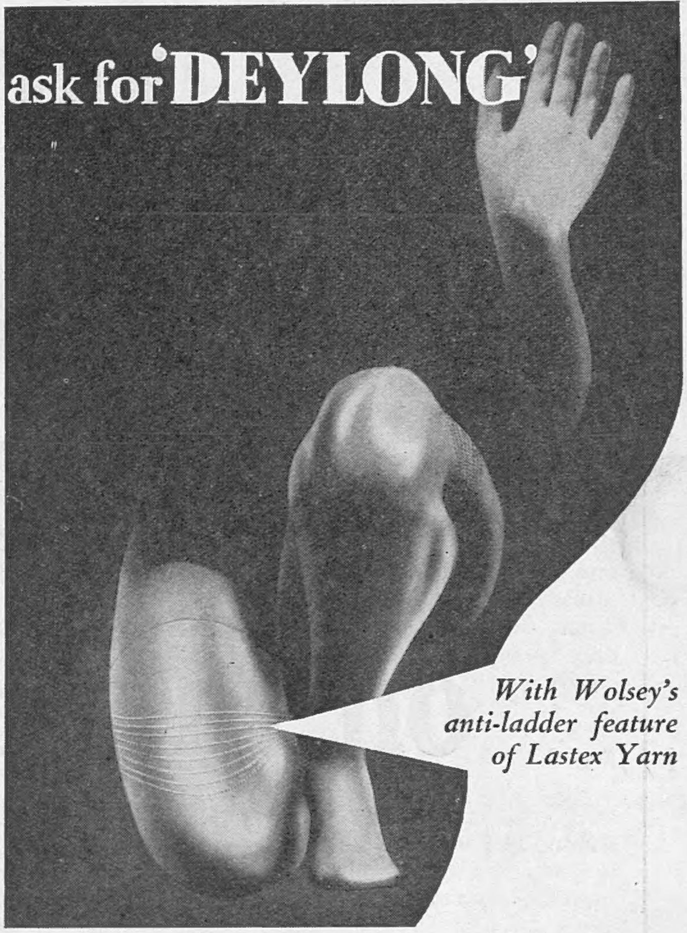

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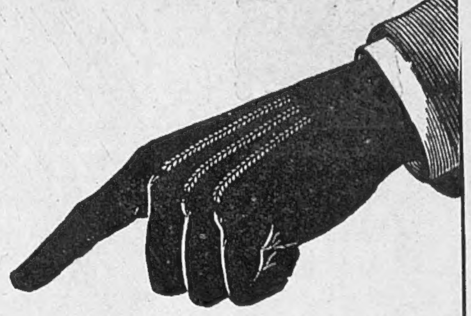

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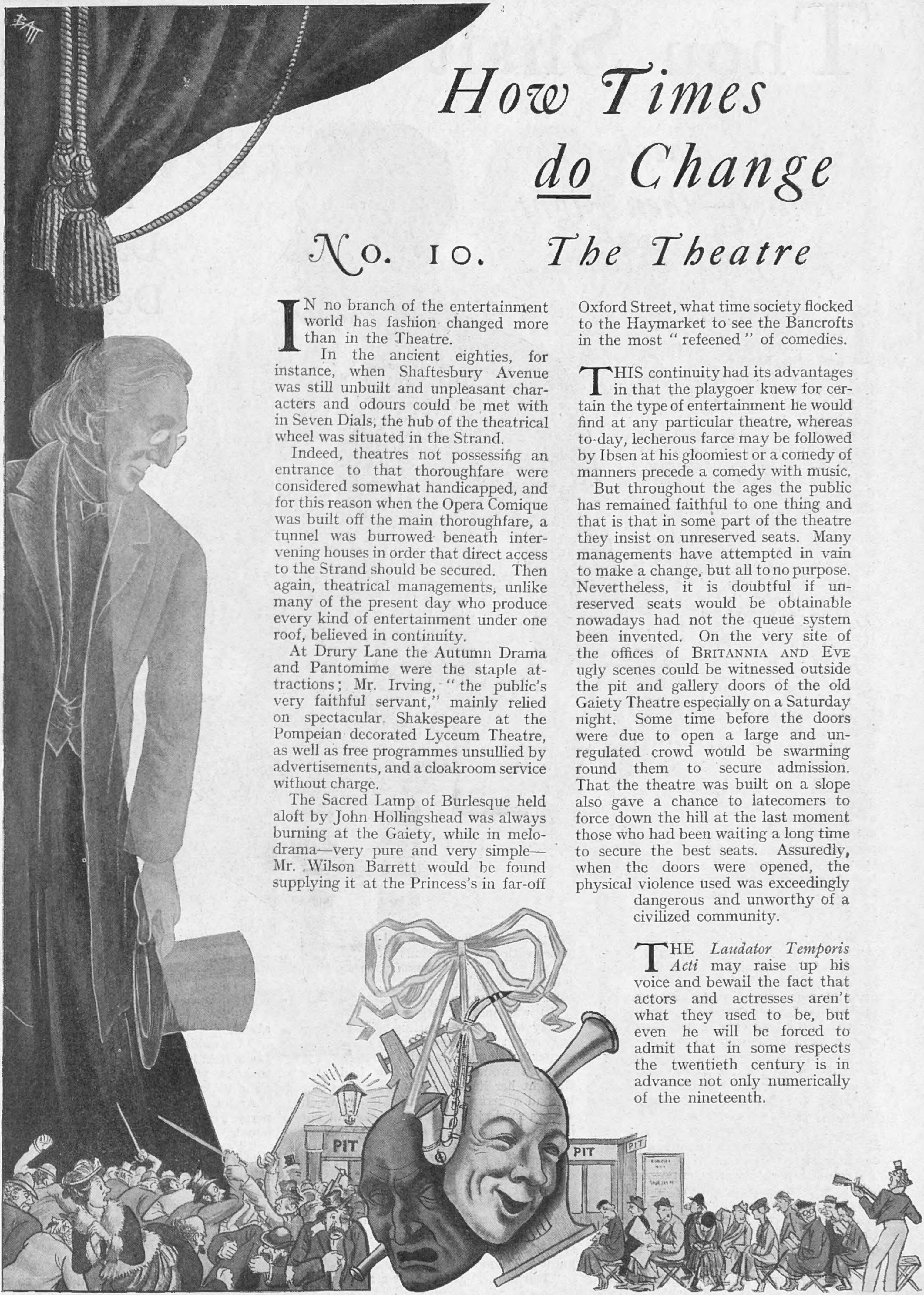
How Times do Change

No. 10. *The Theatre*



IN no branch of the entertainment world has fashion changed more than in the Theatre.

In the ancient eighties, for instance, when Shaftesbury Avenue was still unbuilt and unpleasant characters and odours could be met with in Seven Dials, the hub of the theatrical wheel was situated in the Strand.

Indeed, theatres not possessing an entrance to that thoroughfare were considered somewhat handicapped, and for this reason when the Opera Comique was built off the main thoroughfare, a tunnel was burrowed beneath intervening houses in order that direct access to the Strand should be secured. Then again, theatrical managements, unlike many of the present day who produce every kind of entertainment under one roof, believed in continuity.

At Drury Lane the Autumn Drama and Pantomime were the staple attractions; Mr. Irving, "the public's very faithful servant," mainly relied on spectacular Shakespeare at the Pompeian decorated Lyceum Theatre, as well as free programmes unsullied by advertisements, and a cloakroom service without charge.

The Sacred Lamp of Burlesque held aloft by John Hollingshead was always burning at the Gaiety, while in melodrama—very pure and very simple—Mr. Wilson Barrett would be found supplying it at the Princess's in far-off Oxford Street, what time society flocked to the Haymarket to see the Bancrofts in the most "refeened" of comedies.

THIS continuity had its advantages in that the playgoer knew for certain the type of entertainment he would find at any particular theatre, whereas to-day, lecherous farce may be followed by Ibsen at his gloomiest or a comedy of manners precede a comedy with music.

But throughout the ages the public has remained faithful to one thing and that is that in some part of the theatre they insist on unreserved seats. Many managements have attempted in vain to make a change, but all to no purpose. Nevertheless, it is doubtful if unreserved seats would be obtainable nowadays had not the queue system been invented. On the very site of the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE ugly scenes could be witnessed outside the pit and gallery doors of the old Gaiety Theatre especially on a Saturday night. Some time before the doors were due to open a large and unregulated crowd would be swarming round them to secure admission. That the theatre was built on a slope also gave a chance to latecomers to force down the hill at the last moment those who had been waiting a long time to secure the best seats. Assuredly, when the doors were opened, the physical violence used was exceedingly dangerous and unworthy of a civilized community.

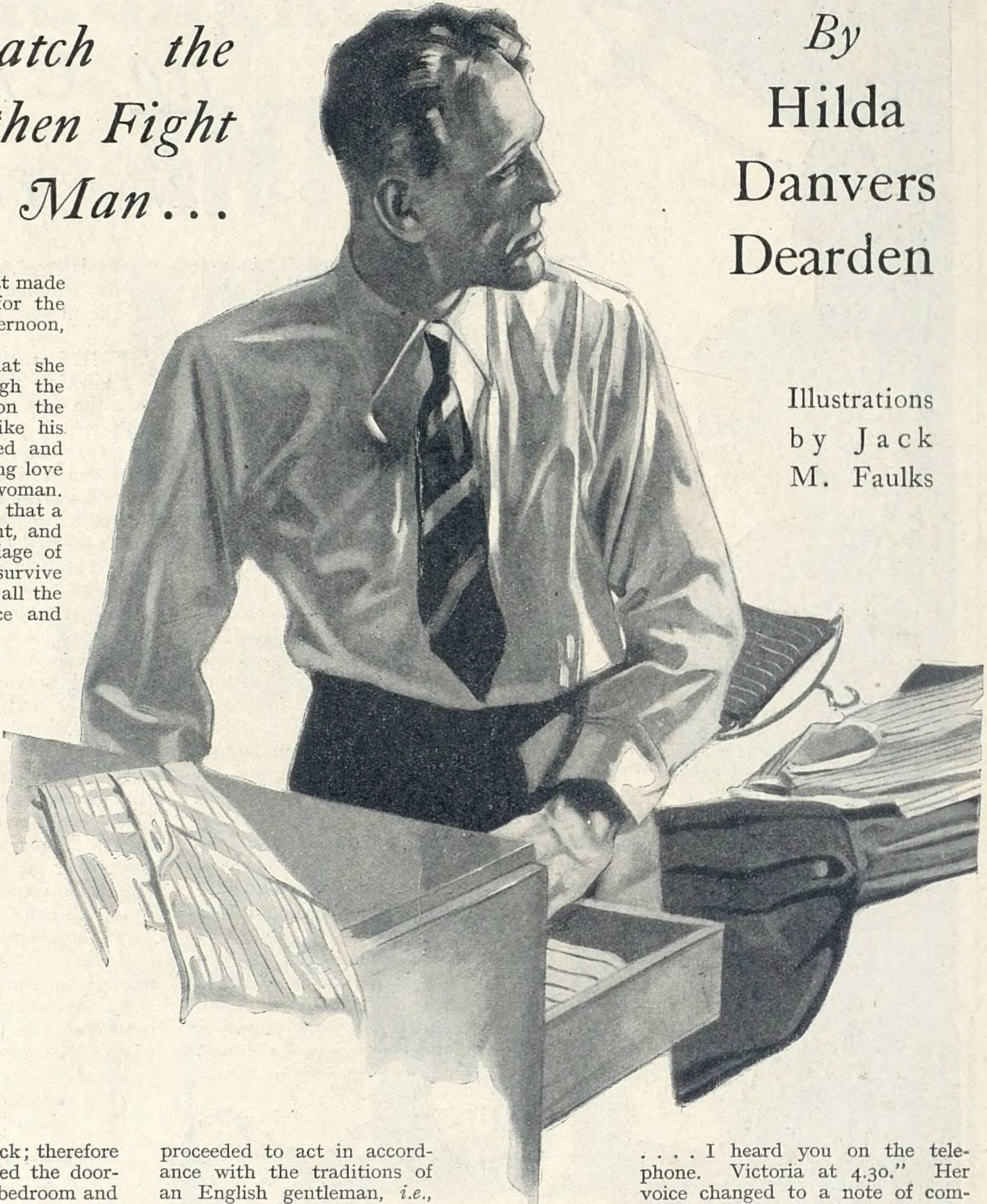
THE *Laudator Temporis Acti* may raise up his voice and bewail the fact that actors and actresses aren't what they used to be, but even he will be forced to admit that in some respects the twentieth century is in advance not only numerically of the nineteenth.

Thou Shalt N*ot* Covet

First catch the Thief—then Fight for your Man . . .

By
Hilda
Danvers
Dearden

Illustrations
by Jack
M. Faulks



IT was blind impulse that made Lucia miss the train for the coast that Saturday afternoon, and return home.

As she re-entered the flat she heard Archie's voice through the bedroom door, speaking on the telephone. It was so unlike his usual voice that she paused and listened, and heard him using love words intended for another woman.

In that moment she knew that a domestic crisis was imminent, and that if her successful marriage of five years' duration was to survive she would have to summon all the resources of her intelligence and humour to meet the crisis.

Lucia Shann was of this day and age; that is to say she had been reared on the maxim . . . spare the rod and psycho-analyse the child.

Having achieved a university education, graduated in the world of business and taken marriage in her stride, at twenty-seven her technique of life was as faultless as her figure.

The blue of her eyes deepened to a darker hue as she listened; she had allowed for the ego complex in marriage, knowing that double harness does not imply a solo performance . . . . but Archie's ego was going beyond the limit!

She knew the value of attack; therefore without hesitation she turned the door-handle of the rose and gold bedroom and stepped inside.

Archie stood there, in shirt and trousers, looking handsomer than ever, surrounded by the entire contents of his wardrobe strewn haphazard over the floor.

Subconsciously becoming aware of her presence he altered his voice, slammed down the receiver and registered surprise.

"Hullo! I thought you'd caught the three o'clock to Cooden Beach?"

With a pain in the region of her heart Lucia realised that he had counted on her catching that particular train.

Retaining her outward composure, she said: "I missed it, darling, but I've caught something else by the sound of it. Who was that on the telephone?" Her glance went beyond him to the garments on the floor. "And whatever is all this?"

Archie gathered himself together and proceeded to act in accordance with the traditions of an English gentleman, *i.e.*, when in a tight corner . . . joke your way out.

"I was just sorting some of my old clothes, darling. These poor beggars in the streets, you know . . . winter coming on . . . and all that."

Lucia wondered why she had ever thought her husband funny; it was true he had a certain vein of humour which always made her laugh . . . she did not laugh now. Instead she picked up various articles of clothing.

"Sell this? And this? And your new dress suit?"

"Can't a man sort his clothes if he wants to?"

She brushed aside his humour and went straight to the point. At all costs she must know the truth . . . must know the name of the enemy.

"Darling . . . you've got a rendezvous . . . . I heard you on the telephone. Victoria at 4.30." Her voice changed to a note of command. "Who is it?"

Once more Archie tried to delay the inevitable. "Don't let's be absurd."

"I wouldn't dream of being absurd." Lucia held her temper in check. "I want to know who the woman is . . . I've a right to know."

Archie tried again, with the last desperate resistance of the male against the female.

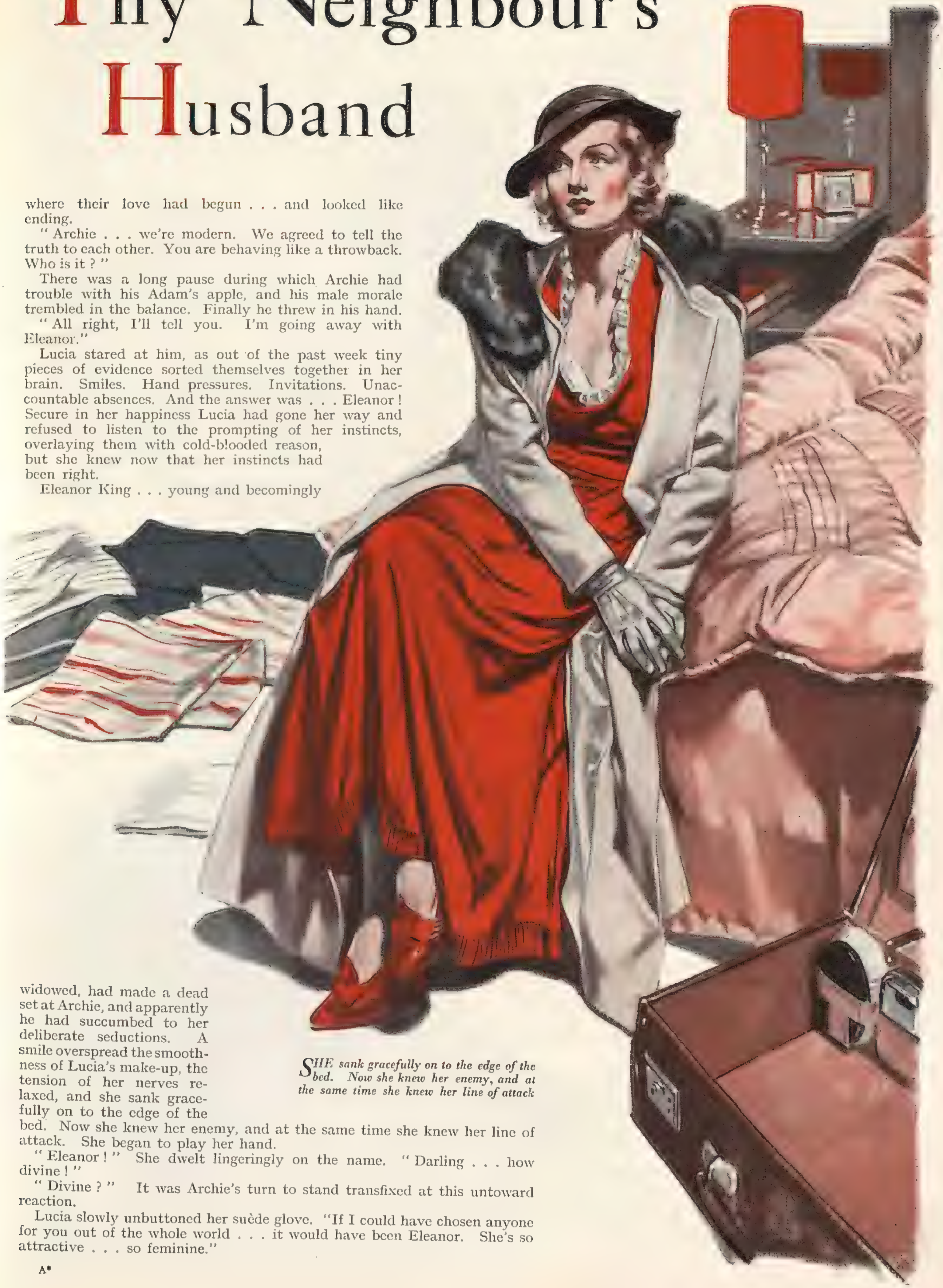
"You're imagining things."

"If you don't tell me who it is . . . I'll scream!" Her voice had an hysterical edge to it.

"I was going to tell you . . ." Archie's voice also had an edge to it, "only you've come back and spoilt things. I was going to write . . ."

With a tremendous effort at control Lucia faced her husband in that room

Thy Neighbour's Husband



SHE sank gracefully on to the edge of the bed. Now she knew her enemy, and at the same time she knew her line of attack

where their love had begun . . . and looked like ending.

"Archie . . . we're modern. We agreed to tell the truth to each other. You are behaving like a throwback. Who is it ?"

There was a long pause during which Archie had trouble with his Adam's apple, and his male morale trembled in the balance. Finally he threw in his hand.

"All right, I'll tell you. I'm going away with Eleanor."

Lucia stared at him, as out of the past week tiny pieces of evidence sorted themselves together in her brain. Smiles. Hand pressures. Invitations. Unaccountable absences. And the answer was . . . Eleanor ! Secure in her happiness Lucia had gone her way and refused to listen to the prompting of her instincts, overlaying them with cold-blooded reason, but she knew now that her instincts had been right.

Eleanor King . . . young and becomingly widowed, had made a dead set at Archie, and apparently he had succumbed to her deliberate seductions. A smile overspread the smoothness of Lucia's make-up, the tension of her nerves relaxed, and she sank gracefully on to the edge of the bed. Now she knew her enemy, and at the same time she knew her line of attack. She began to play her hand.

"Eleanor !" She dwelt lingeringly on the name. "Darling . . . how divine !"

"Divine ?" It was Archie's turn to stand transfixed at this untoward reaction.

Lucia slowly unbuttoned her suède glove. "If I could have chosen anyone for you out of the whole world . . . it would have been Eleanor. She's so attractive . . . so feminine."

Anger was the card that should have been played and Archie played it.

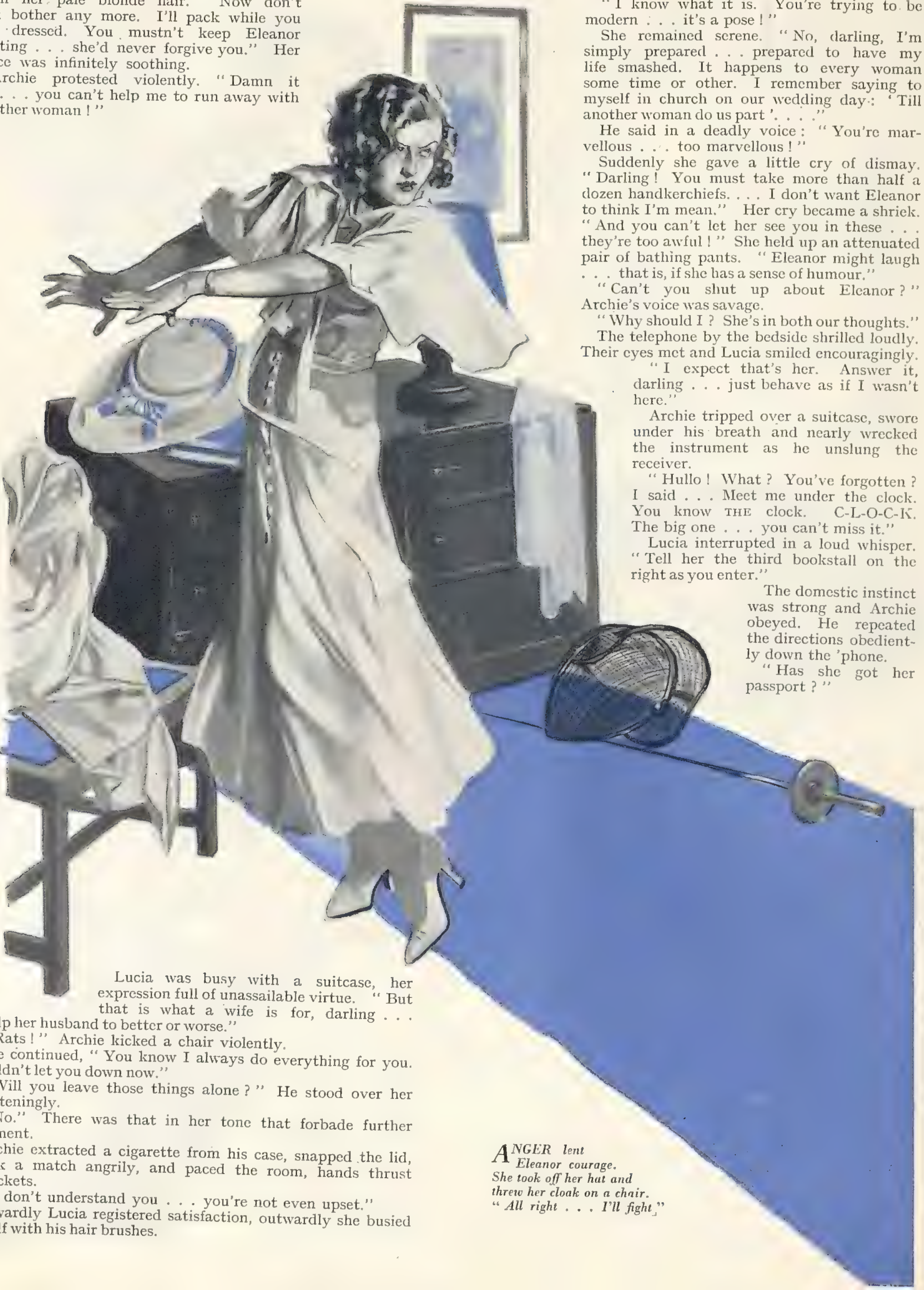
" It's no good your going off the deep end. I've made up my mind . . . . and that's that."

Lucia smiled tenderly. " I'm not upset, darling. I'm going to help you."

" What ? "

She rose from the bed, removing her hat from her pale blonde hair. " Now don't you bother any more. I'll pack while you get dressed. You mustn't keep Eleanor waiting . . . she'd never forgive you." Her voice was infinitely soothing.

Archie protested violently. " Damn it all . . . you can't help me to run away with another woman ! "



ANGER lent Eleanor courage. She took off her hat and threw her cloak on a chair. " All right . . . I'll fight."

Lucia was busy with a suitcase, her expression full of unassailable virtue. " But that is what a wife is for, darling . . . to help her husband to better or worse."

" Rats ! " Archie kicked a chair violently.

She continued, " You know I always do everything for you. I couldn't let you down now."

" Will you leave those things alone ? " He stood over her threateningly.

" No." There was that in her tone that forbade further argument.

Archie extracted a cigarette from his case, snapped the lid, struck a match angrily, and paced the room, hands thrust in pockets.

" I don't understand you . . . you're not even upset."

Inwardly Lucia registered satisfaction, outwardly she busied herself with his hair brushes.

" Why should I be upset, darling ? Sooner or later you were bound to get tired of me. I always hoped that when the time came I should be brave and understanding."

Archie bit on his cigarette and threw it away. What was the matter with Lucia ? Didn't she love him at all ? What was at the bottom of her damned composure ? Most women would have been in tears by now . . . she was putting him out of his stride. He turned on her.

" I know what it is. You're trying to be modern . . . it's a pose ! "

She remained serene. " No, darling, I'm simply prepared . . . prepared to have my life smashed. It happens to every woman some time or other. I remember saying to myself in church on our wedding day : ' Till another woman do us part '. . . ."

He said in a deadly voice : " You're marvellous . . . too marvellous ! "

Suddenly she gave a little cry of dismay. " Darling ! You must take more than half a dozen handkerchiefs. . . . I don't want Eleanor to think I'm mean." Her cry became a shriek. " And you can't let her see you in these . . . they're too awful ! " She held up an attenuated pair of bathing pants. " Eleanor might laugh . . . that is, if she has a sense of humour."

" Can't you shut up about Eleanor ? " Archie's voice was savage.

" Why should I ? She's in both our thoughts."

The telephone by the bedside shrilled loudly. Their eyes met and Lucia smiled encouragingly.

" I expect that's her. Answer it, darling . . . just behave as if I wasn't here."

Archie tripped over a suitcase, swore under his breath and nearly wrecked the instrument as he unslung the receiver.

" Hullo ! What ? You've forgotten ? I said . . . Meet me under the clock. You know THE clock. C-L-O-C-K. The big one . . . you can't miss it."

Lucia interrupted in a loud whisper. " Tell her the third bookstall on the right as you enter."

The domestic instinct was strong and Archie obeyed. He repeated the directions obediently down the 'phone.

" Has she got her passport ? "

"Her what?" Archie was torn between the two voices. Eleanor's cooing and helpless in his ear, and Lucia's serene . . . commanding.

"Tell her I'll lend her my air cushion; the seats in those trains are so hard; she might as well elope in comfort."

He shouted despairingly down the instrument. "HULLO! I can't hear. What's that? . . . No. . . . it's the maid. I'll meet you under the third bookstall. . . . Oh, DAMN!" He thrust back the receiver and faced his wife prepared to wreak vengeance on her, but Lucia was counting on her fingers with an engaging air of innocence.

"Let me see . . . have I got everything? Tooth-paste. Shaving-brush. Aspirin!"

"Hell! I don't need aspirin."

"You might have a headache!"

"I've got one."

Lucia continued to count—"Sponge bag. Bedroom slippers. Oh, Eno's!" She rushed into the bathroom with a little cry. Archie shouted after her. "I haven't got any Eno's. I hate the stuff."

She returned hugging a large bottle. "It's all right, darling . . . I'll lend you mine."

Archie made a superhuman effort at control and lit another cigarette. "You're not normal behaving this way."

Lucia raised her blue eyes. "This is a big crisis in my life. I'm trying to meet it calmly."

"Devilish calm," he shot her a malignant look.

"My husband and the other woman." Her voice held a wistful quality. "It's quite like all the magazine stories I've ever read. Do you know, darling . . . I feel I'm really living at last."

"Personally I think you might have the decency to go."

Lucia's heart beat faster at his tone. Neither he nor Eleanor should get away with things too easily if she could help it. She rose to her feet and faced him. "Until you meet Eleanor at Victoria at 4.30 . . . my place is by your side."

At her words Archie's restraint went west. "Don't you understand that I'm leaving you? That I'm going away with another woman? That our life together is finished? You're too perfect. Always doing the right thing in the right way . . . you'd drive any man mad!"

Lucia flinched at his words but at the same time she registered the fact that he had not used the word Love. There was still hope. Archie was in a hole; it was up to her to get him out of it. She must continue to drive him into Eleanor's arms, and wait for his psychological reaction to set in.

She snapped the locks of his dressing-case with an air of finality. "I know, darling . . . you want someone clinging for a change. Eleanor will suit you."

Archie glared at her. She wasn't doing any of the conventional things, wasn't grovelling, or clinging round his knees . . . it actually seemed as if she wanted him to go. Why?

The telephone shrilled again, and he went sheepishly towards it.

Lucia said hurriedly: "Have you booked your seats?"

"Damn! I knew there was something I'd forgotten."

"Why not fly to Paris?" Lucia's eyes were bright.

"How did you know we were going to Paris?"

"It's usual, darling."

Deliberately he unhooked the receiver and listened in silence. Then he spoke: "Forgotten again, my sweet? It doesn't matter . . . we're going to fly across."

Lucia's heart contracted as she heard that note in his voice. After a pause which seemed years he hung up.

"She says she'll be sick if she flies."

So great was Lucia's relief that she rammed home her satisfaction.

"What a pity! I always thought Eleanor had a strong stomach . . . I'd better pack some smelling salts. It's bad luck on both of us . . . because I should have got a much bigger notice in the papers. Husband elopes by air! So romantic!"

"Stop rag . . . ragging . . . c-can't you?" Anger played havoc with Archie's articulation. Why must Lucia make the whole situation ridiculous by behaving in this outrageous manner?

"I don't call it ragging to leave me and run off with another woman."

"How was I to know the affair was going to become serious?"

"Of course you couldn't . . . you don't know Eleanor's methods."

There was an hysterical inflexion in both their voices; in another moment barriers would be down, convention would have flown to the four winds, and two human beings would have said things that were better left unsaid.

Archie snatched up his coat and put it on. "Method or no method. . . . I'm off. Ring for Marie. Tell her to take the suitcases and call a taxi."

HE went into the dressing-room, and Lucia's eyes followed him as if she was seeing him for the last time. Surely he wouldn't really go? As she pressed the bell for the maid it seemed an irrevocable act. She followed him to the door and said in a small voice: "Give me the keys. I'll lock the cases."

"Marie can do it." His voice came muffled and indistinct, the voice of one determined to resist further contact.

"No . . . I'd rather."

"Please yourself." He tossed her the keys.

Lucia took them. As she performed her task she gave a despairing glance round the rose and gold room. Had her tactics failed? Had she lost him after all? Her mouth quivered a little; it was difficult to believe that she was really losing her husband to another woman. She had managed to hide her feelings so far; perhaps it did not pay to hide one's feelings—perhaps she had been too modern?

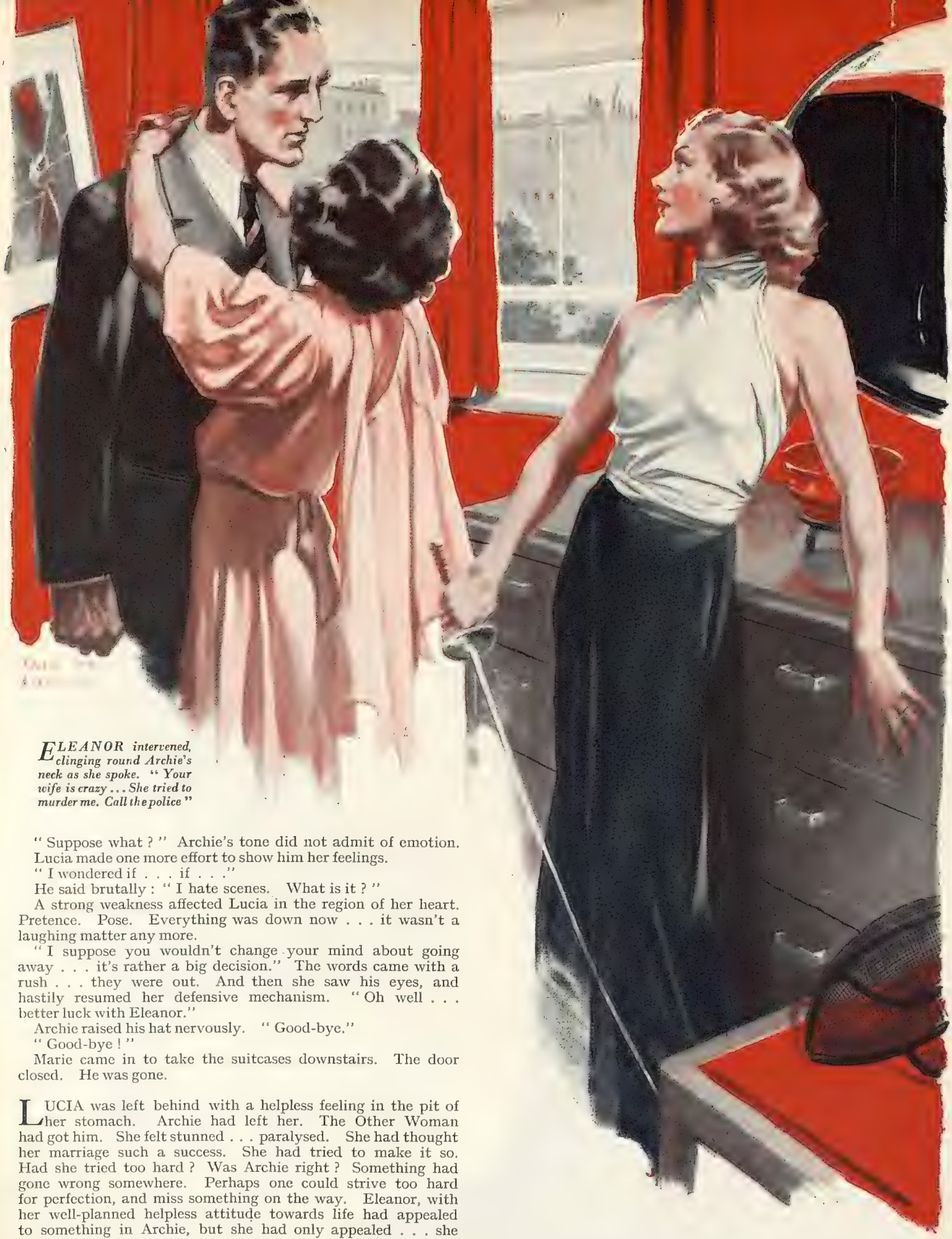
Archie came back hat in hand, looking handsome and debonair.

Something seemed to turn over in Lucia's inside, he was so dear . . .. she knew every inch of him mentally and physically.

He avoided her gaze. "I'm sorry it's got to be like this."

She lifted her eyes and gave him a glimpse of herself in their depths.

"I suppose. . . ." She hesitated, wanting to give way to the emotions that were seething within her, but not daring.



ELEANOR intervened, clinging round Archie's neck as she spoke. " Your wife is crazy ... She tried to murder me. Call the police "

" Suppose what ? " Archie's tone did not admit of emotion. Lucia made one more effort to show him her feelings.

" I wondered if . . . if . . ."

He said brutally : " I hate scenes. What is it ? "

A strong weakness affected Lucia in the region of her heart. Pretence. Pose. Everything was down now . . . it wasn't a laughing matter any more.

" I suppose you wouldn't change your mind about going away . . . it's rather a big decision." The words came with a rush . . . they were out. And then she saw his eyes, and hastily resumed her defensive mechanism. " Oh well . . . better luck with Eleanor."

Archie raised his hat nervously. " Good-bye."

" Good-bye ! "

Marie came in to take the suitcases downstairs. The door closed. He was gone.

LUCIA was left behind with a helpless feeling in the pit of her stomach. Archie had left her. The Other Woman had got him. She felt stunned . . . paralysed. She had thought her marriage such a success. She had tried to make it so. Had she tried too hard ? Was Archie right ? Something had gone wrong somewhere. Perhaps one could strive too hard for perfection, and miss something on the way. Eleanor, with her well-planned helpless attitude towards life had appealed to something in Archie, but she had only appealed . . . she had won nothing beyond a counter-attraction. Lucia knew that Archie was still hers if she could only get him back. She resisted her desire to give way to tears, and obeyed a stronger impulse, the impulse to fight for something that belonged to her. There was just a chance that Eleanor might overdo her helpless act and be late for the train.

She pressed the bell for the maid and then dialled Eleanor's number with feverish impatience. When Marie came, she thrust the receiver into her hand. " Quick . . . ask for Mrs. Eleanor King. Tell her to come round here at once . . . say you are speaking for Mr. Shann. Do as I tell you," she said curtly, and the maid obeyed.

With a heart beating above normal Lucia heard Eleanor's bewildered voice down the phone, heard her exclamation of surprise . . . heard her agree to come. As the maid rang off she said :

" Bring me my fencing foils from the lounge . . . Mrs. King and I are practising for amateur theatricals . . . so don't worry if you hear anything . . . unusual."

" No, Madame." The maid disappeared.

Lucia took off her outdoor clothes and donned a pyjama suit of black satin. Her mouth was set in a determined line and the light of battle was in her eye. An idea had come to her, a glorious idea that would settle the problem definitely.

She took the fencing masks from the rack outside the door, and when the maid returned gave one last order.

"Bring Mrs. King straight up here when she arrives!"

Then she lit a cigarette and waited.

The sound of voices outside in the passage warned her, and as Eleanor swept into the room Lucia shut the door behind her, locked it and pocketed the key. She stepped forward to confront her rival.

"Hullo, Eleanor!"

Eleanor King, a voluptuous brunette dressed in a highwayman's cloak, a cartwheel hat and a mass of curls, stared goggle-eyed at Archie's wife, whom she had thought safely out of the way at Cooden Beach.

"Where is Archie?"

"At the station waiting to meet you, I expect."

Eleanor did not try to bluff. She said simply: "So . . . you know." And then, as she saw the expression on Lucia's face, "You're trying to stop me going to him." Swiftly she turned and pulled at the door and found it locked. "It's a trick!" she cried.

"Yes, I did it on purpose."

"Unlock that door . . . I shall miss the train."

"Not before I've had a few words with you."

"You're wasting my time and yours." Contempt for the cast-off wife blazed from Eleanor's eyes.

Lucia said quietly, "You want Archie, don't you?"

"Of course I want him."

"So do I." Lucia smiled.

Eleanor saw the smile and retaliated, "He's tired of you . . . didn't he tell you so?"

Lucia took the bit between her teeth. "You wanted him. You went after him. I've seen it happen with other women's husbands . . . but I'm not taking it lying down."

Eleanor disregarded her. "You can't prevent our going away together. If we miss this train we shall catch another. Open that door."

"It's not as easy as that." Lucia was still calm.

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. If you want Archie you've got to fight for him."

"You're crazy."

Lucia smiled again, but underneath her smile was a challenge.

"Not so crazy. In the old days when there weren't enough women to go round, men fought for them. Now there aren't enough men, I see no reason why the same thing shouldn't hold good. You and I are going to fight for Archie, and may the best woman win."

Eleanor stared at her. Had Lucia suddenly gone mad?

"Let me out . . . or I shall scream the place down."

"Do . . . I told the servants we were rehearsing private theatricals."

Eleanor's chest began to heave. "This is monstrous."

Lucia's control broke. "That is what I thought when I heard you over the telephone."

Eleanor shed her manners. "I don't wonder Archie wanted to get away from you!"

Lucia stated her case with deliberate intent. "Archie is my husband. He's not in the open market . . . he's private property. You're trespassing on my preserves . . . and trespassers will be prosecuted."

"Well?" Eleanor's attitude was insolence personified.

Lucia picked up the foils dramatically. "Just this. We're going to fight for my husband . . . or your lover."

In the pause that followed the two women took each other's measure until Eleanor began to wilt under the righteous anger that surrounded Lucia like a halo. With a little gasp of apprehension she said:

"You're not going through with this?"

"As far as you were going with Archie." Lucia's reply was brief and to the point. She held out the weapons. "Choose!"

Eleanor found herself in a dilemma; she could not retire, she could not scream, she was being forced to the point of indignity. She began to wish that she had known of what stuff Lucia was made before she had started her campaign. She played for time; after all, Archie wouldn't wait at Victoria for ever. Gingerly she took the foil nearest.

"I can't . . . I don't know how to manage the beastly thing."

"You learnt fencing at school the same as I did."

"I've forgotten."

"You haven't forgotten how to hit below the belt. Here's your mask."

There was a resounding clatter as Eleanor threw both foil and mask on the floor. "I refuse!"

"Will you give Archie up?"

"I'll give him up if he gives me up."

Lucia disposed of her attempt to prevaricate. "Archie is out of this. He's the prize, not the referee. Take him by fair means, but not by foul. If you won't fight . . . . I won't give you a divorce."

Anger lent Eleanor courage. She took off her hat and threw her cloak on a chair. "All right . . . I'll fight!"

As they adjusted masks and foils Eleanor gave a cry of dismay.

"The buttons are off! We can't kill each other in cold blood!"

Lucia laughed gaily, because things were going her way and because she had her rival at a disadvantage. "Put me in a nursing home . . . and Archie is yours. *En garde!*"

She shouted the last words and crossed swords with her wavering opponent. "You know the salute . . . take it!" Pushing home her advantage she forced Eleanor to stand with her back to the bathroom door. As their rapiers clashed in a preliminary encounter, Eleanor cried.

"It's murder!"

Lucia, expert, cheerful, pressing her rival, said: "Of course it is. You were going to kill me mentally. . . I prefer blood!" She lunged savagely as she talked and pinned Eleanor's sleeve to the wall. "Now will you give him up?"

Eleanor's primitive instincts were aroused at the sight of Lucia's grim expression. "No!"

The two women began to fight in earnest, Lucia cool, composed, Eleanor with anger behind her thrusts.

ARCHIE strolled up and down the boat-train platform at Victoria. It was all very well for a woman to be five or even ten minutes late for an engagement as important as this! But not a whole twenty minutes! He hated waiting about and not being able to get comfortably settled in his seat. Lucia was never late, she never rushed or dawdled, but was always there at the right moment. That was what he had accused her of . . . always doing the right thing!

He should have been glad to have been kept waiting by Eleanor, but somehow he found it upset his nerves. He had to keep looking at his watch, and comparing it with the station clock to see if it was right. Damn the thing, it was right! And the clock hands were getting round to zero hour! Then he found himself wondering what had happened to make her late. Had she forgotten the time and the station again?

(*Continued on page* 136)

How Dictators

MUSSOLINI. *There have officially been four attempts to kill him*

HITLER *opening a section of a new motor road. A double for Hitler is employed as a safeguard, and recently Hitler and the double attended different ceremonies at precisely the same time*

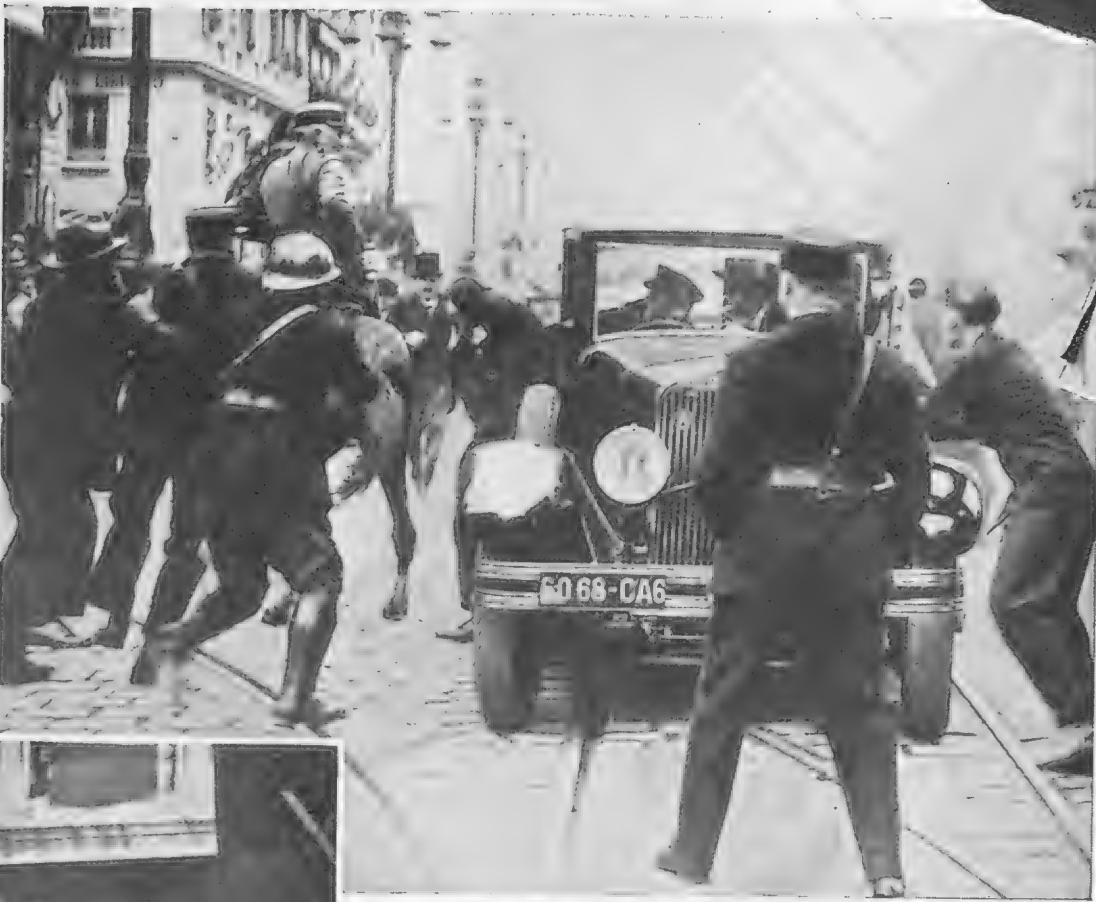
HITLER *and Mussolini watch a parade of troops at Venice. This was the only occasion that Hitler ventured out of his country since he became Chancellor*

By Ferdinand Tuohy

LITTLE more than a year ago Europe boasted seven fully-fledged, thorough-going dictators. To-day but four remain. Of the departed, one died in his bed, the hard-bitten old Pilsudski. The other two, Dollfuss and Alexander, were murdered; what matters here is that each was quite unnecessarily murdered, his life simply thrown away through negligence or carelessness on the part of those committed to protecting it or, as in the case of Dollfuss, of the victim himself. Consider that tragic story of the Vienna Chancellery, as we now authentically know events to have devolved.

"The Pocket Chancellor," no matter whether you think as some do that he was saint and martyr or whether you are of those who hold that he perpetrated one of the major errors since the War in exterminating the Austrian Socialists, "the Pocket Chancellor's" was definitely an international life of the highest importance, one that, obviously menaced, should have been hedged round with every precaution. Yet what happened? The raid on the Chancellery was originally planned for July 24, when the Cabinet was expected to be in session. A police inspector received

Escape DEATH



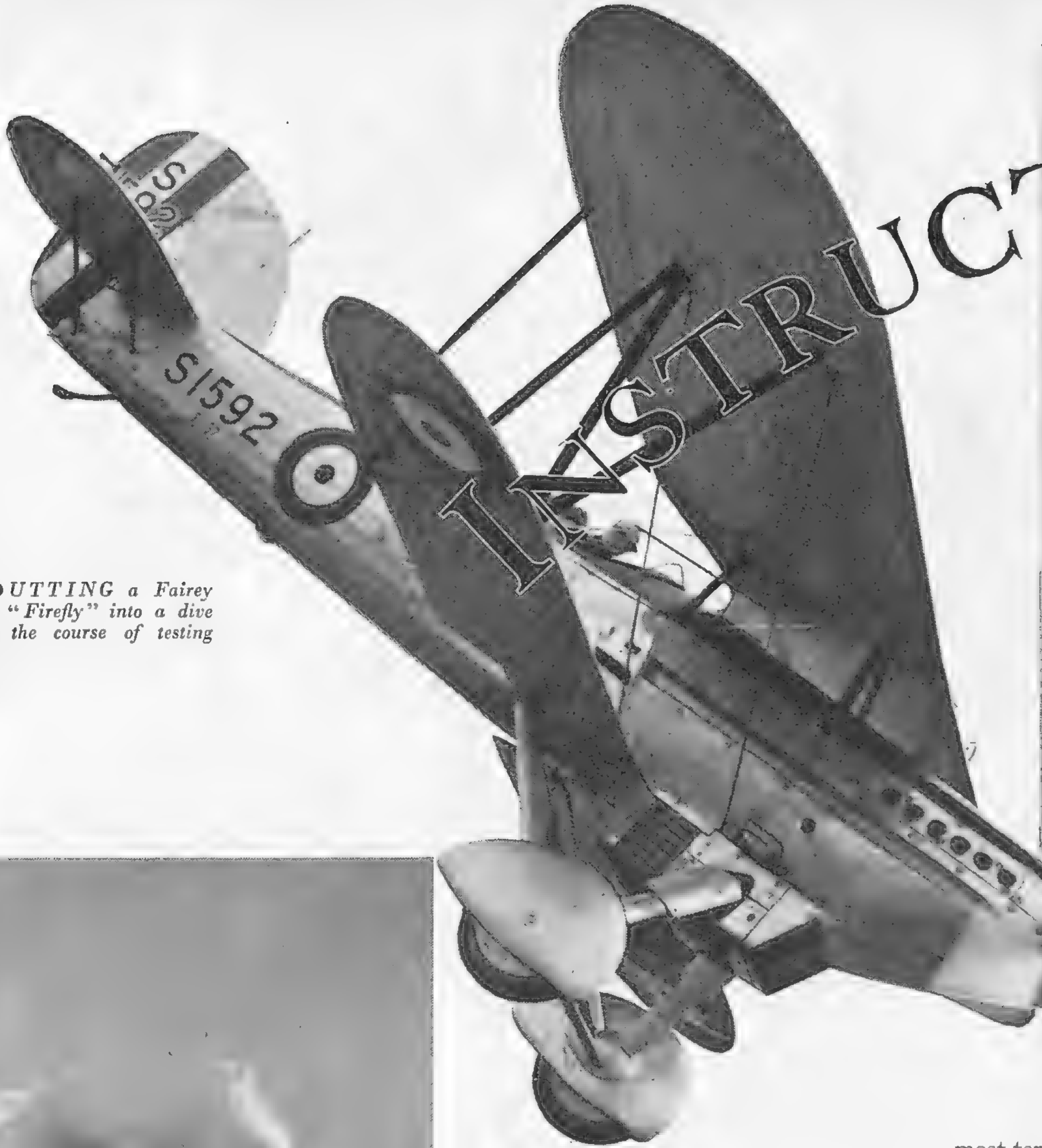
ARRESTING the assassin who killed King Alexander at Marseilles. This might almost be written down as the limit in assassinations, as he was allowed to land at the port where congregate some of the worst men born. Had official Belgrade and Paris stayed up for weeks they could have contrived no more perilous landing for Alexander than Marseilles

HITLER speaking to 60,000 boys of the Hitler Youth Association at Nuremberg Stadium

private information (which he omitted to pass on) of the plot; however, the Cabinet meeting did not take place and the raid was postponed. Again, next day, the raiders' plans were betrayed, this time by an inspector of Nazi sympathies who subsequently killed himself. The official history shows that at this stage it was entirely possible for the authorities to take the necessary precautions. They did nothing; nor can this be laid to treachery, more likely just to Austrian *laissez aller*. What did happen was that the doomed little Dollfuss again adjourned the Cabinet, and in so doing prevented all his Ministers being captured, as was intended. But as for his vital self—the Chancellery was allowed to remain wide open. No closing of the doors ordered, no special guard, the "guard of honour" continuing to bear unloaded weapons. The laxity was colossal, even if the raiders, 144 strong, did swoop down disguised as regular soldiers, even if certain high officials, and perhaps a member of the Cabinet, were deeply suspect. Dollfuss need never have died when he did (with still incalculable possibilities), much less in the fearful lingering manner his assassins decreed.

Alexander's case might almost be written down as the limit in assassinations. Here we had one of the most hated men on earth, as one of its most despotic figures, being allowed to land in the heart of "Europe's Chicago," in that port where congregate some of the worst men born, whose very mayor, forsooth, was and is a Communist! Had official Belgrade and Paris stayed up for weeks they could have contrived no more perilous landing for Alexander than Marseilles of all the crime, corruption, vileness, inefficiency, extremeness. Alexander landed there in order to lay a wreath at the monument of the French Army of the Orient—he reviewed the local massed naval and military might at the landing-stage; then he left that massed might completely behind and set off, at walking pace, up the packed Cannebière, protected by a few advance-pedalling police, by a brace of colonels with drawn swords, riding well behind the open (*Continued on page 118*)

INSTRUCTIONS



PUTTING a Fairey "Firefly" into a dive in the course of testing

THIS machine was ing off Felixstowe,

A PARACHUTE descends in flames. Once a 'chute is alight there is little hope of escape

ALL gleaming fuselage, grace and power, it left the earth for the first time in its life and rocketed skywards. High in those blue solitudes it soared and fell, spiralled and dived, exulting in its 700 h.p.

He tensed over the controls . . . a test pilot clad in electrically warmed clothes. Humming gently to himself he put the warplane through its preliminary tests. Minor affairs these. When those johnnies down below did make a miscalculation, it usually came to light late in the test flight. Odd there wasn't more trouble. A decimal mark in the wrong place, a mere dot among numbers, could so easily spell death for the test pilot. Especially with newly designed warplanes like this. . . .

What was that ? The engine missing ? A few seconds it coughed and spat. Then the steady throb rose again and remained. Hmm . . . must make a note about that petrol feed.

Queer life this, risking death for the safety of others. Trying one's best to smash up £6,000 of fabric and metal fashioned so gracefully into this hurtling thing of the skies. For that was what it amounted to. Put the machine through its paces and prove that it cannot be crashed . . . the test pilot's job. Almost, he might say, he had instructions to crash. . . .

Cut out the engine for a few seconds and listen to the wind tearing music from the wires. Was that note correct ? Were those wires at the right tension ? No, just a little too high. . . .

And now for the supreme final. The most terrible test of all. . . . The machine whines skywards, roaring its challenge. Five thousand feet, ten thousand. Fifteen, twenty. A few more ? Yes. At twenty-one thousand feet he levels out and looks things over. The controls, instruments and, most important of all, the parachute. Everything o.k. . . . Right. . . .

A second later the machine is hurtling earthwards. The speed indicator leaps up. Almost in a flash the needle hovers on three hundred. Three hundred and fifty. Four hundred. Four hundred and twenty. The needle has slowed now, but still it creeps forward.

A certain grimness takes the face behind its protecting mask. The air pressure has become painful. There is a queer, sweet sickness in his mouth.

At four hundred and thirty a soft spurt from one ear. Blood. Had that before. Of no consequence. 432, 435. . . . The earth is leaping up. Six thousand feet. A little faster and the whole fabric must crumple.

450 miles an hour. The limit.

Just over five thousand feet.

Must straighten her out. Slowly, very slowly, or she'll crack up under the strain. Throttle and stick gently backwards. Will the wings hold ? Will . . .

A roaring crack. The machine lurches drunkenly. . . . A wing gone ! Disaster. The petrol switch, yes . . . and the engine . . . cut out. Now jump ! Jump ! ! God, what a tangle. Must get clear. . . .

And all at once silence and serenity. Floating leisurely down, the parachute open wide. A deep breath ; dirt wiped from one eye ; then a quick search. Ah, yes. He still has the precious pad

TO CRASH . . .

Thrills in the Life of a Test Pilot

By

Vincent Brome

deliberately crashed in the course of test- to see how long it would keep afloat

FLT.-LT. P. W. S. BULMAN commencing a terminal velocity dive test in a Hawker "Fury." Flt.-Lt. Bulman is a test pilot for the Hawker Aircraft Co., Ltd.

CAPT. NORMAN MACMILLAN, who has had many thrilling adventures and narrow escapes as a test pilot

with his notes on the machine's behaviour. . . .

First time he had smashed up a plane this year. Last there had been two.

A mangle of twisted metal heaved spasmodically with some mechanical life down below. The remains of that glorious creature which so proudly took the air an hour ago. The remains of £6,000.

SCATTERED throughout the country some fifty test pilots keep these daily dates with death. Fame has come to few. Captain Broad, Captain Uwins, Lieutenant Staniland, their names may be familiar to you, but their work remains obscure.

Take-off and landing are tried again and again, spinning tests repeated, aileron controls extensively employed, radio telephone tried out, guns given virgin voice, a hundred and one different details exhaustively examined, until it seems that human brains can do no more. The cost is sometimes high. When a machine is taken into the air for the first time, it is impossible to say how it will respond. Some small slip, some tiny flaw in the construction, impossible to discover on the ground, suddenly reveals itself on the first test flight, and . . . .

A few months ago R. Faulds, test pilot, and Hector Hitchcock, engineer, went up in a new 'plane. For many fruitless hours they had tried to locate a fault in the engine by revving it over on the ground. Unsuccessful, they decided to take the 'plane in the air. They knew quite well that something was wrong, and fully expected trouble. It came. The machine crashed and they were killed.

Employees of Messrs. Fry's factory at Somerdale, near Bristol, were horrified one day when they saw a 'plane suddenly burst into flames high in the sky. From the midst of that inferno a parachute appeared. They strained their eyes. Had the silken fabric escaped the flames, or . . . .

It was Jock Campbell, a well-known test pilot. While trying out this single-seater Bristol Fighter, for some unaccountable reason it had suddenly burst into flames. Surrounded by fire whipped to fury in the wind, thousands of feet from earth, with a petrol tank that might explode any minute and a machine crashing earthwards out of control. What a nightmare! What a life the test pilot's!

However, Jock managed to land safely, suffering only from shock. The remainder of his burning machine was found at Longwell Green, Glos., five miles from Somerdale.

Budd Danvers was detailed to try out a monoplane one soft spring morning a year ago. (Continued on page 106)

The Bite of Mr. Browne

By Richard Howells Watkins

IT was in the private bar of the "Wave" in Fowey, Cornwall, that Mr. Browne tried out the advice of Captain Guthrie of the cargo ship *Rowena*. The advice seemed to work even though neither the landlord nor the barmaid approved.

"Look at me, Brownie," said Captain Guthrie. "Look at me." Lest there be some mistake he indicated his six foot, beamy person with a blunt brown finger. "What am I? I'm a master—and master of one o' the best in the fleet, too.

"And now look at you"—the finger pointed accusingly at Mr. Browne's short, spare, even scrawny body. "What are you? You're older than me in years and seniority, but you're a mate—and mate o' the oldest hulk we've got. Why is that?"

The finger switched back to its owner again. "Because I look after Brant Guthrie, my lad. I wasn't content to slave forever for a lazy old walrus who had forgotten what the weather side of his own bridge looked like. I showed him up, like a smart young officer can show up his commander when he's gone to seed. Cap'n Teagle, the marine super, is no fool."

The third member of the party, Mr. Clode, Captain Guthrie's mate, hit the bar a whack that jarred the brandy glasses. "I'll say he showed up that old leftover!" he roared admiringly. "I was second in her at the time. With never a word of complaint the cap'n here let the super see in twenty ways that the doddering old wart was past his work."

Again Mr. Clode raised his hand. He was a squat, square man, Mr. Clode, and there was weight behind his arm as he brought it smashing down on Mr. Browne's back. Under that blow Mr. Browne gave at the knees, quivered and rose again, like a ship shaking green water off her forecastle head.

"That's what you ought to do, Brownie!" Captain Guthrie's mate bellowed. "Show up old Dummox Dunlap! Take the *Rebecca* away from him! Haw!"

He winked at his convivial commander, who was no stickler for discipline ashore. "Can you imagine him doing it, sir? Haw! Brownie the tough nut—Cap'n Brownie, the grabbing hellion of the seas. Haw!"

Despite his expressed desire to advance Mr. Browne's interests, Captain Guthrie, staring at the thin, very red-faced little mate, echoed his mate's guffaw.

"It's eat or be eaten, Brownie!" he shouted, returning his mate's wink, and suddenly laid his own broad palm between Mr. Browne's prominent shoulder blades with a heartiness that flung the smaller man against the bar. "Bite or be bitten!"

Mr. Browne controlled himself while Mr. Clode laughed in his brandy glass.

"I guess there's something in it," the little mate admitted sadly. "Without praising myself I may say I've done my work in my twelve years with this line."

He nodded his head.

"I haven't made much noise about it. But I've stood by my ship and backed my superiors to the limit, but——"

He shook his head.

"Now start backing yourself and to hell with your superiors!" Captain Guthrie shouted. "That's treason, I know, but I'm for you, Brownie, and I'm among friends." He scowled suddenly at his own mate. "Jack Clode here knows enough about me not to try anything. Back yourself! I say that to both of you!"

"Old Dunlap's a good sort, but he's loaded a lot of work and responsibility on my shoulders in the last three years," Mr. Browne said reflectively. "In an emergency I'd have to take the lead on my own and face the music for exceeding my authority if I guessed wrong. It isn't quite fair."

"You're right, skipper!" bawled Mr. Clode thunderously. "Damn it, you're right! Back yourself! Bite or be bitten! Brownie, if you want to wear four stripes on your sleeve you've got to back——"

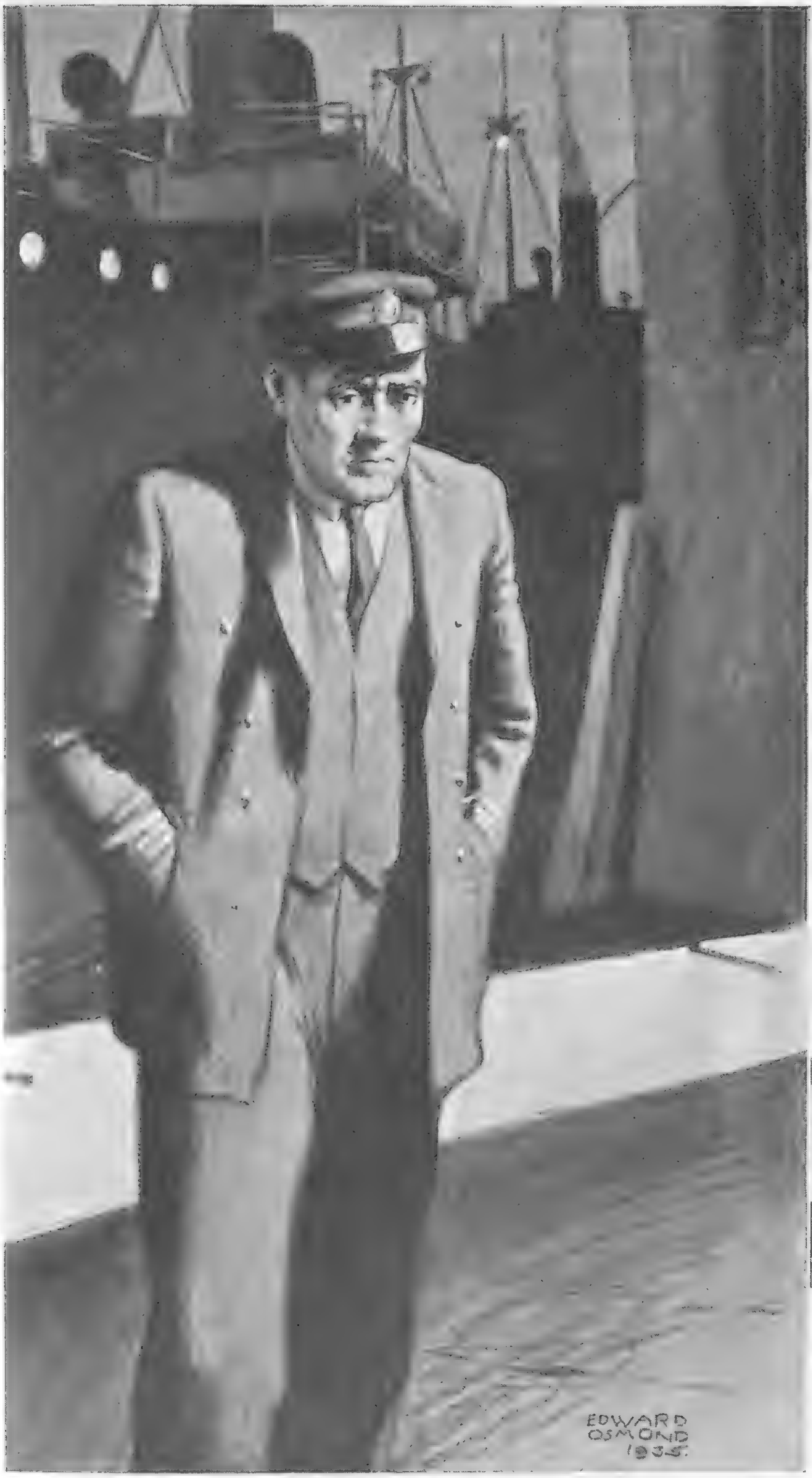
HE drew in deep breaths of toward the railway lines

Grinning, he raised that thick, powerful hand and started a truly tremendous blow at Mr. Browne's back by way of emphasising the word.

But this time Mr. Browne moved lithely aside, and as Mr. Clode pivoted under the momentum of his swing Mr. Browne pivoted, too. Briskly he dotted Mr. Clode on the jaw with a small fist full of both granite and dynamite.

Master or Mate—a Saga of the Sea

Illustrated by Edward Osmond



the mild, misty Cornish air and strode on upstream that defiled along the jetties of the Fowey river

The squat mate fell back against the bar. Only the clutch of his surprised commander saved him from slumping to the floor. He hung there, one elbow hooked over the bar, not out but extremely sleepy and quiescent.

THE barmaid screamed genteelly and the landlord said : " 'Ere ! Gentlemen ! Gentlemen ! "

Mr. Browne stood still, too, staring at his fist in shocked disapproval.

Captain Guthrie, having had three brandies in a row, saw the humour of it.

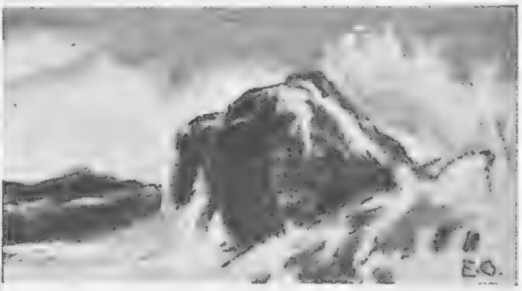
" Haw ! Haw ! Haw ! " he bellowed. " Back yourself, Brownie ! That's it ! A tap or two won't hurt Jack Clode—he's too cocky by half ! Slap or be slapped ! "

" You're right, captain," said Mr. Browne soberly. " Dead right ! Slap or be slapped ! "

He laid a couple of half-crowns on the bar and, without another look at the paralysed Mr. Clode, walked out on to Fore Street. Shaking his head, he drew in deep breaths of the mild, misty Cornish air and strode on upstream toward the railway lines that defiled along the jetties of the Fowey river.

" Thomas Browne a bar-room brawler !" Mr. Browne muttered in rueful astonishment. " But it wasn't the brandy ; I had only two. Bite or be bitten ! They're right ! "

Soon he was swinging over the whitened ties and past the jetties, where black ships slept on the swift tideway. The timbers of piers, too, were ghostly white with a coating of china clay. It was that fine clay, dug out of the hills of Cornwall, which had brought two ships of the Bartlett-Pendower Line across the Atlantic into this tiny seaport of England at one time.



Mr. Browne stopped to glance respectfully toward the splendid, five thousand ton bulk of Captain Guthrie's *Rowena*. Her hatches would be on, for she was off for New York on the morning tide.

" Guthrie's right ! " he declared. "I ought to show up old Dummox ! I've carried him long enough ! "

He plodded on until he reached his own ship a couple of jetties beyond. The *Rebecca's* bulk was not so impressive as the *Rowena's*. Even in the dark of the misty night she was an old ship and a tired one.

Once aboard Mr. Browne sniffed the air as if it had acquired new significance. He took a turn on her iron decks to look over her mooring lines with the man on anchor watch stumbling sleepily after him. The river ran swiftly by this narrow reach when the tide was surging up or down the English Channel. But the lines were doing the job.

For an instant Mr. Browne paused on the well deck and looked up at the bridgehouse. A light showed out of a porthole on the starboard side of the saloon deck—the captain's sitting-room.

"I've been doing old Dunlap's work as well as my own for years," he muttered rebelliously. "They're right—those two. Lie down and you'll be walked on—that's what it amounts to."

The door leading out of the saloon opened slowly and gaunt old Dummox Dunlap came out in his long dressing-gown. He stood with his hand on the knob, looking around in vague uncertainty.

Mr. Browne, as if touched off by a button, bounded up the ladder to his commander. "Better keep inside, skipper," he said imperatively, shepherding the old man back into the house. "It's a raw night. I've an idea a sou'wester'll be piping up outside by morning."

Captain Dunlap muttered something. He seemed more feeble than usual.

"Had your pills yet, sir?" the little mate asked, frowning anxiously at him. "Time for 'em—and time to turn in, too, sir."

It was then that Mr. Browne noticed that the old shipmaster had a cable form clutched in his withered hand.

RIGHT off the heads, where the Fowey river debouches through the break in the massive cliffs of Cornwall into the English Channel, the staunch *Rowena* took it on the nose. An instant before the first big grey Channel sea hit her the pilot, without cracking a smile, had wished Captain Guthrie a pleasant voyage. Then he had slipped overside into his motor boat and chugged rapidly back toward shelter. Even had the pilot waited for the broad-shouldered master's response he would have gotten none.

Captain Guthrie was ruffled in mind and body. His disturbance was increased by that tumultuous sou'wester which, with mist and rain, blotted out the sea to windward. It is bad enough to face boisterous January North Atlantic weather without having it come howling into the English Channel after you.

In place of the squat and solid form of Mr. Clode, to leeward of him on the bridge, stood Mr. Thomas Browne. The new mate's spare body cut the wind that whipped in at him over the weather cloth instead of breaking it up, as the sturdy frame of Mr. Clode had done.

Cables from owners play strange and unappreciated pranks with shipmasters in foreign ports. Captain Guthrie was suspicious of the latest one from New York. He had bitten Mr. Browne's ear off as soon as the little man had hurried aboard with his duffle. Now Guthrie looked hard at Mr. Browne for the tenth time and growled in his throat.

The mate was looking quite as hard into the flying spume and opaque grey mist ahead. His lean, intent face gave no indication to the outside world that scant hours before he had been absorbing strong brandy and stronger advice in a pub with his present commander. His concentration on his duty seemed overdone to the shipmaster. There was something of a rebuke about it, as if already, with their port of departure almost in sight astern, he was worried about the master's handling of the ship.

Under the skipper's choleric and slightly bloodshot eye Mr. Browne entered the wheelhouse and examined the steering compass in front of the alert quartermaster at the wheel. The man was squarely on his course and the course, in Captain Guthrie's own handwriting, was on the scrap log. Mr. Browne returned hastily to the bridge, took a long look into the thick of it ahead, and approached Captain Guthrie.

The master waited, without betraying by so much as a blink of an eyelid that he knew his mate was beside him.

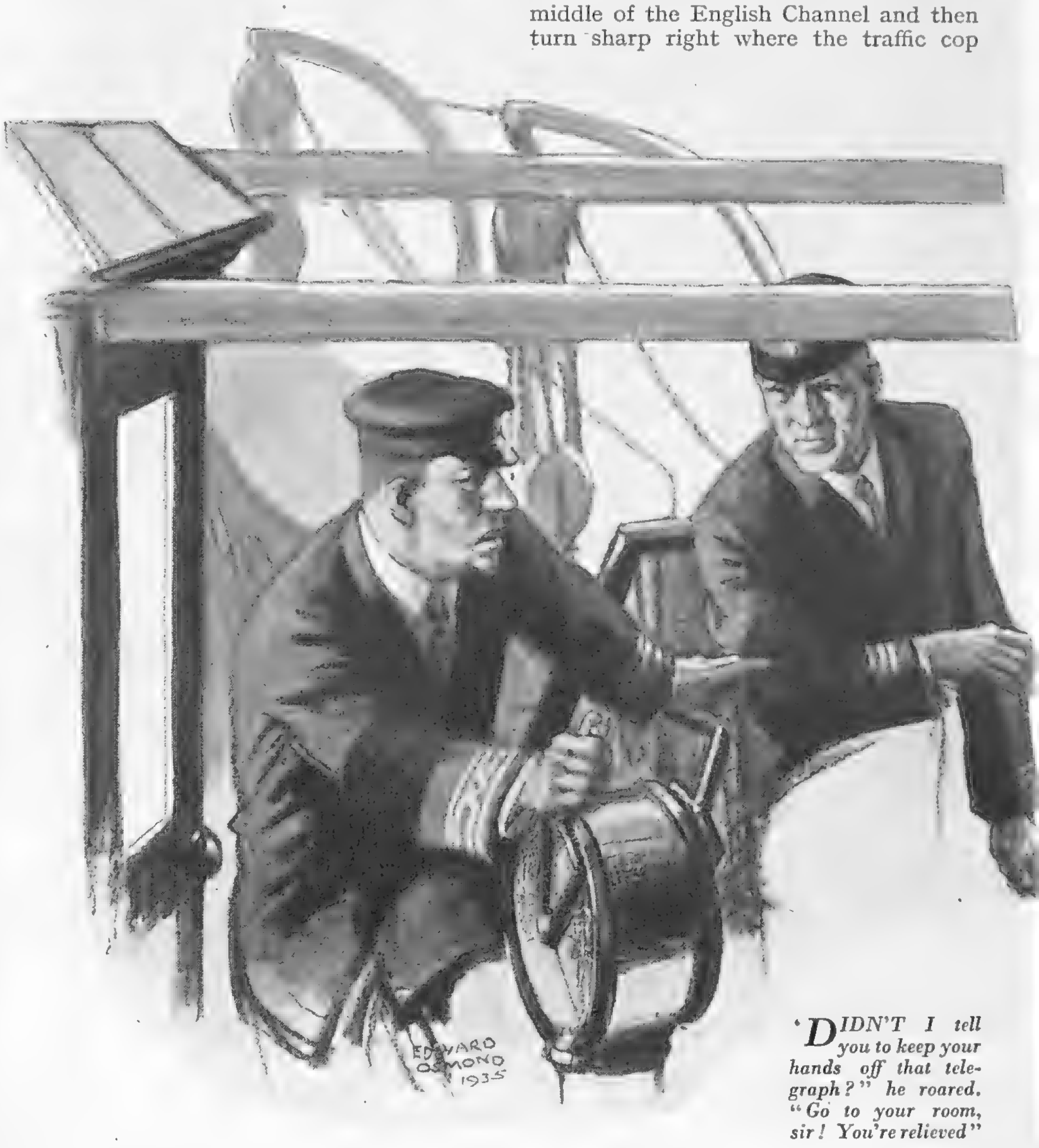
"Sir, the course——" Mr. Browne began uneasily.

Captain Guthrie let him have it.

"The course will put us on the Manacles," he said with scarifying sarcasm. "That is what you want to tell me, isn't it, Mr. Browne? Even I have heard of the Manacles—a bad nest o' rocks off the Lizard peninsula, aren't they, Mr. Browne? Is that what you're worried about, Mr. Browne?"

The mate gulped under this barrage of Brownes. The agitated movement of his Adam's apple in his thin throat caught the sardonic eye of his young commander.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Browne.



"DIDN'T I tell you to keep your hands off that telegraph?" he roared. "Go to your room, sir! You're relieved"

"Extraordinary that a mere shipmaster should be so bright as to guess the cause of your anxiety," Captain Guthrie remarked savagely. "Well, Mr. Browne, since for some unknown reason you have been made my first officer I'm afraid I must teach you something. Can you figure out on which side this stiff westerly is hitting us?"

Mr. Browne's tanned face darkened a trifle at the captain's tone. "The wind's on our starboard bow, sir," he replied steadily.

"An excellent guess—or do I misjudge your intelligence?" Guthrie murmured. "Perhaps you worked it out. And now, Mr. Browne, if you'll look forward and aft you'll perceive that, owing to the precipitance of our owners, we're a bit by the stern. What I mean, Mr. Browne, is that our cargo of china clay is trimmed somewhat unevenly—more weight in the after holds than for'rd. Do I make myself clear?"

"I realise that her bow is high and that we're making leeway, sir," the little mate began again. "But——"

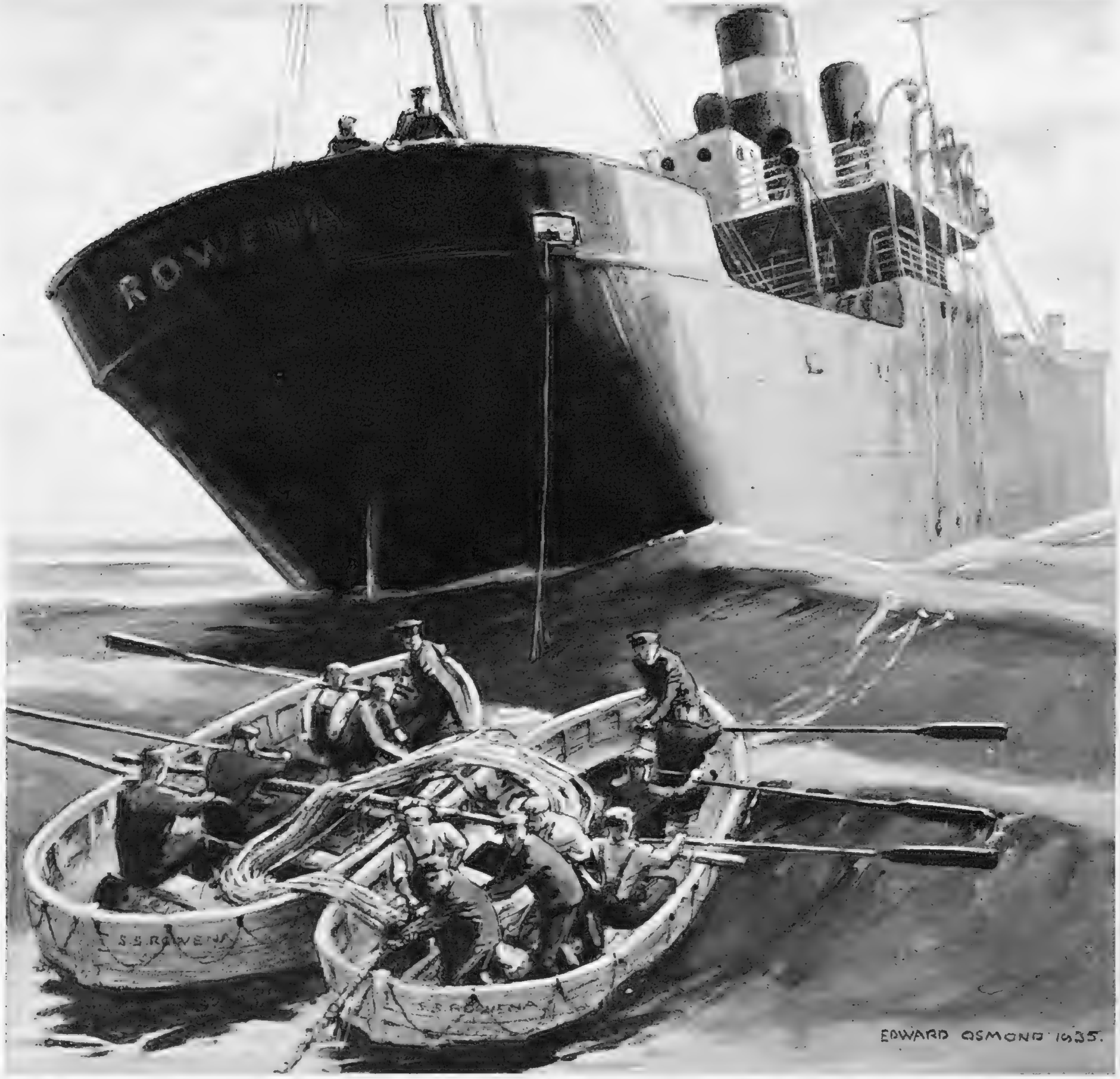
"Right!" snapped Captain Guthrie. "We're making leeway! Therefore, Mr. Browne—they told me this at nautical school but it seems to have escaped your attention—we steam on a compass course that we are not making good."

He thrust his head violently at Mr. Browne.

"This ship makes time and saves coal, Mr. Browne. We don't head out into the middle of the English Channel and then turn sharp right where the traffic cop should be. We'll clear the Manacles and the Lizard peninsula by a good margin. Your life is safe in my hands, Mister Mate."

Guthrie withdrew his head, swung around and took two steps away from the mate. Then, just as swiftly, he turned back and confronted Mr. Browne again.

"You seem to have acquired a drag



By means of the three-inch manila attached to the kedge they hauled the lashed boats astern of the Rowena, paying out the wire hawser behind them as they went

with the marine super, Mr. Browne," he said harshly. " Poor Clode is hauled off his ship without warning and slung into that rusty old wagon to take your place. And you step aboard the *Rowena* and start teaching me pilotage, by God ! "

Guthrie smacked his clenched right fist into his open left hand with a sound like cracking wood. Mr. Browne, staring ahead, winked involuntarily.

" Well, get this, Mr. Browne ! My advice of last night is cancelled, see ? You try any more of your pussyfooting efforts to show me up on my own bridge and by God, you 'll finish the voyage flat on your back in your bunk. And your face will look like a kid of fo'c's'le hash ! You 've picked the wrong master to work on. Do you get it ? "

Mr. Browne didn't reply to that question, but nevertheless, he spoke most unhappily, but with a dogged disregard of the ordinary limitations of a watch officer :

" This is the top of the spring tides, sir, and the tidal current——"

Mr. Browne bit off his words as his eyes started out of his head. He leaped six feet toward the engine-room telegraph without seeming to touch the deck. Even as he ripped back the telegraph handle and rasped " Hard aport ! " at the helmsman, a hoarse bellow and a clang of the bell on the foredeck came up to them.

" Breakers ahead ! Rocks ! Dead ahead ! "

Captain Guthrie shoved the lean little mate away from the telegraph with a straight arm thrust that sent him staggering into the wing of the bridge. Vaguely through the spume a jagged, foam-crowned ledge of the terrible Manacles revealed itself to the shipmaster.

" Stay there ! " he snarled at the mate, and his own hand gripped the brass handle. But already the *Rowena* was shuddering like a creature in pain of death, with her screw surging astern.

It was a close thing.

Ten minutes later she was on her course again, but it was a different course. Mr. Browne, still in the wing, was looking rigidly forward, while Captain Guthrie, as angry as only a man in the wrong can be, raged to and fro on the bridge.

Twice the angry captain approached the stiff little mate. On the second occasion the apperance of the radio operator, John Trent, a young man with flaring ears and a pointed nose, deflected him.

Upon the luckless Sparks, Captain Guthrie trained his flaming eyes. " Have you a message for me, sir ? " he rasped.

Mr. Trent shook his head. " No, skipper, I just came up for a look around," he said, backing toward the bridge ladder. " That was a narrow squeeze, hey, skipper ? I——"

" Get off my bridge ! " the shipmaster roared. " Get off and stay off ! Off, I said ! "

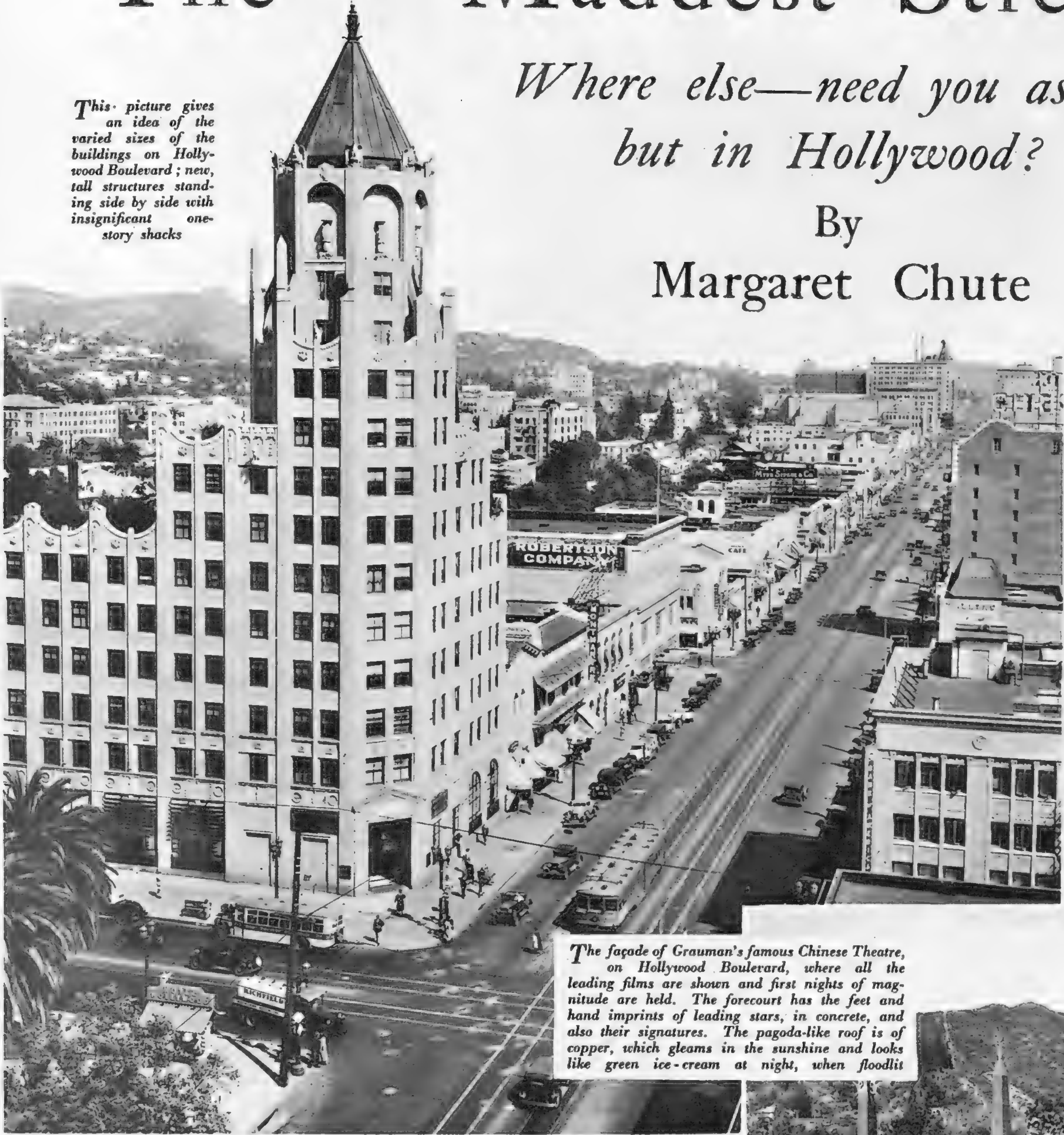
Startled, the radio man retreated. The master, hanging over the rail, drove him with his angry eyes back to the shack abaft the fiddley.

(Continued on page 128)

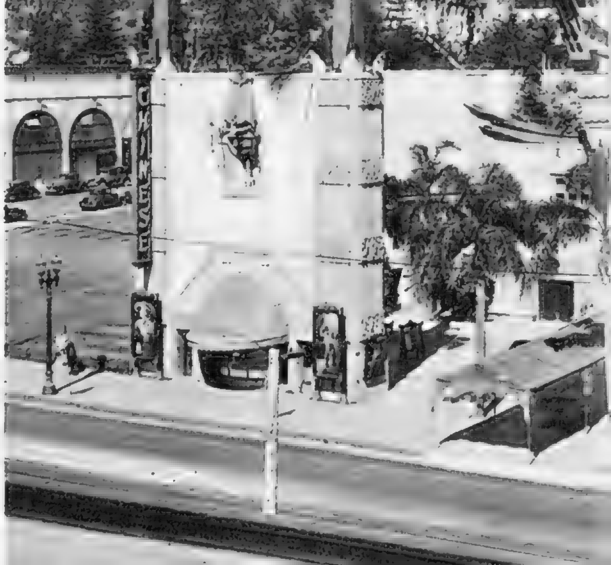
The Maddest Street

Where else—need you ask—but in Hollywood?

By Margaret Chute



This picture gives an idea of the varied sizes of the buildings on Hollywood Boulevard; new, tall structures standing side by side with insignificant one-story shacks



The façade of Grauman's famous Chinese Theatre, on Hollywood Boulevard, where all the leading films are shown and first nights of magnitude are held. The forecourt has the feet and hand imprints of leading stars, in concrete, and also their signatures. The pagoda-like roof is of copper, which gleams in the sunshine and looks like green ice-cream at night, when floodlit

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD is the maddest street on earth because it is illogical, unreasoning, inconsistent. It reveals a slum one minute, and the quintessence of luxury the next.

Where hearts are kicked round like footballs, and a helping hand is as rare as radium—that 's Hollywood Boulevard. Where a magnificent twelve-story building stands touching a miserable one-story shack—that 's Hollywood Boulevard.

Where a girl sits at a table in a cheap café, about two in the morning, using a knife to cut an artery, bungles the job, gets taken to a hospital, finds herself in the papers, for the first time, as a would-be second-attempt suicide, arouses the sympathetic interest of a film producer, is given a contract with a fairly good salary, receives many columns of publicity—" Why I did it . . . advice to those about to crash the movies . . . How I mean to make good through this fine new chance . . . "—and finally shoots herself because she sees nothing but FAILURE written on the wall—that 's Hollywood Boulevard.

It is wicked, but terribly exciting. Even the harsh clang of the bell on the scarlet trolley cars, hurtling along like so many Juggernauts, makes

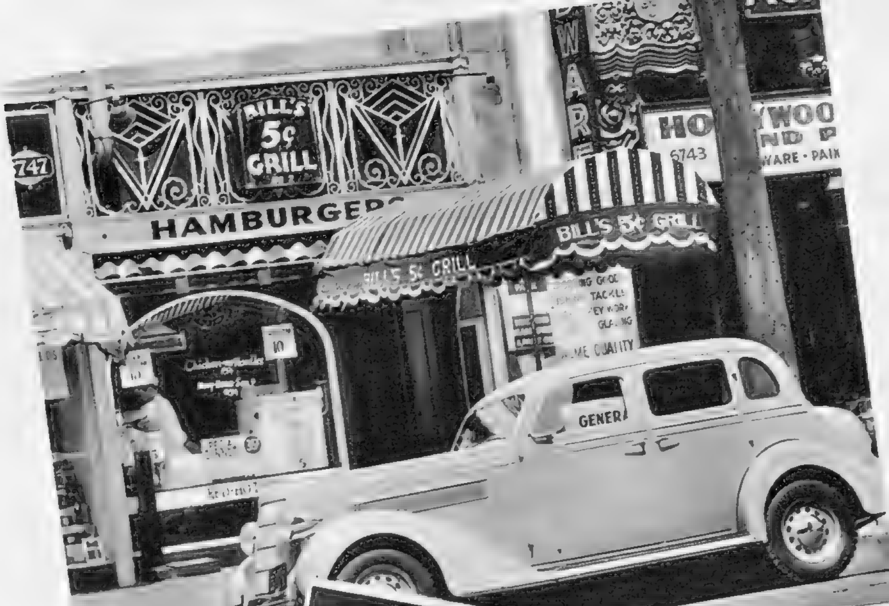
on Earth!

hearts beat faster. It has the same effect as the bell on a fire-engine. I 've never heard quite the same sound on any street cars elsewhere. I told a film director that the street had been mis-named. It should be called HADES HIGHWAY. He lit another cigarette, and drawled—" Oh, come now, it 's not as bad as that. Give the little old street a chance, can't you ? "

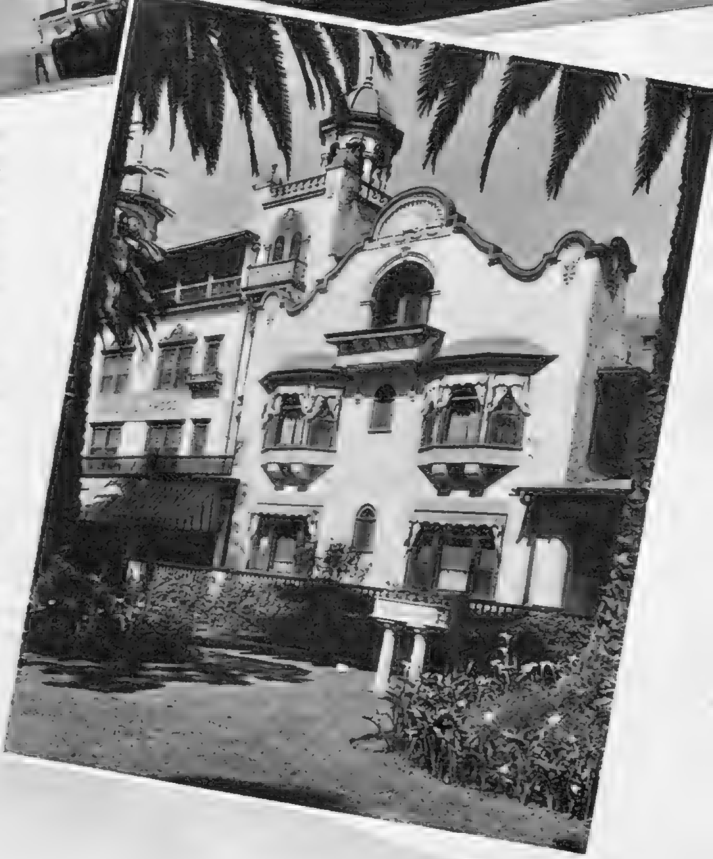
" Little old street," my eye. Whenever sad circumstance forces me to walk a block or two along Hollywood Boulevard I get the hateful pricking sensation behind my nose that is the first hint of tears. If it was ALL tragic, one could bear it more easily. If it was ALL opulently magnificent nobody would take any notice. It is the contrast that leaps out like a well-placed blow, and makes the tear-ducts function against one's will. I hate the street; but I cannot keep away from it.

THERE is a strange, exotic creation peculiar to Hollywood Boulevard — the Hollywood Blonde. She walks along, in her hundreds, imitating some popular film beauty of the moment, in everything but the money in her purse and the value of the jewels round her throat. The first time I took a walk from Vine Street to Highland Avenue—which means about a dozen blocks past the most varied establishments to be found on any street—I was quite positive I had brushed shoulders with Constance Bennett, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Madge Evans, Carole Lombard—no, at least three Carole Lombards, for Lombard stock stood high just then.

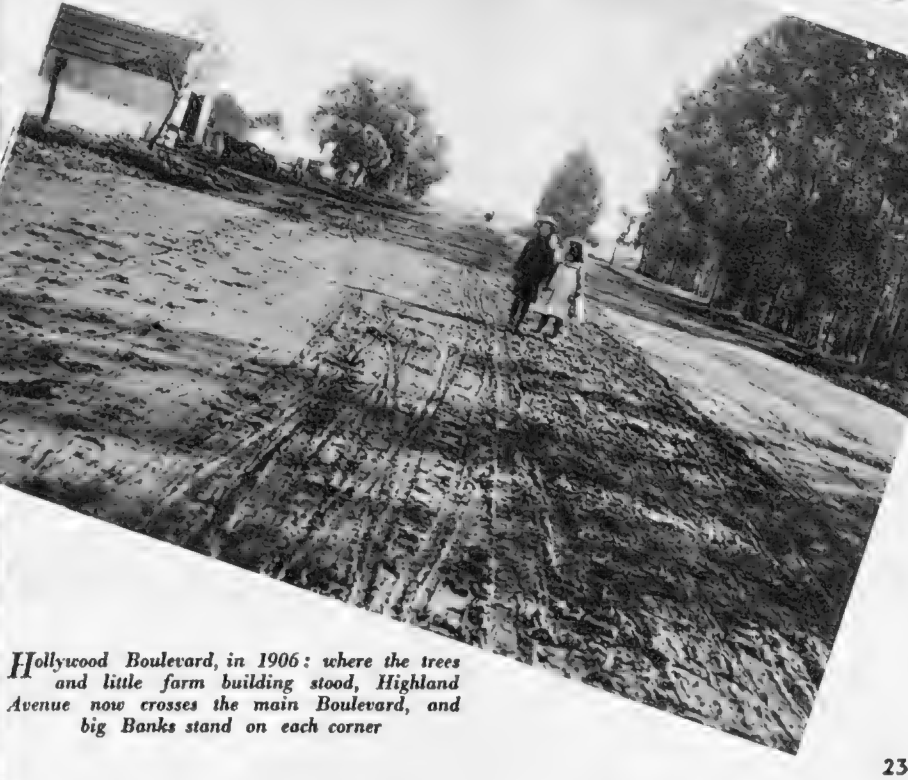
If I had greeted any of those girls by the name of the film star they were impersonating they would have carried on the bluff, and pretended that they remembered our last meeting oh, so perfectly well, and hadn't dear Charlotte looked TOO exquisite, and wasn't it swell that darling Bill had got such a grand break at last ? They have brought their impersonations to such a fine art that they begin to—(*Continued on p. 142*)



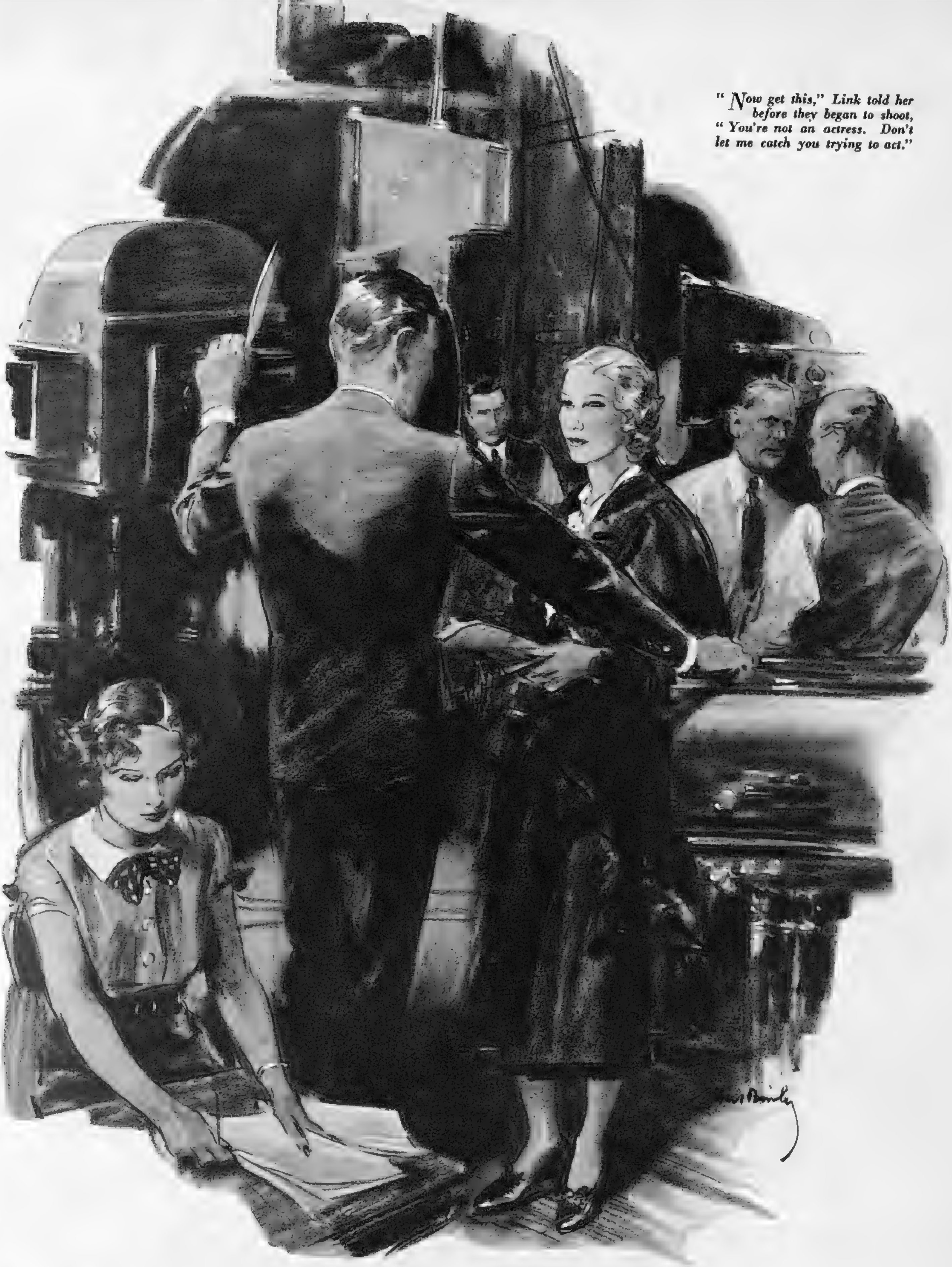
Here is the least expensive eating place on Hollywood Boulevard. It is called " Bill's 5 Cent. Grill," which means that anyone can buy a meal—and a good one—for 2½d.



The front of Hotel Hollywood, on the corner of Highland Avenue and Hollywood Boulevard. This was the home of many famous stars of the screen, in the early days of films. Mary Pickford lived here, and the Talmadge Sisters, the Gish Sisters, and Bébé Daniels



Hollywood Boulevard, in 1906: where the trees and little farm building stood, Highland Avenue now crosses the main Boulevard, and big Banks stand on each corner



"Now get this," Link told her before they began to shoot, "You're not an actress. Don't let me catch you trying to act."

The World said the usual kind things about the Film Director and the Typist. And was Hollywood surprised when he made her into a wife as well as a star—or was it?

Delayed Honeymoon

By Francis M. Cockrell

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

THEY took her out of the stenographic department; or rather Link Trevor did. She brought some copies of the "final" script for *University*, which Link was going to direct, over to his office. His secretary was out to lunch, but his door to the outer office was open and she brought the scripts in and laid them on his desk.

Link noticed her then. She was nothing staggering to look at; average height, fairly pretty and with good eyes and lashes. If they had a bathing beauty contest in the stenographic department she would probably finish fifth or sixth. Not that she was thin, but she wasn't a bathing beauty. Still, she had *something*. . . .

When Link looked at the scripts and muttered: "Final, huh? How many final scripts does that make on this thing?" she smiled a little. It wasn't anything special in the way of smiles. It was just natural and unself-conscious, as if she had smiled merely because she felt like smiling.

"Two, I think," she said, and Link nodded and she went on out.

He noticed her again the next day, on his way to the studio restaurant for lunch. He passed her. He frowned a little bit, walked about fifty feet and then turned around and went back. He caught up with her.

"Miss—er, what is your name?"

"Perry," she said.

"Oh, huh. Well, come over to my office, will you, Miss Perry, a little later? I'm going to lunch now. Make it half an hour or so, if you can get away?"

"Why—why, yes," she said.

That's all. He hesitated a moment as if he thought she might say something else. But she didn't.

She came over later on. Link talked to her a long time; about a lot of different things. He watched her hands and her eyes and mouth while he talked. And while she talked. Not noticeably; but he watched. He listened to the things she said.

"You'd like to act, wouldn't you?" he asked finally.

"I——" she paused, "I've been wondering." She thought a moment. Then: "Yes. I would."

"It's a hell of a racket," he told her. "In pictures or anywhere."

She nodded.

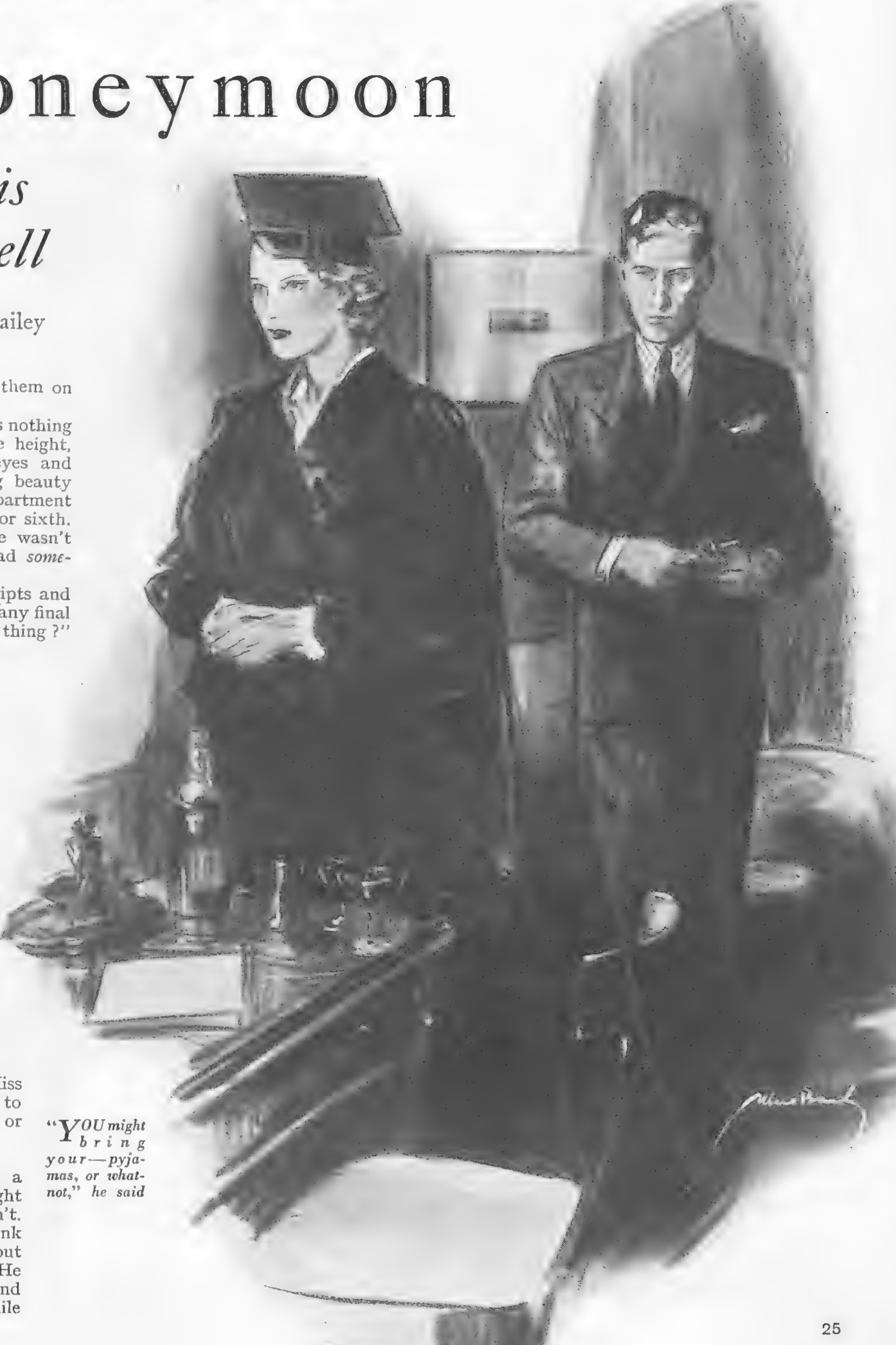
"'Specially in pictures," he said. "Lot of work. Lot of things that'll make you sick."

She nodded again.

Link leaned back in his chair and regarded the fingers of one hand, spread in his lap. Then he looked up.

"All right," he said. "That's all. I'll let you know."

She looked at him a moment and started to say something. Then she stood



"YOU might bring your—pyjamas, or whatnot," he said up and said: "All right," and went on back to the stenographic department.

LINK went over to see Sid Kohlmeyer. Sid listened, but he shook his head.

"But why?" Sid said. "Why take a chance, when there's plenty of girls we can get we know about? Link, you'll——"

"Listen," Link broke in. "Why don't you just forget about this picture? You've got two other pictures on your mind, and I won't make you a flop; you know that. Let me have a good cameraman and don't send me any more final scripts and just forget the whole thing. I'll make you a nice little picture. You've only got it budgeted for a hundred and twenty thousand anyhow. You can't lose much at that price."

"But why this girl, Link? Why not—well, it's taking a chance."

"I told you why," Link said. "She's right. She's what I want. Her eyes are—I like her reactions. She's got some sense and she hasn't got any affectations or self-consciousness. She's *natural*. She won't be acting. I can't use movie actors," he finished.

Sid shrugged at that, but he finally agreed. Link turned out nice pictures that made money, and they couldn't lose much on this one. Maybe Link was a genius. He had a lot of radical ideas. In fact he had worried Sid a little when Sid first brought him out to Hollywood and the Continental lot. He was pretty young, for one thing, and looked it, even if he had just finished directing a Broadway hit. He was twenty-nine that first year. And Sid found he had some entirely definite convictions about what you could and should try to do in a picture, and what you should leave alone. He was a hard man to win arguments from; because when he talked about anything he made you feel that he knew what he was talking about.

But Sid didn't worry about him so much after his first picture. It made money. After his second and third he didn't worry about him at all. Or anyhow not much. And he gave him more rope each time.

When Link got back to his office that afternoon he called the stenographic department, and a little later Jane Perry came over.

"Did you work on any of these scripts for *University*?" he asked her.

She nodded. "The last two."

He sighed. "Well, I guess it can't be helped. What did you think of it?"

She was silent a moment. "I thought it was pretty silly," she said then. "Mainly the girl. Sue."

"Yeah. Well, forget about the script as much as you can. Here's the story." He told her the story as he was going to put it on film. It wasn't an awful lot different from the script. It was simpler, more direct. It had one sequence in it that had been argued against in story conferences as being hokum; and it had a number of things left out that had been argued for as frank or real or honest or life-like. And Sue's reactions and motivation had been changed pretty drastically.

When he finished Jane Perry's eyes were shining.

"Well?" he said. "What do you think of it?"

"I think," she said slowly, "that when it's previewed Miss Winston and Mr. Fallon are going to decide they must be pretty damn fine writers."

Link chuckled. Winston and Fallon had done the script.

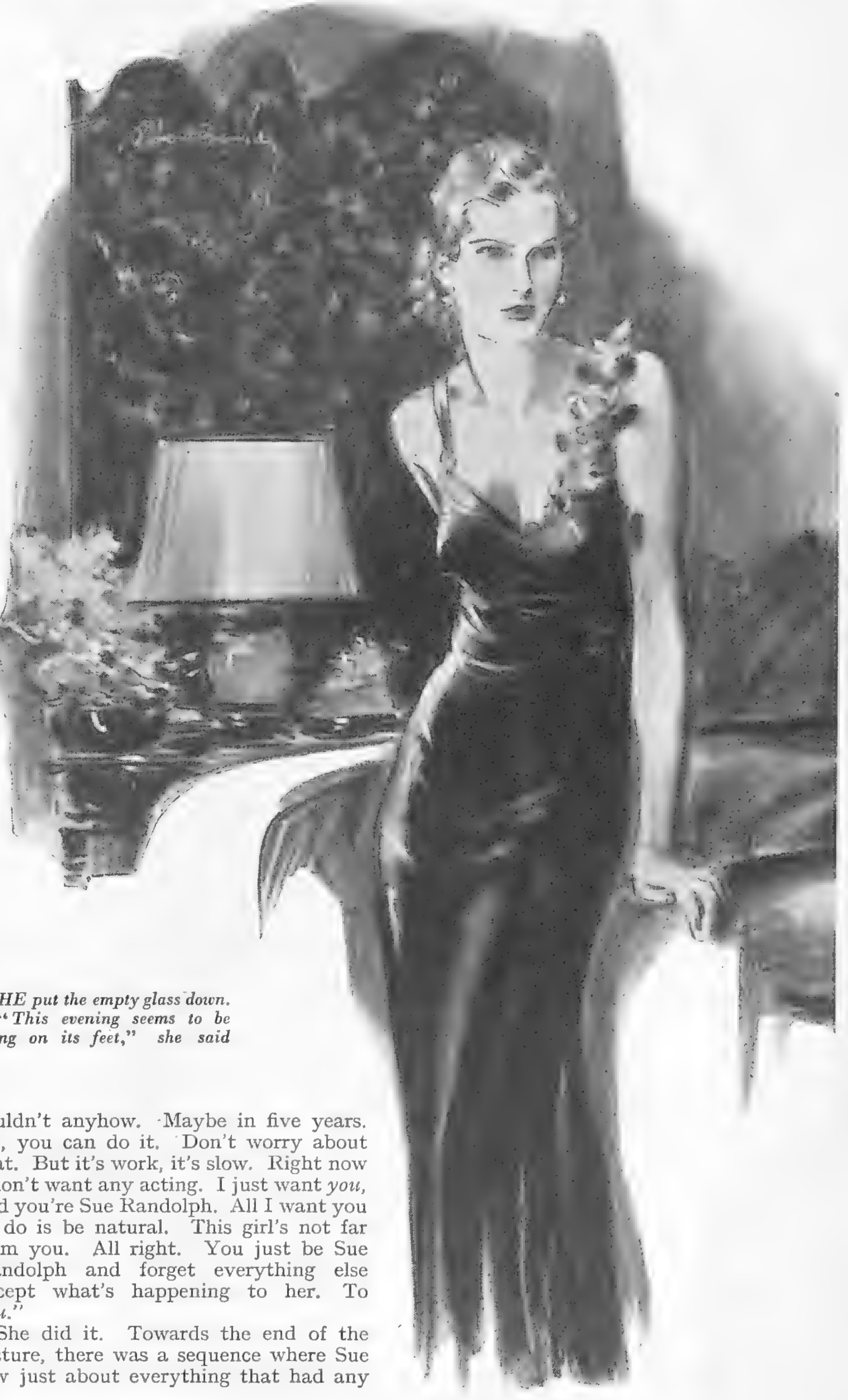
"How about the girl? Sue?" He was watching her eyes.

"I think—I think she's right, that way. Who," it was the first question she had asked, "who's going to play her?"

"You are," Link said. "If your tests turn out okay."

They did. . . .

"Now get this," Link told her before they began to shoot. "You're not an actress. Don't let me catch you trying to act. Forget all the jokes and stuff about actors that say they live their parts. Most of them don't. But when they do, when they can, they're good. It's imagination. That's all. And you've got imagination. I don't want you to give me a finished performance. You couldn't anyhow. Maybe in five years. Oh, you can do it. Don't worry about that. But it's work, it's slow. Right now I don't want any acting. I just want *you*, and you're Sue Randolph. All I want you to do is be natural. This girl's not far from you. All right. You just be Sue Randolph and forget everything else except what's happening to her. To *you*."



SHE put the empty glass down. "This evening seems to be dying on its feet," she said

She did it. Towards the end of the picture, there was a sequence where Sue saw just about everything that had any importance to her vanishing. Link shut everyone but the crew and the cast off the set that day, and no one went to lunch, and they shot the sequence. Bert Garner blinked a little now and then while they were shooting; and cameramen who've been in the business fifteen years don't get tears in their eyes over a scene just to be polite.

WHILE they were making the picture Link and Jane Perry usually had lunch together. As they were walking towards the studio restaurant one noon, Link said: "I didn't see you yesterday."

"I wasn't in anything," she said, "so I didn't even come down to the studio."

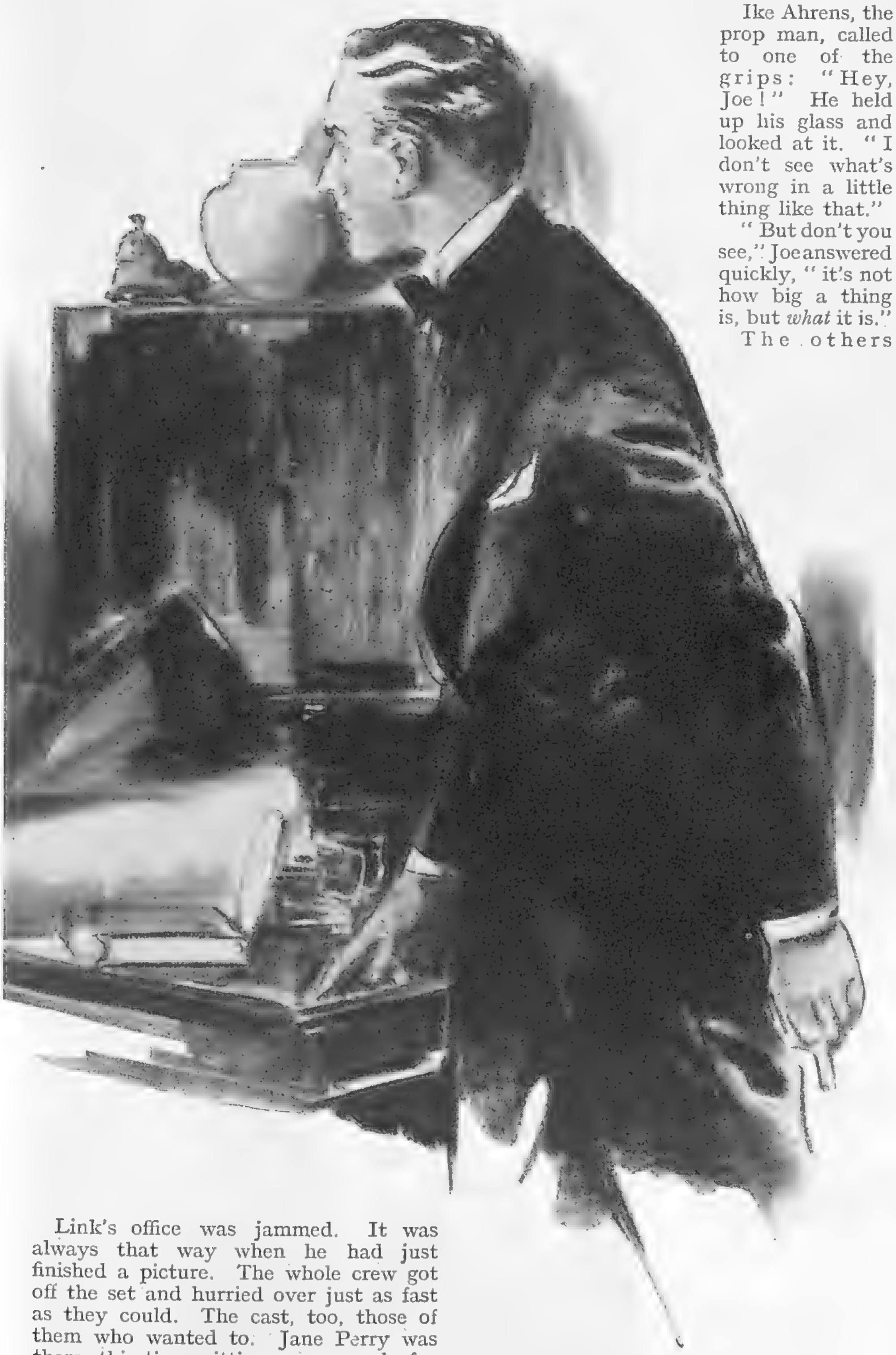
"Oh," Link said. "Yes, of course."

That's all that was said about it; but from then on Jane happened to be around the set at noon whether she was working that day or not, and they went to lunch together.

If he seemed to feel like talking she would talk to him; if he didn't, she would sit there silent. Usually he didn't, and sometimes an entire lunch would pass with no word between them. When he did talk, it was never about anything but the picture.

FOR when Link Trevor started making a picture he went into it clear over his head. He submerged, and he didn't come up for air until the last foot of film was in the can.

But when he called: "Print it!" for the last take, he would get up and walk off the set and you couldn't get him even to talk about it then, for a solid week.



Link's office was jammed. It was always that way when he had just finished a picture. The whole crew got off the set and hurried over just as fast as they could. The cast, too, those of them who wanted to. Jane Perry was there, this time, sitting on one end of a couch, watching everything, her eyes excited and happy.

Bert Garner, the cameraman, was looking at an etching that Link had had hanging in his office for over a year. Bert had always admired it. Link had just given it to him.

Bert's first assistant was talking about the tennis he was going to play the next week, and the chief electrician was making little tentative quarter swings with a mashie from Link's golfbag.

There was an open bottle on the table, and a drink or so for everyone; and they knew there would be a bottle for each one to take home with him when he left. It was pretty fancy stuff, too.

The studio didn't like this; said it was bad for morale. Nobody knew what morale was that hadn't been on one of Link Trevor's sets. Crews loved Link. He was a person to them.

Ike Ahrens, the prop man, called to one of the grips: "Hey, Joe!" He held up his glass and looked at it. "I don't see what's wrong in a little thing like that."

"But don't you see," Joe answered quickly, "it's not how big a thing is, but *what* it is."

The others laughed and Link said: "Lay off!" But he grinned, because those were lines from the picture; and when the crew start talking in lines you can quit worrying. The picture's going over. It never fails.

Link never took a drink from the time he started a picture until it was finished. Not that it was a rule or anything; it just never occurred to him. In between times his drinks were only casual.

Only at these little parties did he ever get slightly lit. Three or four or five weeks, keyed up, with a single thing in complete possession of your mind, and suddenly it's ended—well, there's bound to be a let-down, a little emptiness. But he never impressed anyone as being lit. Not quite as silent as usual, perhaps. Gayer. That's all.

This evening, however, though he drank a toast with anyone, to anything, as he always did, he wasn't particularly gay; and he was almost laconic.

Eventually the crew drifted away. They knew enough not to stay for ever, even if they were having the time of their lives. They drifted away.

The second assistant director and most of the cast drifted out. Eddy Burle and Link's secretary, Ruth Vance, went off together for dinner. There was no one left in the office but Link and Jane Perry.

They sat there a minute and Link poured a drink and raised his eyebrows at her, in question. She shook her head and showed him half of her second drink, still unfinished.

"They—they're swell, aren't they?" she said presently.

"Who?"

"The crew. All of them."

LINK nodded. "They're people," he said. "They're the only *real* people in the business, as a group. The only ones among whom you can't find one single stuffed shirt."

"I guess so," she said, and they were silent a moment.

Link drank about half his drink then, and said: "Eddy and Ruth are coming over to the hotel later on this evening. Why don't you come along when you're through here?" She still had her make-up and costume on.

His voice sounded rather flat and funny and Jane wandered over to the window and stood there looking out at the huge, tan, box-like things that house a movie studio.

"I——" she said, "—thanks. I'd like to."

Link finished his drink and his voice sounded a little flatter. Very casual and matter-of-fact.

"You might bring your—pyjamas, or what-not," he said.

She didn't say anything for a long time. It got kind of heavy there in the room. The windows were open and a little breeze was coming in, but it didn't seem to affect the air in the room. It was still and quiet and heavy and the breeze just died as it came through the screens.

Link moved his right hand a little toward pouring another drink, and then let it drop back in his lap and pretty soon Jane turned from the window.

"All right," she said. "I suppose," her voice was as toneless as his had been, "I suppose it's customary."

Link poured the drink and said: "Well—I'll see you then."

It was a pretty good party in Link's apartment at the Hotel Anderson that night. Ruth had a lovely time because she always had a (*Continued on page 110*)

A Place *in the* Sun for MUSIC

No Longer "The Cinderella of the Arts"

A FULL house at Covent Garden. This year's opera season was extremely successful, not only artistically but financially

Above:

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, who spent a fortune in endeavouring to put grand opera on its feet in this country, is at last seeing the return of the bread which he cast upon the waters many years ago

THE Queen's Hall is crowded with an appreciative audience for the Promenade Concerts

SIR HENRY WOOD, the popular conductor at the Promenade Concerts

Right:

HERR BRUNO WALTER, the famous German conductor

By Philip Page

YEHUDI MENUHIN, *another popular violinist who fills the Albert Hall with lovers of music when he is billed to play there. His sister Hephzibah is a pianist*

FRITZ KREISLER, *the world-famous violinist, who appears with fair regularity at the Albert Hall*

A DEVELOPMENT that must be faced—a development as recent as modernistic architecture and chromium furniture—is what an eminent writer called the other day " the appalling popularity of music." For some inscrutable reason it is the musical people who seem to resent this; but they are themselves inscrutable, and it is a pity that the prolific Johann Sebastian Bach did not follow up his Forty-Eight Fugues for the Well-Tempered Clavier with Forty-Eight Essays on the Bad-Tempered Musician.

Scientific and mechanical progress has left the other arts untouched, but it has given to music a place in the sun which it never before enjoyed, and from which it is never likely to be ousted. Whether this is any more an advantage to music as such than over-production is to any industry, or to any community, is an aspect I will not for the moment consider. Let us first deal with facts. The gramophone and the wireless have made instrumental and vocal sounds almost as much a part of daily life as the air we breathe.

Even a generation ago music, in the rudest sense, was confined to:—

(i) Concerts, the opera and theatres.
(ii) Amateur efforts in the home.
(iii) Street musicians, German bands, barrel-organs, etc.
(iv) Martial music, e.g., military bands and odd noises from Scotsmen with bagpipes.
(v) Religious worship.

There were a few other uses. Quack dentists at country fairs drowned the shrieks of their victims with a blare of brass or the thud of a drum. Beanfeasters and other roysterers in the charabancs of the period blew the wobbly cornet and gesticulated vigorously with the wailing concertina. Folk-song lurked obscurely in remote districts, not as yet exploited by the arty and crafty and given an exaggerated importance in the art-world. But such uses were indeed very few, and the above list may be regarded as comprehensive. It was not recognised then (and it is not recognised now except by a tiny minority) that the true function of music is not as a means to any end, whether worship, work, play, war, or the cure of disease, but as an end in itself—" the frank enjoyment of music without any ulterior thought or purpose but simple relief from the tiresomeness of life."

Modern times have seen a vast change. There are few rooms in which a radio or a gramophone is not as normal a part of the furniture as a table or a chair. Furthermore, it is considered abnormal if one or the other of these contraptions, preferably the former, is not functioning. As to the latter, let me recall a small but illuminating incident. A few weeks ago I was staying on the south coast at a small hotel which boasted a large gramophone in its lounge-hall, where, after lunch, I was alone, writing letters. A young girl entered, started the gramophone, and promptly went out again. She did not wish to listen to it; there was no question of anyone dancing. She was merely typical of a generation which has come not only to regard continuous mechanical music in some form as a normal happening, but the absence of it as a state of affairs highly strange and uncomfortable, or, as she would probably put it, " all wrong and odd."

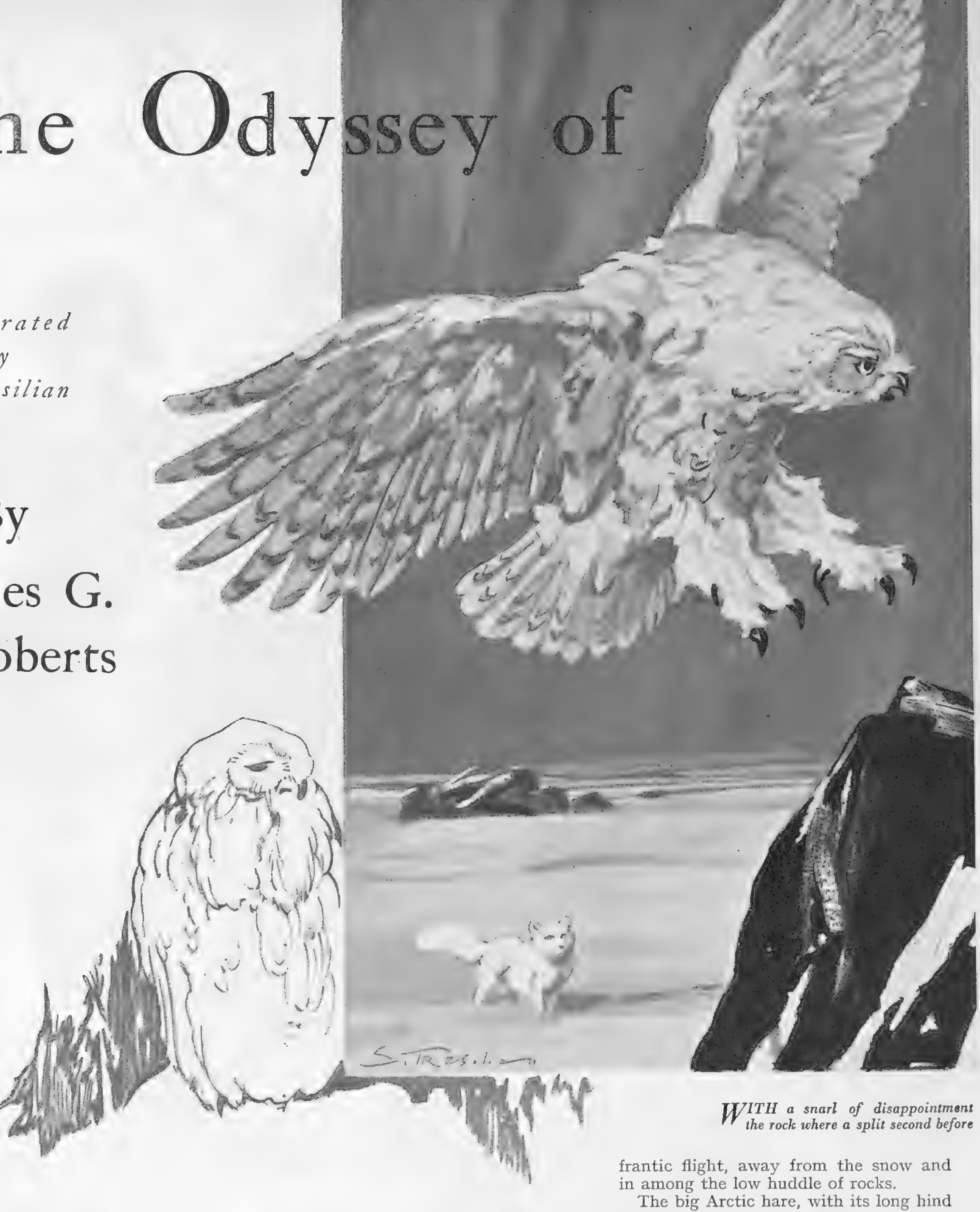
Tens of thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, of people leave the wireless on all day as a matter of course. They read to the sound of it, they work to the sound of it (how they work, Heaven knows, but work they do), they even play bridge to the sound of it. Music from over the air greets the tired business man as he returns to his home; it has accompanied his wife or soothed the inmates of his kitchen all day; and the chances are that he is himself a radio fiend or a gramophone bore, who will exhibit his sundry gadgets to friends he has asked to dinner, and that music will be the lot of all of them, whether they listen to it or not, until it is time for the tired business man to take his tired business-like self to a business-like bed (beside which there is probably a radio set).

No cocktail party is complete without the wireless in full blast. Here it can have but one effect—to make a large crowd in a small room scream at each other still louder through the smoke-laden atmosphere; Dionysiac hysteria, a veritably saturnalian sequel, would seem to be inevitable. Yet it is not. Such parties are, so far as I have experienced, models of decorum, and (*Continued on page* 106)

The Odyssey of

Illustrated by S. Tresilian

By Charles G. D. Roberts



WITH a snarl of disappointment the rock where a split second before

WINTER. And the far North, far beyond the icy desolation of Hudson Bay. And cold, so cold that the very air seemed frozen to stillness. And the long, long Arctic night.

But it was not dark. A low moon, waning and misshapen, poured a glassy radiance across the low, undulating stretches of black rock and thin, impacted snow, while all across the upper sky flamed the glory of the Northern Lights, flamed, and shivered, and danced, ran together with a sibilant whisper as of crushed silk, advanced and retired as if a vast curtain of light, pale rose, and gold, and palest green, were being shaken out over the world.

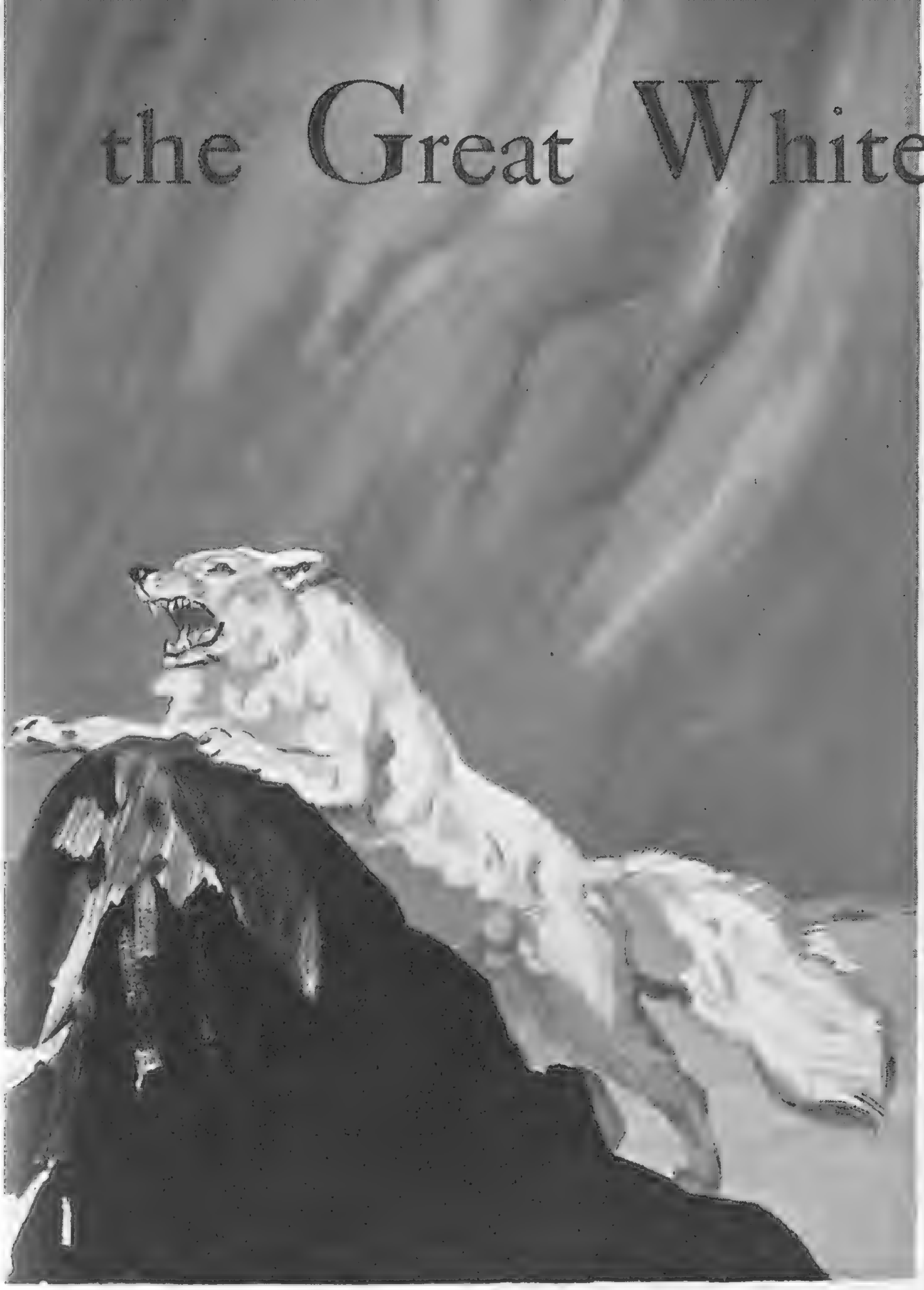
Alone, stiffly erect on a black, needle-like upthrust of rock that commanded an outlook over the glimmering waste, sat a great white bird. Very slowly, with a motion as imperceptible as the minute hand of a watch, he turned the white globe of his head from side to side. His immense round, pale-golden eyes, far-visioned as those of a vulture, and each set in a wide, circular, flattened disc of white feathers, were searching the spectrally lighted expanses of the waste.

Suddenly he bowed himself forward, spread his broad wings, and was gone from his observation post, winnowing soundlessly, but at terrific speed. He had caught a silvery blur of movement on a stretch of snow some hundreds of yards away. You would have said it was but a shifting play of light. But to his instructed eyes it was much more than that. It was a much-needed meal. Almost instantly that blur burst into frantic flight, away from the snow and in among the low huddle of rocks.

The big Arctic hare, with its long hind legs and powerful hind-quarters, is capable of splendid speed. He must be to have any chance of escape from the foxes and wolves who prey upon him. But he was no match for this great owl with the hunting methods of the duck-hawk and the falcon's lightning dash. In hardly more than the time of telling it he was overtaken. His shrill screech of panic was choked off short as sharp black talons, thick-feathered to their tips, clutched his throat. More than twice the weight of his captor, he was too heavy to be carried away. But the fiercely flapping wings lifted him half into the air so that his struggles, his desperate kickings, were all in vain. He was slowly being strangled, when a knife-edged claw pierced his jugular, and with a last spasmodic kick he straightened out and hung limp. The victor let him down,

the Great White Owl

To be lonely and migrate South, to fight for food and Life, to journey back to the Arctic Circle with a new Mate, to build a nest and raise a brood—what more can a Great White Owl ask of Adventure?



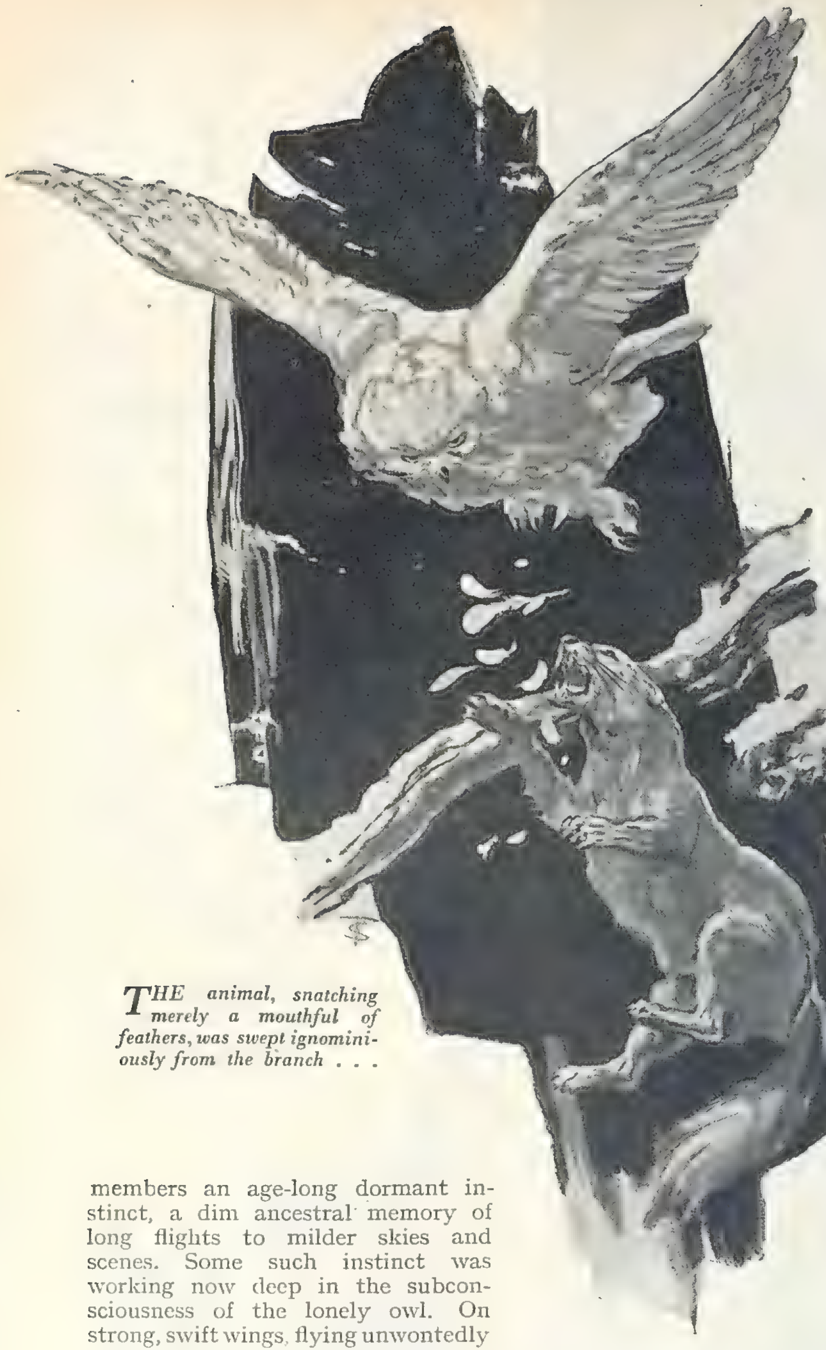
a second fox alighted on top of the white owl had been sitting

glared about for some moments to make sure that no other marauder had witnessed the struggle, and fell hungrily to his meal. Having gorged himself to the utmost, he wiped his beak on the snow and flapped back to his observation post, reluctantly leaving the remnant, still too heavy to be carried away, as a prize for the first fox or ermine that might come by.

THOUGH the great white owl was now full fed and drowsy, his watchfulness was unsleeping. Suddenly he caught sight of a fox, who had come into plain view about fifty feet distant. The creature was going through extraordinary antics, chasing its tail, rolling over and over, and jumping high into the air. For an instant these capers held the owl's attention, then they excited his suspicion. He glanced about for the frolicsome animal's mate. Just then his miraculously keen ears, ears that could catch the squeak of a mouse a hundred feet away, caught the faint whisper of padded feet behind him, and he sprang into the air as if snatched up by a gust of wind. And with a snarl of disappointment, a second fox alighted on top of the rock where a split second before the white owl had been sitting.

Hissing angrily and snapping the black scimitars of his beak, the great bird circled slowly just out of reach, and glared down upon the discomfited foxes with his round unwinking stare, till presently, with a fine assumption of indifference, they trotted off together and were lost in the luminous obscurity. The owl did not resume his perch. For a few moments he hovered above it, hesitating. Then, as if he had lost conceit of it, he rose higher into the air and on slow wings headed away due south.

AS it happened, now for a month past the great white owl had been suffering from a strange discontent. In the first place, he had lost his mate, who, in an unwary moment, had been struck down and devoured by a lurking bear. He had grieved for her, as most of his monogamous kind will, for a couple of weeks. And then a curious restlessness and distaste for his surroundings had seized upon him. His tribe were not generally migrants. But occasionally there would stir in one or another of its



THE animal, snatching merely a mouthful of feathers, was swept ignominiously from the branch . . .

members an age-long dormant instinct, a dim ancestral memory of long flights to milder skies and scenes. Some such instinct was working now deep in the subconsciousness of the lonely owl. On strong, swift wings, flying unwontedly high, he forsook his frost-scourged ranges and sped away, not north or east or west, but almost directly southward.

Impatient, though he knew not what for, he paused only when he had to forage for his meals or rest his wings. Sleep he was wary of, except when he could find some rocky height inaccessible to his four-footed foes. But food was another matter, for he was always a huge feeder, and now, because of his unusual efforts, he needed more than ever to keep his vital fires well stoked. When he detected far below him a huddled covey of ptarmigan, he would descend upon them like a soundless thunderbolt, with his slashing talons strike down three or four of them before they had time to scatter, hurriedly tear them to pieces, and bolt them, feathers and all, rejecting only the claws and shanks, the wings and beaks. The feathers, and such bones as even his hardy stomach could not digest, he would later cough up in the form of round, dry pellets of refuse. Now and again a big Arctic hare would furnish his banquet; and if there were a safe roosting-place nearby, he would hide the remnant in a cleft of rock, sleep a few hours, and return to it for another hearty meal before continuing his journey.

As day followed on day, the hours of darkness dwindled rapidly, the sun swept in an ever-widening arc above the desolate horizon. But this made no difference to the great white owl, for, unlike most others of the owl kindred, he and his tribe were equally at home in daylight or in dark. He came to the vast expanses of Hudson Straits, and, in blind confidence, ventured out across the fields of heaving and grinding ice-floes, fronting the steady pressure of a wind which streamed up from the south. He came to open water, a tossing, white-capped sea with no shoreline visible beyond; but still he winged onward dauntlessly. At last, his unquestioning faith rewarded, he came to a rocky shore looming high and dark above the crawling flood. Suddenly weary, he settled himself in the top of a stunted and wind-battered spruce which jutted out from a fissure in the cliff overlooking the waves.

For perhaps an hour he sat there dozing and recovering his strength. Then his hunger awoke him. He stared, searchingly, all about him, taking account of his novel surroundings. The southerly wind which had been blowing for nearly a week had pressed the ice-fields over, far out of sight against the northern shores of the Straits, and he looked down upon a great sea of open water, dotted with here and there a diminutive floating iceberg, here and there a great bowhead whale, lazily spouting, or rushing along the surface of the water with cavernous jaws agape, scooping up the myriads of plankton and capelin and tiny squid which formed its food. Flocks of white gulls and grey whirled and screamed on all sides, plunged down to capture their prey, or floated, resting awhile, on the long-rolling surges. The great owl launched himself from his tree and flew out over the water. In all that confusion of whirling wings he attracted little attention. He planed lower, marked a smallish grey gull which floated carelessly on the waves beneath him, and suddenly pounced down upon it. Its scream instantly choked by his talons, he bore it off to his perch and avidly devoured it.

FEELING still far from satisfied, he sailed forth again. But now he was marked. Some of the gulls had seen his capture of their fellow, and signalled it about that there was a killer among them. Whichever way he flew, the birds on the wing gave him a wide berth, and those resting on the water took to instant flight as he came near.

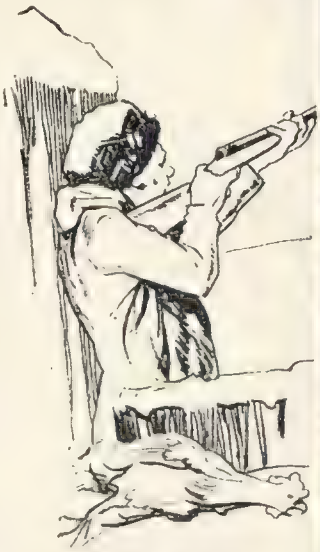
But, unlike all his cousins, great and small, the white owl was a fisherman as well as a hunter. He promptly gave up the hope of catching another gull, for the gulls were as swift and agile of wing as he. He had seen them pluck quite sizable little fish from the smooth breasts of the rollers. He ignored the gulls and went slowly quartering the water, just above the wave crests. He snatched up a three-inch capelin, deftly transferred it from talon to beak as he flew, and swallowed it head first. This he repeated several times to his great satisfaction. But he was not yet quite content. Presently he caught the flash of a silver belly in the trough between two rollers. He swooped on the instant, grabbed forth a big herring, writhing spasmodically, and triumphantly bore it off to his perch on the stunted spruce.

Pleased with this fish diet and its abundance, he decided to stay here several days. But that same day the wind changed round into the north-east and blew fiercely. Within twenty-four hours the ice was crowding down upon the south shore of the Straits, with groaning and crashing and loud explosions. The bowheads were gone, and the gulls, seeking open water. And there was no more easy fishing for the great white owl. To be sure, he picked up a few squid and capelin washed ashore by the sudden change of wind. But while he was briskly hopping about among the rocks, around a neighbouring point of rock came into a view a strange animal, busy at the same occupation as himself.

The two caught sight of each other at the same moment. They were perhaps fifty feet apart. The stranger was about the build of an ermine, which the great owl knew very well, and had condescended to eat upon occasion, though its flesh was rank and stringy. But this fellow was several times larger than the little ermine, of a blackish golden colour, and decidedly formidable-looking. It lifted a savage, wedge-shaped head, and then came darting for him with amazing speed, undulating over the rocks as smoothly as a flame. The great owl watched motionless till the darting flame was within ten feet of him, then sprang smoothly into the air, just in time. And with a harsh snarl the fisher—for such it was—hurled itself straight upwards after him and barely missed seizing one of his talons in its snapping jaws.

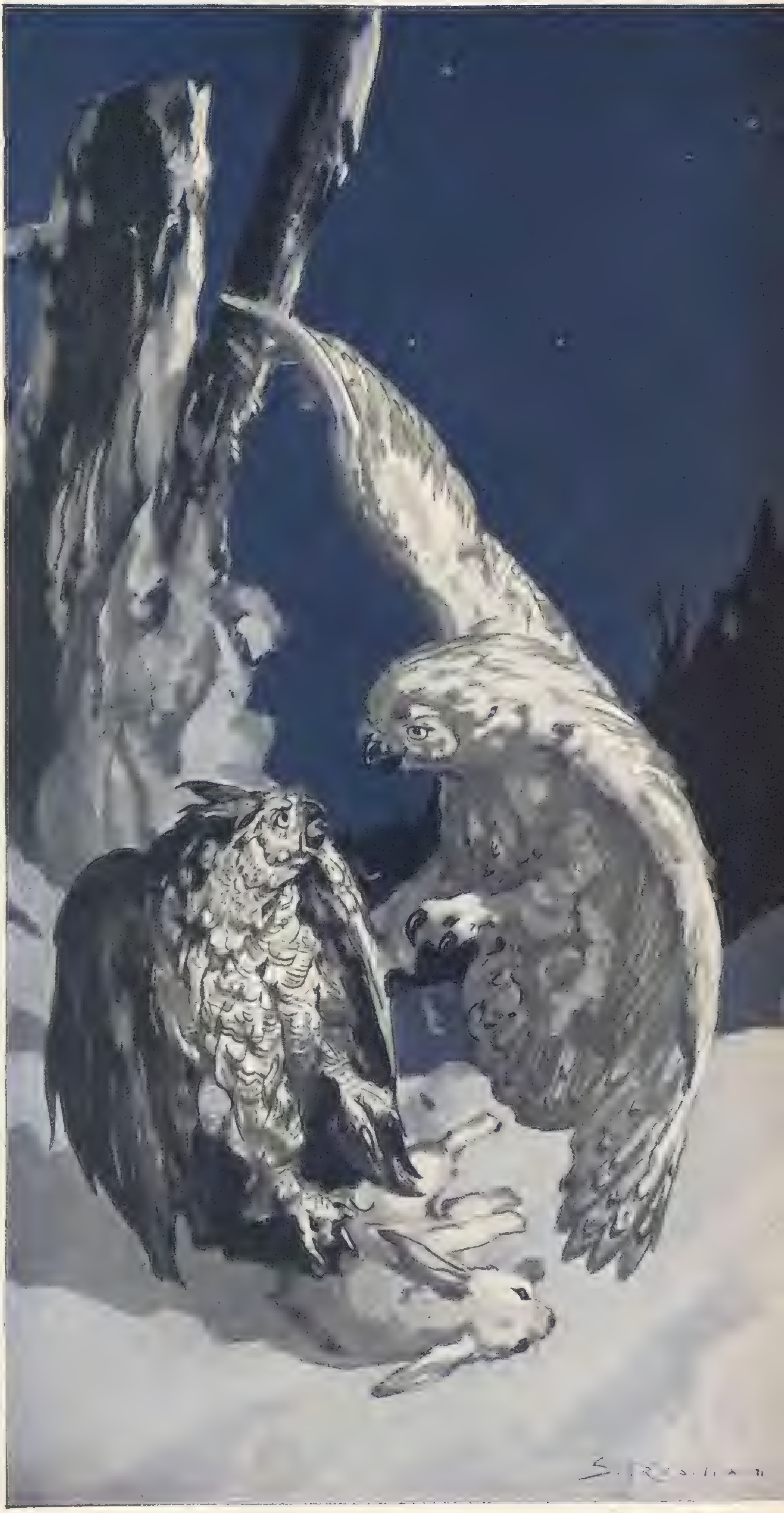
Unafraid, but surprised by the swiftness of the attack, the owl circled slowly just overhead, his big, round yellow eyes staring down impassively into the darkly murderous ones of his assailant. Could he master this furious beast? For some moments, he contemplated accepting the challenge. But, after all, he was not hungry. And he had no incentive to a doubtful battle. Presently he winged upwards, and winnowed away to his refuge in the spruce. But he little knew the obstinate ferocity of the fisher, who had mistaken his prudence for fear. He had not been settled on his perch for more than two or three minutes, when he heard the scratching rush of claws on the trunk below. The yellow fury was almost upon him.

In a rage he bounced from his branch. Then in a flash, swift as a sparrow-hawk for all his bulk, he zigzagged back at his assailant, who was now out upon the branch. The fisher half rose, with bared fangs, to meet him. But he whirled again, and struck heavily with his wing in passing. The animal, snatching merely a mouthful of feathers, was swept ignominiously from the branch, and hurled end over end to the rocks some fifty feet below. Vindictively the victor swooped after it, but it had landed in a deep crevice, safe though half-stunned, and with no more stomach for the fight. The great owl flew back and forth a few times, glaring down into the crevice with fixed wide eyes, and then went winging away disdainfully still toward the south, never guessing how redoubtable a foe he had discomfited. For the fisher is so swift and murderous a little beast that animals of twice its size hesitate to come to grips with it.



NOW as he made his way ever southward through the heart of Labrador, the great white owl traversed a different landscape from that of his treeless and wind-scourged Arctic barrens. Barrens there were here, naked iron ridges of lofty rock from which the wind licked off the snow as fast as it fell. But there were also deep canyons, and lofty waterfalls now encased in ice, whereunder imprisoned torrents grumbled and roared. And there were also low-lying valleys dense with spruce and fir where the snow-shoe rabbits gambolled in the glades, woodmice criss-crossed the snow with their tiny trails, and grouse roosted out of reach of the prowling foxes or burrowed deep in the snow for warmth. Game was so abundant that he lost little time in hunting for it, and never before had he fared so well. But enemies also were abundant; and he soon found that if he devoured his prey on the ground, as was his custom, he must be forever on the look-out, not only for bigger and swifter foxes than he had ever seen before, but also for wolves and lynxes, to say nothing of the fishers, which he now rated as dangerous. Sometimes he roosted in the tree-tops; and found to his annoyance that even there the lynx or the fisher would follow him. Thanks to that phenomenally keen hearing of his, which never slumbered, however he himself might sleep, he always woke up in time to wing away like an angry ghost. But he soon found it best to revert to his old habits, and take his repose on some naked, wind-swept height where there was never any game to tempt the prowlers and where his eyes could search a wide horizon. To him the terrific cold of such a perch meant less than nothing.

And now, arriving at the heavily wooded regions lying about the Peribonca and Lake St. John, he had his first view of those strange upright creatures called men. First it was a lone trapper, knocking on the head a wolf which had been caught by the paw and had not yet had time to gnaw itself free. He straightway conceived a vast respect for this two-legged, erect animal who could, with the utmost ease, make such short work of a wolf. Another day he flew over a busy lumber camp, and saw several men dragging in the body of a (*Continued on page* 94)



INTO his back clutched iron talons, and he was rudely torn from his prey

Sister

I HOPE you haven't seen, on the bills, "The Welcome Sisters," because I have made up the name. I have to call them something. If there is an act that has used that title—well, it is not known to me. I cannot mean that act, as my story will show.

Anyway, "The Welcome Sisters," as I call them, had been on the road for years, year in, year out, thirty or forty weeks a year or so—until Variety began to fail. They had the same routine which they had always had. One came on first and sang a little, and then, when she was singing, the other came on and danced. Then there was some backchat. Then they sang a duet. Then they danced together. And then they got off while they were still dancing.

There had been acts like that before them and, so long as Variety persists, there will be acts about the same. It is one of the stands-by of the music-hall, what there is left of it.

Scores of sisters have begun by singing at home "Queen of the Earth," "The Lost Chord" and "When the Lights Are Low," at the piano in the parlour, on Sunday night.

"Why don't you go on the stage ?" they have heard.

More of them have done so than you know, because many have not lasted very long.

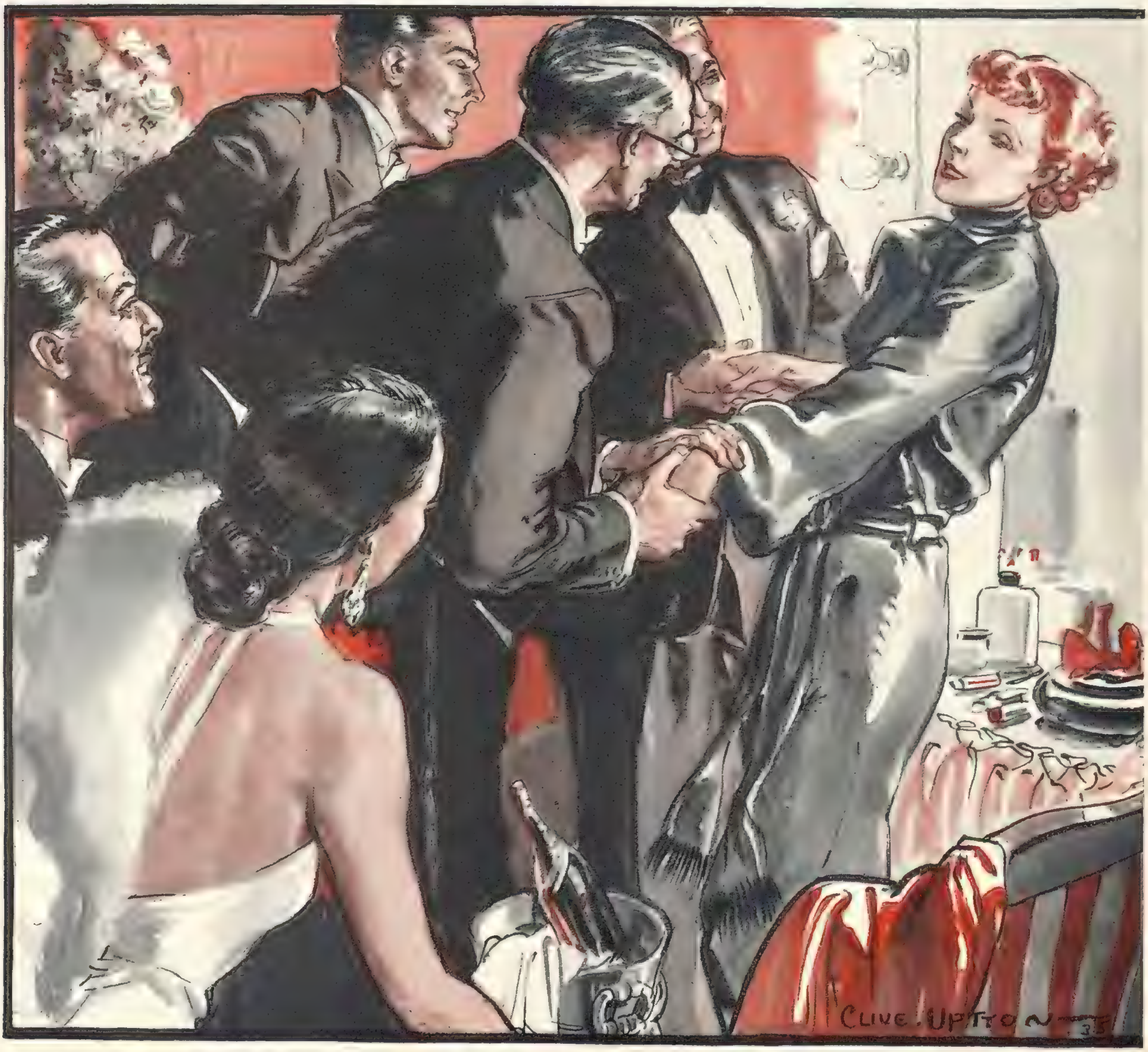
They have got £3 at first and, afterwards, £8 a week together, in the "smalls," and then perhaps £20. Sometimes, if they were lucky, they have reached £40. And one or two of the acts have even climbed up to £150. But many have fallen by the way.

"The Welcome Sisters" had not done that. Neither of them had got married, so there wasn't that complication. They had not quarrelled and broken in two, as some had done, or joined others. For more years than the public knew they had used the same gags, slightly altered as the fashion changed, tried out, and then worked in, a new song sometimes, and changed the dance a bit.

It had started with clogs and sand-dancing, I suppose. But those went the way of all things that are human. The dance had been modernised, and the frocks got lower in the neck and higher in the knee.

Now "The Welcome Sisters" were Binnie and Minnie. Everyone was fond of them because they were so fond of each other. A pair of pals, who were friends with everybody. At Hartlepool, you have seen "The Welcome Sisters" on the bills, and at Oldham and South Shields. Even at the Palace, Manchester, they appeared on the posters, in smaller type, it is true, but there for anyone to read.

"How long will it go on ?"

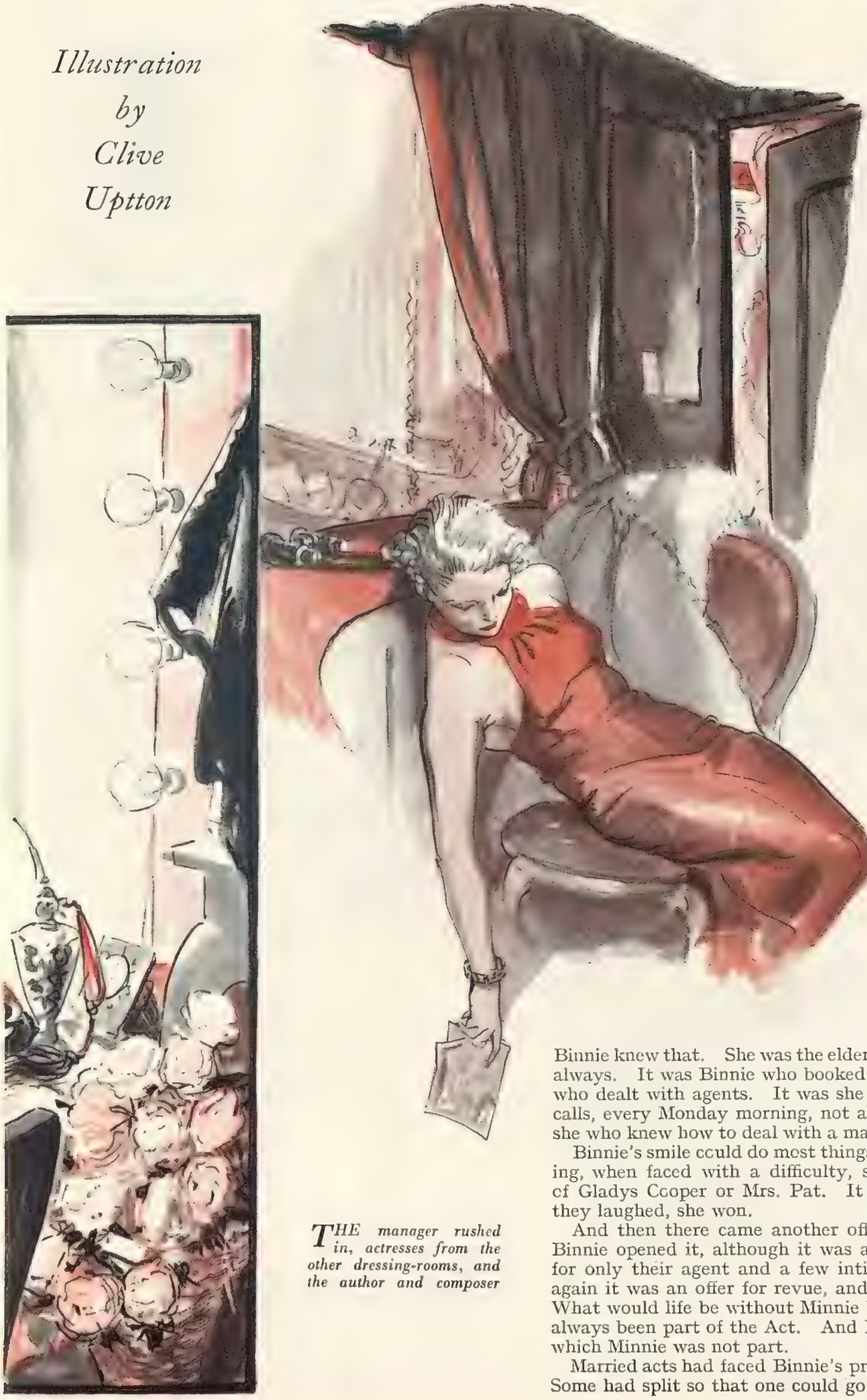


Act

United we Stand —Divided we . . .

By Hannen Swaffer

Illustration by Clive Uptton



THE manager rushed in, actresses from the other dressing-rooms, and the author and composer

They had often thought that. They got a hand always, and often they had to come on again and do the gags and the extra verse prepared for encore purposes. But otherwise, except that all the stage hands loved them, and other artists were very kind—well, they just went on year after year.

There was a time when there was a Sister act on nearly every bill. That was, until the Americans came over and made most of the Sisters look pretty sick.

But, somehow, " The Welcome Sisters " survived.

They had reached £50 a week, for the two of them. They had saved a good deal of their earnings. And then there came, one night, what has often happened to Sisters—a single offer.

An agent was in front at Finsbury Park and he took an extra look at Binnie that night. He had seen her often before. But somehow there was a sparkle about her that seemed to reach him, this particular evening.

" She'd do well on her own," he said.

But Binnie would not listen when he went round. There was Minnie to think about.

" What shall I do about Minnie ? " she said, when the agent offered her a part in a new revue. " Can't you engage her too ? "

And, as he could not, Binnie, without saying anything to Minnie, turned it down. And they started off on the road again, with five years' work to look forward to, or perhaps ten—and then retirement, a husband perhaps.

It wouldn't do to tell Minnie. Binnie knew that. She was the elder of the two. She had managed things, always. It was Binnie who booked the lodgings every week. It was she who dealt with agents. It was she who argued with conductors at band calls, every Monday morning, not argued but talked nicely. And it was she who knew how to deal with a manager when he wanted to cut the Act.

Binnie's smile could do most things. Besides, she had a trick of mimicking, when faced with a difficulty, stage stars, arguing, with the accents of Gladys Cooper or Mrs. Pat. It always caused a laugh. And, when they laughed, she won.

And then there came another offer for Binnie by post. Fortunately, Binnie opened it, although it was addressed to " The Welcome Sisters," for only their agent and a few intimates knew their real names. Once again it was an offer for revue, and, once again, Binnie turned it down. What would life be without Minnie ? She was part of the Act. She had always been part of the Act. And Binnie could not conceive anything of which Minnie was not part.

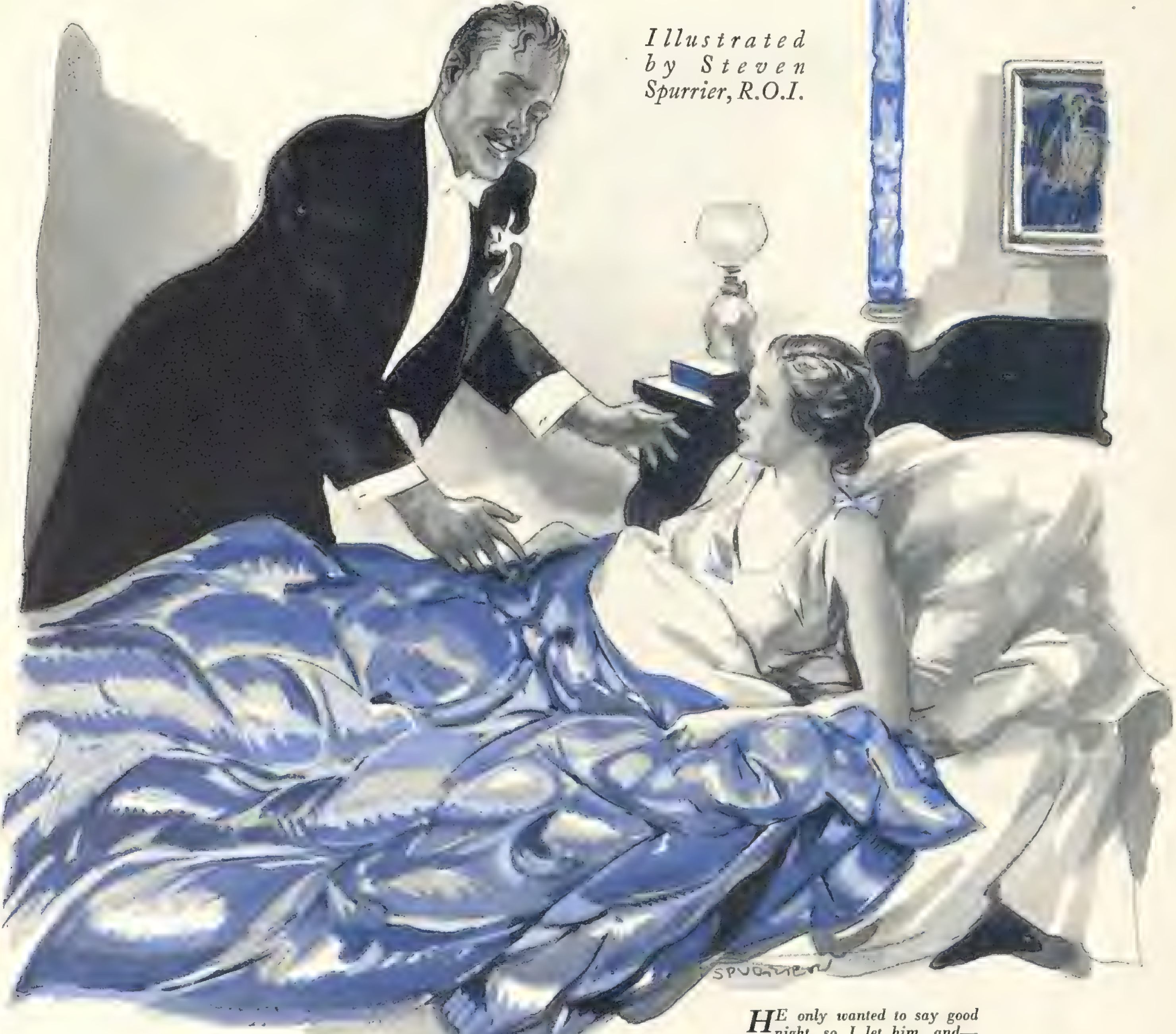
Married acts had faced Binnie's problem often, so had a score of others. Some had split so that one could go on to Success

(*Continued on page* 91)

SUSPENDER

By Stenson Cooke

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



HE only wanted to say good night, so I let him, and—as he was going to kiss me . . . .

CALMLY and without heat, Gwen—alone in her morning room—delivered her verdict and sentenced her husband to divorce without the option, in a manner befitting the daughter of a great judge. Then she took her hat, her coat and a taxi to tell her mother.

Gwen was a glorious product of Southern Ireland, where deep blue eyes contrast delightfully with dusky hair and a café au lait skin. She had a strong jaw under a passionate mouth and straight, short nose, and—a figure worthy of Juno.

" I've come to tell you, Mummie darling, that it's all over between Harry and me. He shall never touch me again. Last night settled that."

" Oh, my dear ! " said her gentle little mother, from her low chair. " What is it now ? Has he started drinking again ? After all the money we spent putting him in that home. I hoped he was cured. Sixteen guineas a week for four whole months. Oh ! " She began to cry, and Gwen sank to her knees to put two powerful young arms around her.

" Darling ! Don't you start, or you'll make me follow suit. I feel like it, but I won't waste tears on him—he isn't worth it. Please ! Mummie ! "

" Very well," sniffed little mother, " but—is it that horrible drink ? "

" It's worse," said Gwen. " Time after time I've been sick with disgust when he came home tipsy and pawed me about, and ravaged my mouth with kisses reeking of whisky, but it's worse than that."

" How could it be worse ? "

" This time it was scent ! Perfume ! You know, Mummie, at least, I know one perfume from another. Last night he had a House Dinner at his club—so he said. He got back about midnight. He came to my room just as I had turned in. He had been drinking—I could tell by his eyes. They were fishy and bloodshot."

"Poor child," said mother, "what a lot you've learnt in two years of married life. Go on."

"Yes, darling. When he's drunk—he's filthy. This time he was sheepish. Oh! I knew. Club House Dinner! Very clever—go there to get his name marked as "in" by the porter—have drinks—see a few men to establish an alibi—and then—Oh! I knew. I've had my suspicions for some time. Well, he only wanted to say good night, so I let him and—as he was going to kiss me, I smelt patchouli—you know, darling—oh! but you can't—it's the stuff used by women who—who—never mind.

"And—to crown it all—" Gwen looked superb in her scorn, "there was lipstick all round his mouth—and on his neck."

"What did you say, dear?" asked the gentle one.

Gwen started up to a right angle "I remember every word. I blazed at him. 'So that's your House Dinner! Look in the glass,' I said. 'You've given yourself away this time.' He did, and saw the red marks. He went pale as death, and turned to me to try to lie them away, but I smacked his face right and left, as hard as I could. My fingers marked another shade of red, and I said: 'There—that's the last physical contact between us. Herd with your fancy women—I've done with you—for ever. Get out of my room!' He looked murder for a moment, but—he went, and I locked the door on him.

"Darling! May I smoke a cigarette? It will keep me from getting excited. Thank you!"

She resumed her half kneeling, half sitting position, and puffed away.

Little mother surprised her daughter. She flamed.

"You're right, my dear. He's a rotter and a coward. Oh! I'm to blame. I should never have influenced you to take him instead of—who was that other boy who was so fond of you, and you liked him—and I thought he wasn't good enough for our family—a kink or something? and then Harry—a Baronet! so big and good-looking, and charming, until he got you."

"And my money, mother!" said Gwen bitterly; "but shssh—that's all past and done with—except that——"

"Except what?"

"The 'other boy,' as you call him—was Cecil—and—" she rose again to a right angle and squared her shoulders, "he is still fond of me and—I—am—very, very fond of him. Anyway, he isn't in this picture."

"But, my dear, you're not thinking of——?"

"Oh, yes, I am. I came to tell you. I have sentenced my disgusting husband to 'Divorce without the option,' and that's final."

Gwen's eyes hardened as she said, "Without being irreverent, I thank God for taking my baby when He did. Oh, no! I'm wicked, I didn't mean that—my lovely little boy. Mummie, forgive me!" She was on the verge of tears, but blinked them away. This wasn't the time for crying.

"If only your brother Richard were home!" sighed little mother. "Let's see. This is the 30th. He left Hong Kong yesterday. He was booked to Tilbury, but I'll wire him to Port Said to come overland from Marseilles—that will save a week."

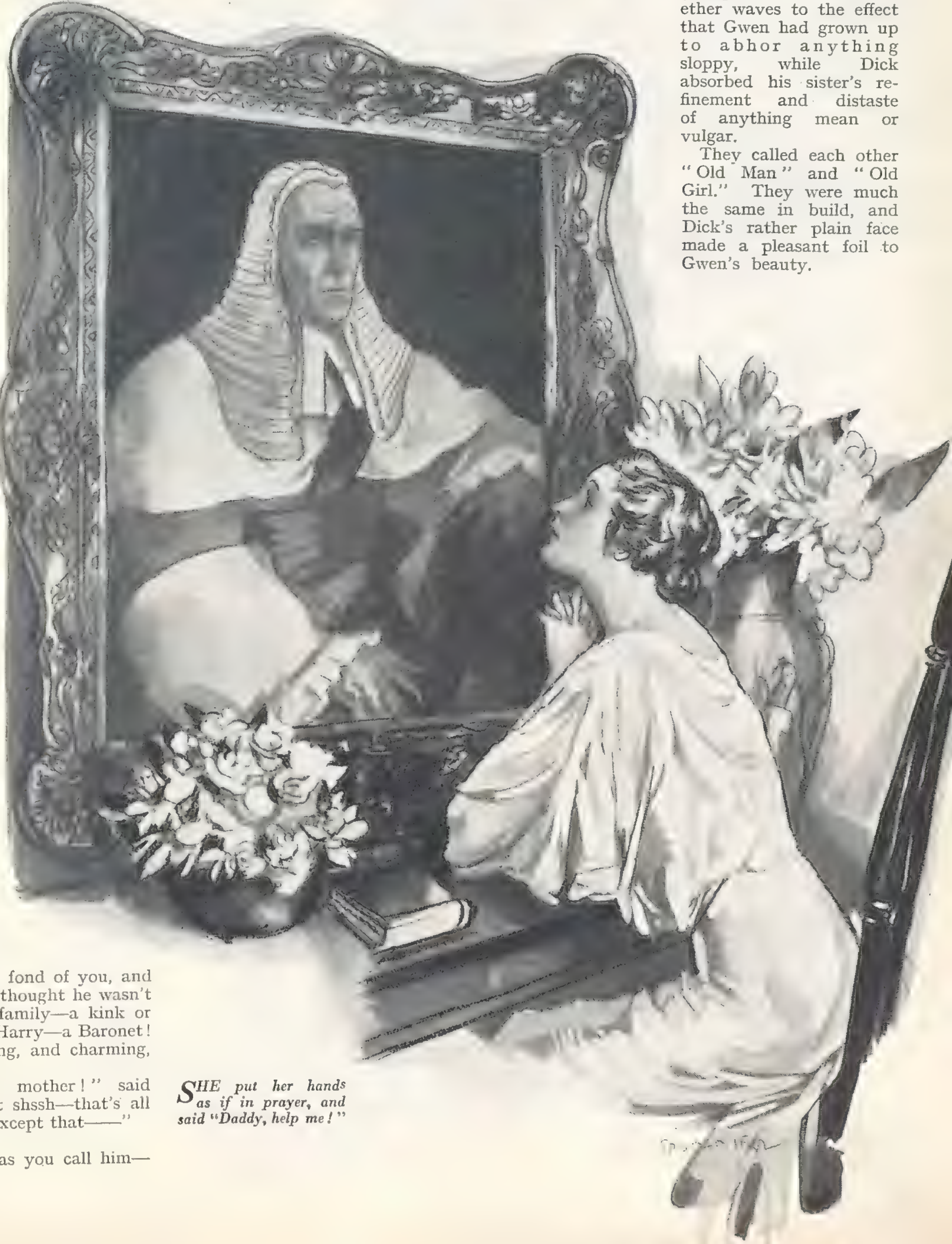
"Oh, good! Mummie! Then we'll be all three together in this fight." Gwen brightened at the prospect.

THE love of these nice people for each other was a beautiful thing. Little mother was so proud of her two big children. "Never given me a moment's pain or anxiety, the darlings," she would proudly tell her friends—dabbing each eye.

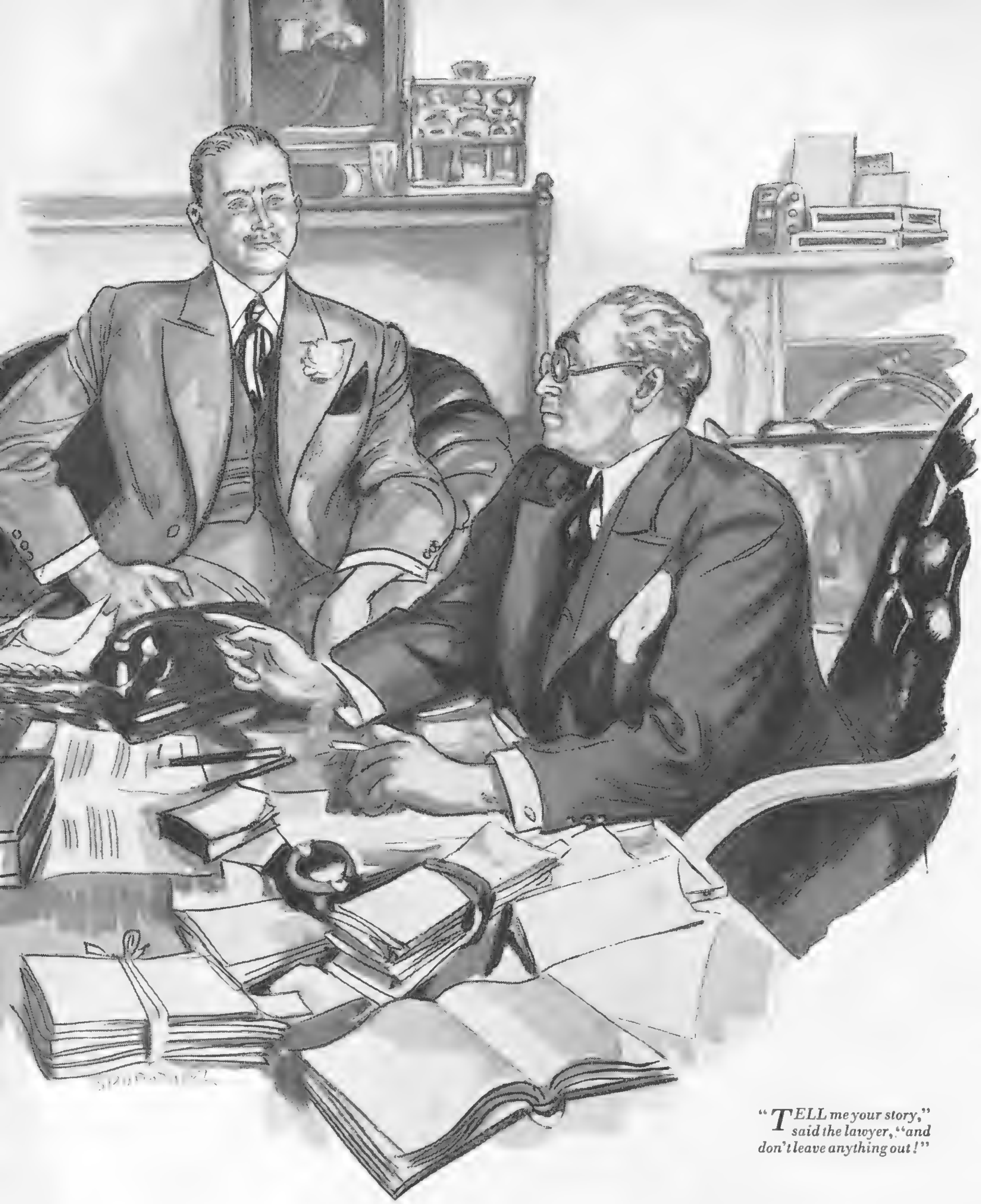
She would look at them in happy bewilderment, thinking, "Did I, a mere bantam, really hatch out these two swans?"

Dick was in the Chinese Customs Service. He was the elder by a year; the boy and girl had always been chummy, giving out to each other ether waves to the effect that Gwen had grown up to abhor anything sloppy, while Dick absorbed his sister's refinement and distaste of anything mean or vulgar.

They called each other "Old Man" and "Old Girl." They were much the same in build, and Dick's rather plain face made a pleasant foil to Gwen's beauty.



SHE put her hands as if in prayer, and said "Daddy, help me!"



"TELL me your story," said the lawyer, "and don't leave anything out!"

"There go the Grecian twins!" people would say to each other. "What a fine pair! And to think that tiny, sweet woman between them is their mother.

When sudden, tragic illness and death robbed the English bench of one of its best judges, and his wife of three-quarters of her heart, it was they—the children—who saved her reason.

Thenceforth, they took a kind of guardianship upon themselves. "We'll look after little mother," they said, and the job drew them still closer to each other, if that were needed.

And now, Gwen was up against it, but—"No sob stuff!" she said, "I'll follow daddy's slogan, 'We don't bark—we bite.'"

IN another place, the gentleman by birth known rather contemptuously as Handsome Harry called for his fourth "double" whisky, and wondered gloomily what she would do, and what the devil he was going to do if she did. Her money was his only visible means of support.

Damn these interfering legislators. Why couldn't they leave things alone.

In his father's time—and he was a "goer" with the ladies, too—wives were kept in their place—they couldn't get a divorce for a trifling matter of—infidelity. No! In the good old days they had to prove cruelty as well, and he hadn't been cruel—that is, legally cruel—beating her and all that, or desertion. Desertion! Did a man desert his only visible means of support? Not "something" likely. Here, you! Bring me another double."

The club waiter brought it, took payment with a bow, and said to himself as he retired, "Time he was chucked out of a good club like this."

Out of a clouded mind there came an idea. Izzy! The keen Jew lawyer—straight as a die—and clever! Oh, yes! Go to him—not now though—want a little sleep. 'Phone him in morning for an appointment when brain clear, and tell him the whole bally story, the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. But not now! not—now. Snore!

ON returning home, Gwen went straight to her father's oil painting—"Robes and Ermine"—by an R.A. She put her hands together as if in prayer, and said "Daddy! help me! Inspire me! I'm coming to plead to you every day until I'm through with this case. I remember always what you used to tell me—and I'll follow it. 'We don't bark—we bite.'"

She sent for Murphy, thirty years' service, man and boy, now butler.

"Yes, milady!"

"Murphy, I — I —need you."

"Miss Gwen!" The old mode of address slipped out. "Oh! I'm sorry, milady!"

"Just what I want. I'm in great trouble, and I need your help, and please keep calling me Miss Gwen."

"I've known you're in trouble longer than you might think, my—Miss Gwen — and so have we all, and"—his face hardened—"we'd like to shoot him."

"Yes, I know! but you needn't do any such thing. *I'm* going to end it, and you can help me."

His face softened. "Sure! You're your father's daughter. God rest his soul. Only tell us what to do."

"Right—this house must become a kind of maisonette—two parts—not the kitchen of course, but—eating and sleeping. Your—ahem! master—until further notice—will be afforded such comfort, convenience and quiet enjoyment as for the time being may be deemed reasonable and equitable. Oh dear! Now I *am* talking like the daughter of a judge! But he must never come near me."

"Only over my dead body, milady," replied Murphy, and, before resuming his lawful duties as butler, he added, "Miss Gwen, let me fill him with whisky whenever he wants it, and even when he doesn't."

"No! Murphy! Daddy would call that manslaughter—we can't stoop to it."

"*Man* slaughter, you call it! Faith, I don't call him a man, he's only a ——"

"That will do — and thank you again."

"Yes, milady. You will leave the other servants to me?"

"Certainly."

She took his hand and shook it, and said, "I know you won't let me down."

THE reaction to that gesture was shown in the reception accorded to the "master" on arriving home, after having slept off his "doubles." The change in atmosphere was subtle but definite. It bewildered him. His belongings — clothes and what not — were tidily laid out in a bedroom and sitting-room—arranged as if by magic, but actually by a staff inspired by love of her and hate of him.

The only reply he could get to his question, "What the devil does this all mean?" was "Her ladyship's orders, sir!" and then—what the British Army Regulations term "dumb insolence."

"Where is her ladyship?"

"Not at home, sir."

"Not at home? Where's Murphy?"

Murphy appeared.

"What's all this about her ladyship not home?"

"Her ladyship *is* home, sir," replied Murphy—loving his task—"but I'm instructed to tell you that she's not at home, sir!"

"Get out, damn you," said the "master," and sat down to figure it out.

"She's got something in for me—the cat—but never mind. Izzy—to-morrow morning—he'll see it through."

He dined alone.

THE next morning Gwen telephoned her mother.

"I'm going straight to Frank—to cry on his shoulder, as he calls it. We've hardly needed a lawyer before—what luck that he's our friend, and so clever. He'll get on with the good bad work immediately, if not sooner."

She went, and Frank, folding his hands at the back of his head—a habit when he was interested—said, "What we want, Gwen, dear, is evidence; we can't bowl a man out for adultery merely on patchouli and lipstick! We don't even know the woman's name — nor where they were, nor who saw them do what they did—if they did. Oh, yes! I agree with you that they did, but, remember your respected father—justice—equity. Hard luck! but don't be discouraged. I'm only being the Devil's Advocate, putting forward the worst of your—no, dear, *our* case—because we love you. That's the lawyer's way—and it's right. We'll have him watched."

"I'm afraid it's too late," said Gwen. "Already he sees the red light, but we'll do it. It will cost more than nursing homes, but get on with it. I've pledged myself not to take my teeth out of this case till they meet, and I know you won't either. Good-bye, dear old Franky."

And she went back to her father's picture for inspiration. By this time she regarded it as a shrine.

IN another lawyer's office that same morning, Gwen's husband said, "Izzy, I'm in a hell of a mess. Help me and I'll never forget it, and I'll pay you well."

"Tell me your story," said the lawyer, "and don't leave anything out!"

Story told. Izzy gloated over certain details, but it didn't affect his instinctive loyalty to a client.

"Let's put it in a nutshell," he said. "This girl you call Fluffy! You have really—eh?"

"Yes!"

"Where?"

"I'm not going to tell—even you!"

"Good! If you can't tell even me where you—took her out to supper—the—other side may not know either. And—they've got to prove it. Oh, my boy! English law is wonderful—even murderers get off for want of evidence—why shouldn't you?"

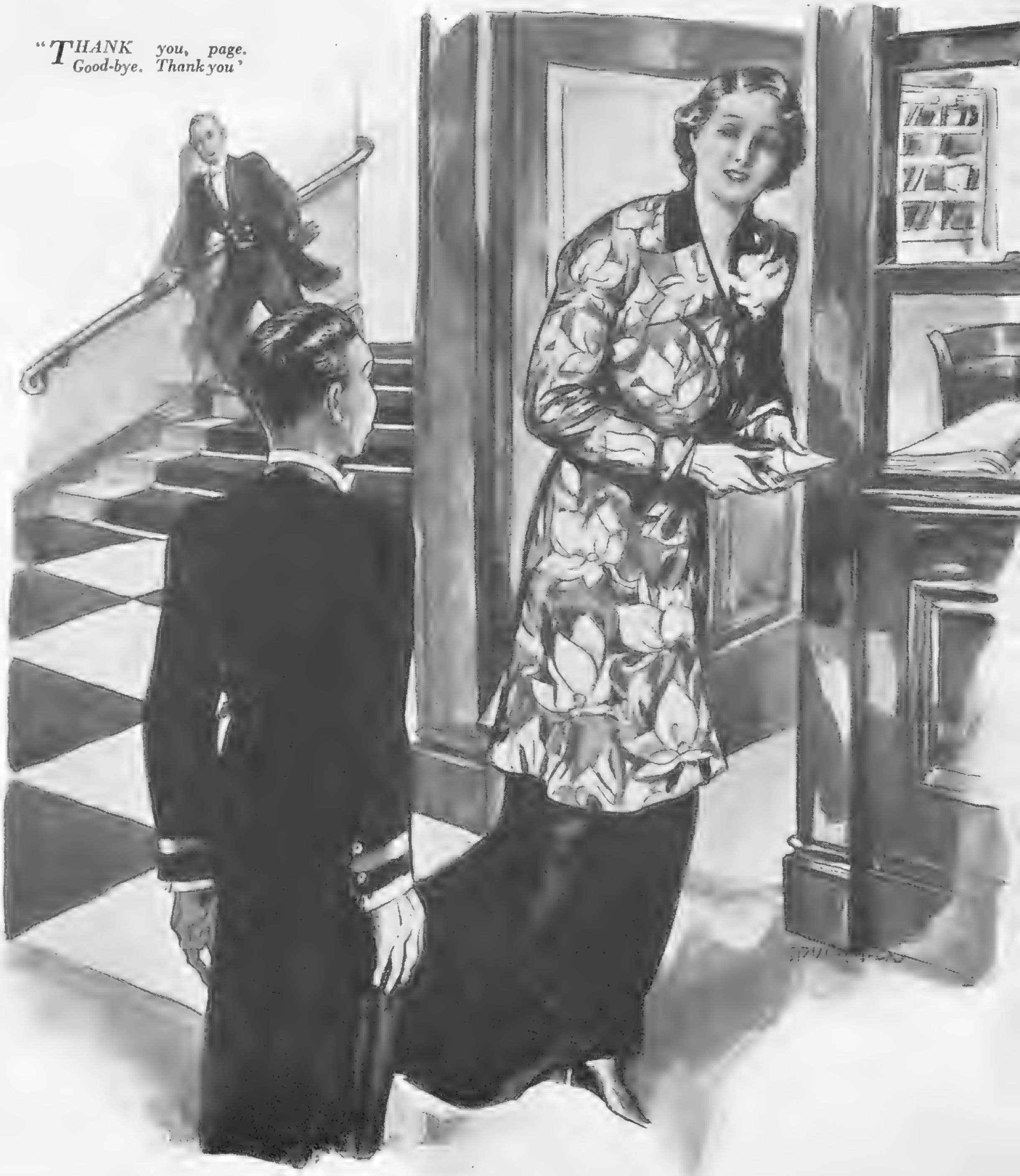
"Above everything," said Izzy, "pull yourself together—and cut out the drink. I warn you! You may give yourself away, and then—you're done!"

"How can I give myself away if I don't see Fl——her—again?"

"It's not entirely what you may do or not do," replied the lawyer, "but what you may have done. Any letters?"

"No! Yes! I say, give me a drink. Oh, please, just one—a weak one—I know you keep it." He was sagging at the mouth.

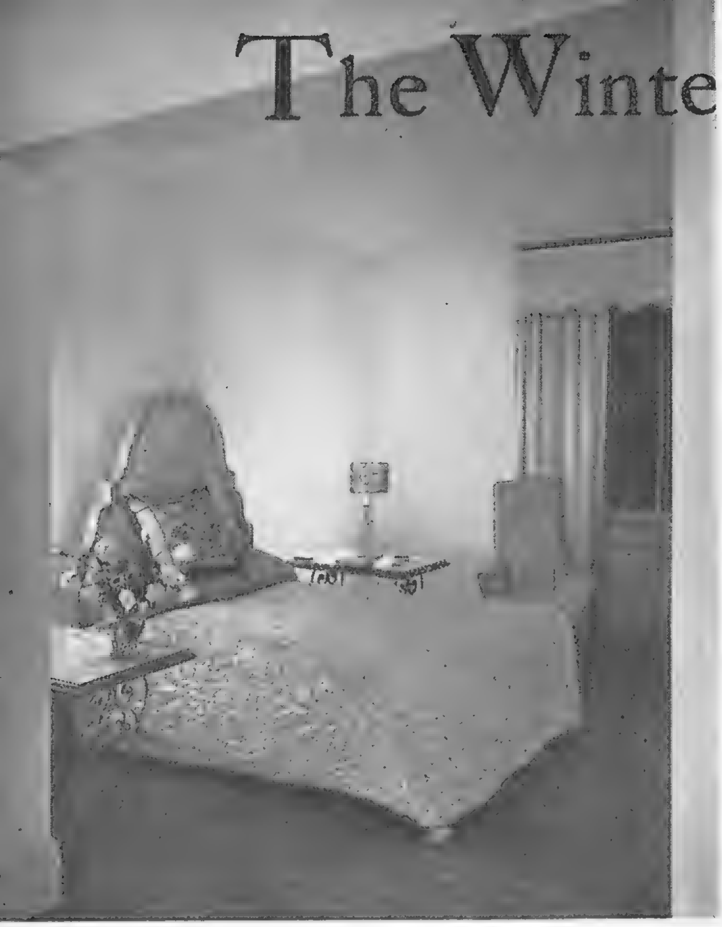
(*Continued on page* 98)



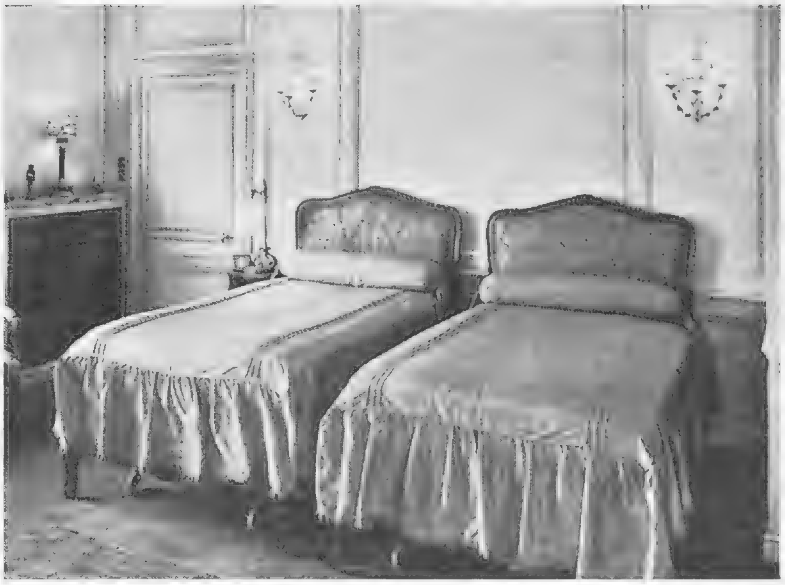
"THANK *you, page. Good-bye. Thank you*"

The Winter Bedroom

Shut out the cold. Make yourself comfortable in your bedroom when winds do blow!



This is a very luxurious bed with a quilted headboard and coverlet to match. Quilting can be simpler than this, but nothing could be warmer. Try it in your bedroom this winter



This room has been made cosy with a thick pile carpet and warmly shaded lights. The walls are painted parchment colour and the lampshades are rose pink

CALL it our English eccentricity, but the majority of us are content with uncomfortable bedrooms. Why ? We surround ourselves with luxury downstairs ; we coddle ourselves about firesides which have no equal in the world and we desert them for bedrooms which, in the matter of comfort, would scarcely pass muster as a stable. Well—practically.

Occasionally we assure ourselves that our sufferings are in the interests of health. But nobody is deceived by this. Reasonable comfort never yet interfered with health. The cranks can say what they like.

In case you are tempted to suffer discomfort in your bedroom on the plea of costliness, let's look at some things which make you comfortable without costing more than comfort is worth.

First. What have you done to create an illusion of comfort in your bedroom ? Is the colouring warm ? Are the lights there for illumination alone, or do they give interest and warmth ?

Why is the average bedroom so formal ? Why should the bed be the only restful object in the room ? What's wrong with a deep armchair ? And are soft cushions exclusive to the sitting-rooms and woolly rugs the prerogative of floors which never see a bare foot ?

Do you tremble to get out of bed on cold mornings, for the simple need of a switch to put the fire on without exposing more than the tip of your nose above the bedclothes ?

What bed covering do you favour ? Are you wedded to heavy blankets and an eiderdown, or have you discovered the lightness and comfort of a modern lambswool blanket (no, they're not expensive—22s. 6d. a pair) ?

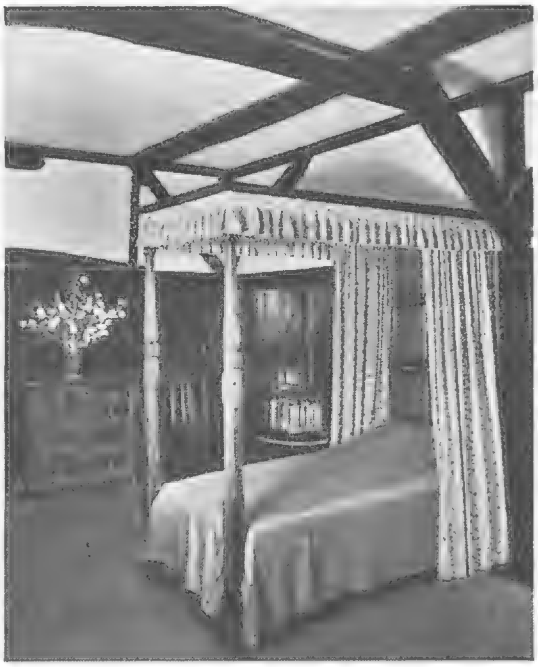
Do you stick to natural blankets, or have you discovered that coloured ones look warmer ?

Ask to see Moderna blankets when you are restocking. Their rose, saxe-blue, fawn and gold colours are comforting just to look at, and each one carries a three years' guarantee.

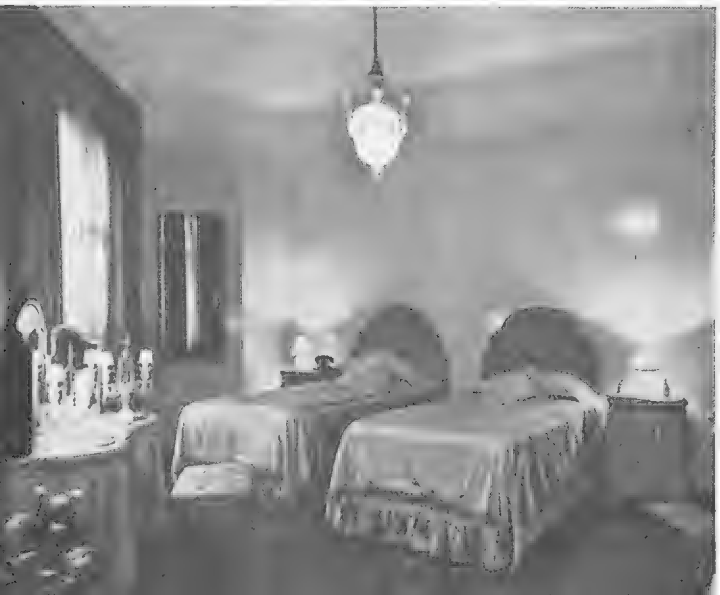
What about a quilted coverlet ? Grandmother favoured them, and, believe me, grandmother knew. A quilted chintz spread with curtains to match is about the prettiest combination known, and quilting *won't* wear out.

And now a concession to the health cranks.

Don't bury yourself in a feather bed. It's *not* the warmest. It's a snare to make you more susceptible to chills. Recline on a modern spiral spring mattress (Staples, if you want to be exact). You will rest better and warmer. A healthy reclining position is important to circulation, so scrap those feather beds.



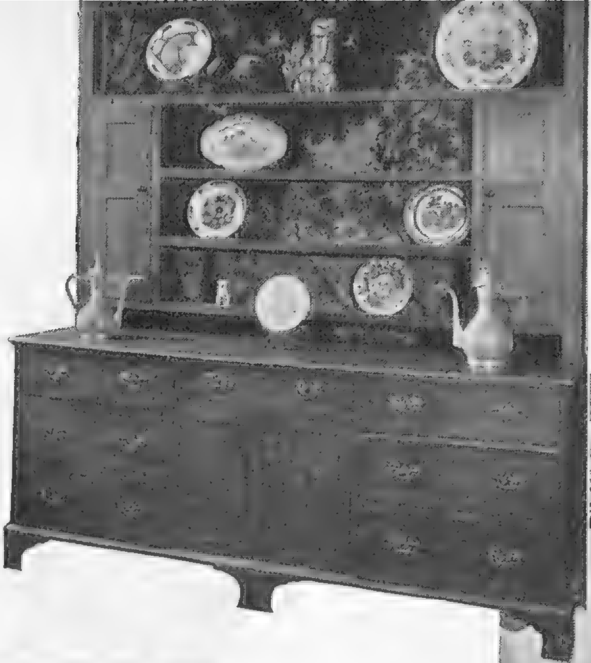
Comfort seems personified in the four-poster. Bed curtains are comfortable too. These are made of glazed chintz



This bedroom was a nest of comfort. Pale yellow walls, with a bronze carpet and curtains. Pale green moiré headboards and frilled taffeta spreads. Lamps are everywhere, shaded in softest yellow

Dressing the Dresser

Here are some original ways of treating it

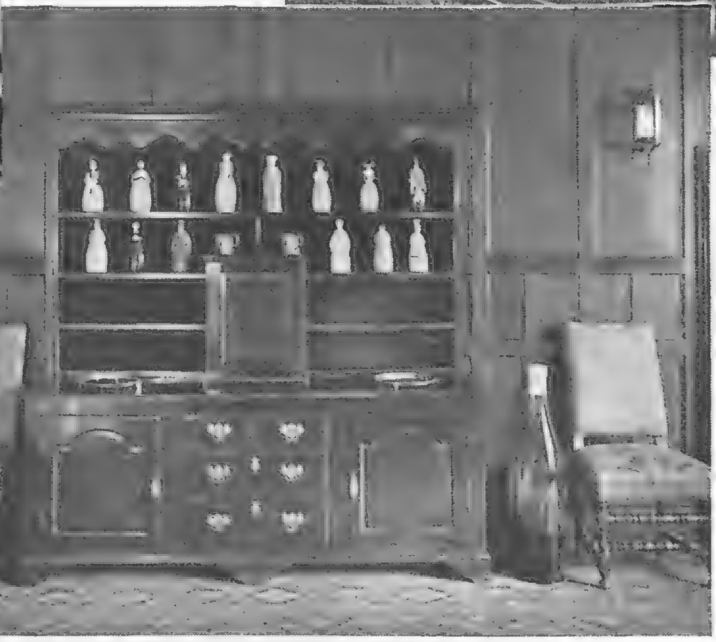


An old Welsh dresser with a tapestry back. Soft greens, browns and reds are incorporated in the colouring of the tapestry and Oriental china is grouped against this background (Courtesy of Old World Galleries)

Pewter is almost conventional in the decoration of the dresser, but here some pieces of fine Old Willow pattern have been added to give more colour

Left:

This is quite a modern version of the dresser. The wood is dark oak and the plates are frankly modern and brilliant in colouring. The effect is very bright in an entrance hall



The lovely proportions of this old dresser are made more interesting by the display of quaint china figures. Their gay colouring is effective against the austere colouring of the wood and the general effect is very novel

IN its earliest days, the dresser was used for the display of gold and silver plate. It was later that it filled a more practical rôle. Later still it came back to favour as a decorative unit, and now we have it in both forms.

Some of the popularity of the oak dresser may be due to the fact that in whatever setting it finds itself it is at home. In the baronial hall it has dignity, and in the suburban dining-room it has simplicity. That is a lot to be said for one piece of furniture.

The original Jacobean dresser had no plate rack above and was hardly more than a table with drawers, but these examples are not often found in general use. The better-known Welsh dresser with high back is the more popular, though these vary enormously in shape and character, and, if decorated with originality, are in no sense monotonous.

As a background for china and plate, glass and pottery, there is scarcely any equal of the dresser. The sombre tones of a room furnished in antique oak are at once relieved by the introduction of colour on the dresser. Old Willow, Staffordshire, or Oriental china—each is effective, according to the scheme.

The most usual method is to display a collection of china of one kind, but a better effect can be had by varying the character of the objects used and by grouping them more carelessly than is generally done.

An example of this is shown at the top of the page. The tapestry back of this dresser is decorative in itself and the Oriental china, charmingly grouped against it, is a perfect foil.

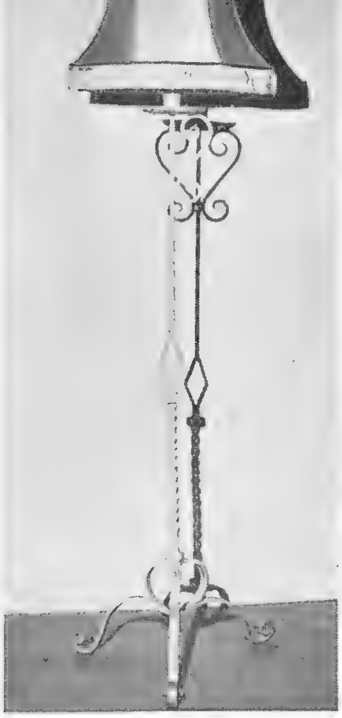
In a Welsh country house I have seen an ancient oak dresser perfectly decorated with specimens of old Bristol glass. A few pieces of old pewter were mingled with the lovely blue colouring of the glass, seeming to give it a deeper lustre.

China figures are attractive, and often amusing, too, on the dresser. In Wales, where queer china figures were much used in olden days to charm away spirits, they now often fulfil a less responsible but very decorative part on the dresser.

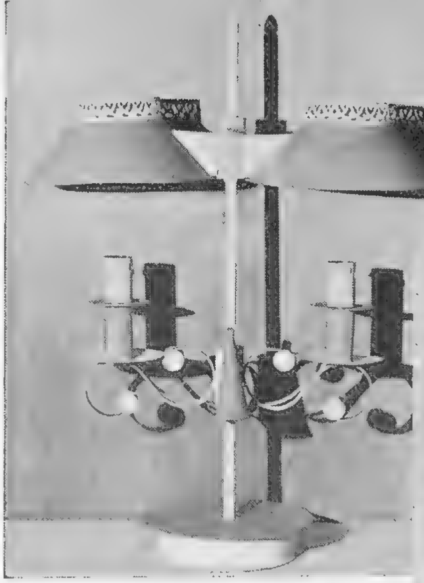
The figures in the illustration are modern, but there are many old and colourful ones suitable for this purpose to be found in out-of-the-way places.

Pewter and brass are traditional in the decoration of the dresser, but to obtain their fullest effect they should be mingled with pottery or glass.

Brass pieces are perfect in the company of green Staffordshire ware, while pewter seems to express its fullest charm in the company of Old Willow or coloured glass.

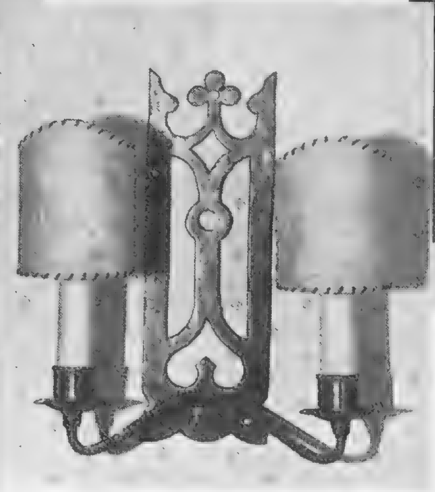


A wrought-iron standard lamp finished in any colour you like. The shade is stiff silk with a coloured fringe. The standard costs £2 5s. 6d. and the shade £1 17s. 6d.



This candlestick is a replica of the candle lamps used before the advent of gas lighting. They were black then, but this is painted green. Height nineteen inches. Price 50s.

A hammered iron wall bracket with two make believe candles wired for electricity and fitted with long-shaped bulbs. The bracket is 35s., the vellum shades 2s. 9d. each



A wrought-iron table standard twenty-two inches high. The stiff silk shade covers an imitation candle wired for electricity. Finished in any colour you like the lamp costs 25s. 6d. The shade is 18s. 6d.

Shades of Night . . .

Lamps can make your home beautiful and they can make it warm. Here's a new selection to choose from

IT has taken us a long time to realise that lighting is a decorative asset, and not just a tiresome essential. Nowadays the decorator works cheek by jowl with the lighting man and between them they achieve a harmony of colour and a brand of comfort which we should once have thought impossible.

Elaborate systems of fixed lighting are something we must leave to more expert hands, but decoration by means of lamps is something we can each have a shot at.

The simplest room becomes suffused with glamour after dark by the skilful introduction of lamplight. Lamps are less expensive than they were and it costs nothing beyond a little patience to experiment with them. They bring a whole range of new colouring to hand, and they bring the means of adding interest where you want it, and subduing it where you don't.

The right lamps put the finishing touches upon the character of your room, and they direct attention to the things you wish to have attention.

THE wrought-iron standard lamp shown at the top of the page is designed for the scheme of antique oak, or equally well for the more modern scheme of pickled or weathered oak.

The attractive candle lamp would make an interesting decoration on the refectory table by day and an equally interesting and colourful point of interest by night.

This design was actually copied from the candle lamps that were used on the desks of the Bank of England before the advent of gas lighting. In those days they were black metal. To-day you can have them in any coloured metal you like.

FASCINATING lamps can be contrived at home with the help of an electrician. An ordinary sphere, as used in the schoolroom, treated with a coat of orange shellac to give it a suitable appearance of antiquity can be adapted to take a lighting unit. A plain vellum shade looks extremely well with it and the finished article has an appearance of great luxury.

A blue and white ginger jar makes a very decorative lamp and can be easily adapted by an expert electrician for a shilling or two.

Original shadings are not difficult to contrive, and a little skill with the fingers makes it possible to decorate one's rooms with lampshades that would command fancy prices in the shops. The reproductions of old maps which can be bought now for five shillings each lend themselves perfectly to use as lampshades. Pleating them is not a difficult task if care is used. These, too, can be treated with a coat of orange shellac if an antique finish is preferred.

Carboys, stone wine flagons and shapely jars all lend themselves to adaptation as lamps. These bigger lamps look well upon a low table or standing in a corner slightly raised from the floor.

Arrange lamps in those isolated corners of your rooms. Distribute them thoughtfully with an eye to comfort as much as to effect. Don't let the occupants of the room be conscious of the lamps as a possible source of disaster. Lamps at the elbow and lamps at the feet can be trying things.

They should be unobtrusive in everything but the comfort and the beauty they bring.

Lamplight adds immeasurably to the comfort and beauty of this fireside scene

Let's Have a Change

Get some change into your home. Break away from tradition. Experimenting won't cost you anything

YOU'VE met the type of woman whom one describes as "not pretty, but original." She comes in the same category as the one whose clothes are "simple, but so different." But have you been into a house that has the same quality?

It's a refreshing experience. You find yourself in a home that has no pretensions to grandeur. In all essentials it is one of a million contrived on limited means. The furniture is not more costly, nor the house more distinguished than hundreds you know. But it's different. What makes it so?

Not always money. Certainly not always a genius for invention on the owner's part. More likely, just a simple departure from tradition in its display.

What slaves to tradition we are in our homes! We put the clock on the mantelshelf because clocks have stood on mantelshelves since clocks began. We hang the pictures at precise intervals around the walls because *everybody* hangs their pictures that way. We paper the walls and whitewash the ceiling. Tradition would be outraged if we reversed the procedure. But why? Originality only begins when tradition walks out.

Moreover, originality doesn't cost any more.

If you are fond of change, if you would like a new home at the old address, why not have it? Throw off the habit of tradition. Experiment with your possessions.

What if you *do* throw the household into an uproar while you do it. If the family complain at first, just wait until they see what your originality has achieved.

Turn things around a bit. Put the furniture into different places. Throw out some of those old trimmings and introduce some new. If you can run to redecorating, think up something fresh.

Wallpapers are common enough, but you can work miracles by choosing something fresh and using it with your blind eye towards convention.

Look at the illustration at the foot of this page. See what has been done with wallpaper to make a simple room exciting.

A small design is used (you can't get away with big patterns in this kind of decoration), the paper has been carried up to the cornice, giving height to the room and ringing the changes on the inevitable picture rail.

The ceiling is coloured delicately to match the background of the paper, and even the bookshelves have been lined. The same paper decorates the flap cupboard beneath the shelves.

Take notice of the pictures in this room. How attractively they are grouped, aren't they? But you can't call the room elaborate in any sense.

I have seen a simple country house bedroom made attractive by papering the ceiling and distempering the walls. It sounds a topsy-turvy arrangement, but it looks grand. The paper was a pretty flowered design and the walls and woodwork were distempered pale green to match the background.

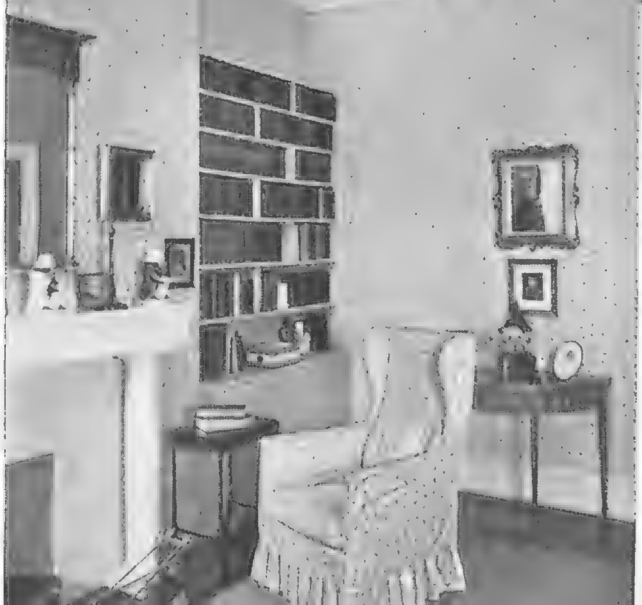
Details give the interest to a house. Study them carefully. Use initiative. Get away from convention if you want your home to have a character of its own.

Fabrics are a splendid standby. Original curtains and covers; an unusual blend of colour; a slightly unconventional grouping of the furniture. Any or all of these will do the trick.

Try them in your home and see.

THERE doesn't seem much to be done with a box entrance hall, but there's originality in this one. White walls and paintwork, a black skirting and a bracket vase with flowers

FABRICS are a splendid standby. In this room an unusual fabric used as bed-covering as well as for curtains and chair-covers makes a simple room unusual



A NOVEL use of wallpaper. In other respects this is a simple room, but it has character. The paper is carried up to the cornice to give height to the room, and paper lines the bookshelves and covers the flap cupboard below

Old Tales Re-Told

The Saint who Spared the Sinner and Broke a Love in Twain

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

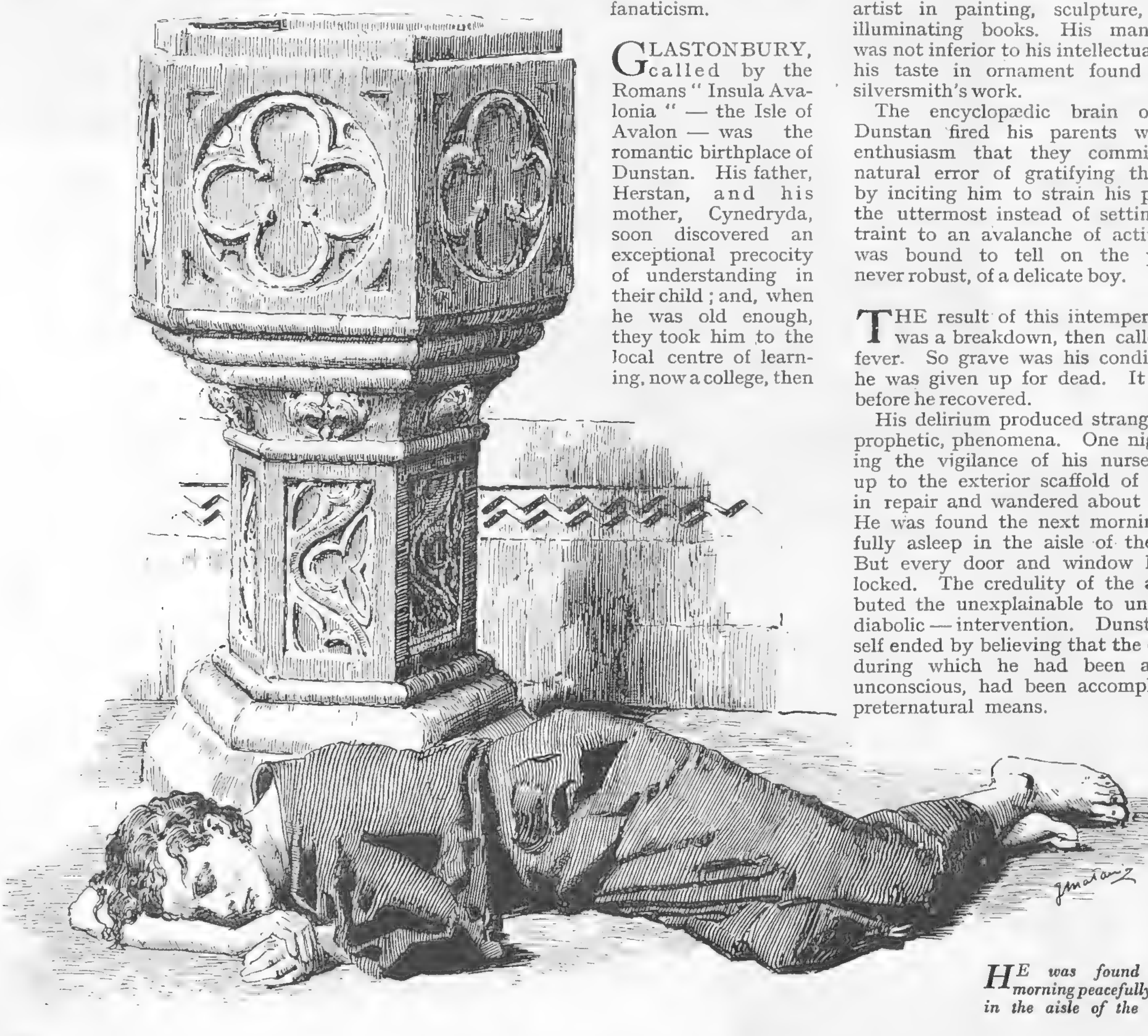
THE more one reads of past history, the more one sees that prejudice has played the greatest part in dominating this weak and easily led humanity of ours. Prejudice has mastered minds both great and small, has been responsible for centuries of oppression, the debasement of morals, the envenomed corruption of the very soul of mankind. Prejudice, stronger than reality, stronger than logic, has transformed criminals into heroes, and heroes into criminals.

Of all sins prejudice is that which has claimed the greatest number of victims since the first step of civilisation detached mankind from the innocence of an animal.

Amongst all the examples of the havoc wrought by prejudice on the human mind the history of St. Dunstan offers any amount of material. He was a man of such violent contrasts that to trace a link of living logic between his several contradictory actions is tantamount to an impossibility.

To extricate the purely historical facts from the mass of fables surrounding them has been a difficult task demanding of historians infinite patience. Even more difficult has it proved to free the truth from the exaggeration of legend: both inhumanly vilifying and equally inhumanly laudatory.

The amazing inconsistency of Dunstan's life was the fact that he had been the most powerful fighter against prejudice and superstition, and at the same time was himself steeped in the deepest blindness and fanaticism.



HE was found next morning peacefully asleep in the aisle of the church

GLASTONBURY, called by the Romans " Insula Avalonia " — the Isle of Avalon — was the romantic birthplace of Dunstan. His father, Herstan, and his mother, Cynedryda, soon discovered an exceptional precocity of understanding in their child; and, when he was old enough, they took him to the local centre of learning, now a college, then a religious foundation, the monastery of Glastonbury. There Dunstan soon became one of the most distinguished pupils, excelling the sons of the local nobility.

Many interesting details are given to us by Osbern who, in the eleventh century, wrote of the organisation of those monasteries still ignorant of " Monasticæ Religionis : " where tutors were married men, and none yielded his own will to that of his superior. There were full opportunities afforded for the study of laic as well as cleric letters.

Young Dunstan, avid of learning, did not limit his activities only to the Scriptures, but showed versatility in many other things. He studied arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, music. Poets and historians were not neglected. In addition, he proved an accomplished artist in painting, sculpture, writing, illuminating books. His manual skill was not inferior to his intellectual powers, his taste in ornament found vent in silversmith's work.

The encyclopædic brain of young Dunstan fired his parents with such enthusiasm that they committed the natural error of gratifying their pride by inciting him to strain his powers to the uttermost instead of setting a restraint to an avalanche of activity that was bound to tell on the physique, never robust, of a delicate boy.

THE result of this intemperate work was a breakdown, then called brain-fever. So grave was his condition that he was given up for dead. It was long before he recovered.

His delirium produced strange, almost prophetic, phenomena. One night, eluding the vigilance of his nurse, he ran up to the exterior scaffold of a church in repair and wandered about the roof. He was found the next morning peacefully asleep in the aisle of the church. But every door and window had been locked. The credulity of the age attributed the unexplainable to unearthly—diabolic—intervention. Dunstan himself ended by believing that the escapade, during which he had been absolutely unconscious, had been accomplished by preternatural means.

As soon as the condition of his health permitted it, the frail and convalescent Dunstan was admitted to the court of Athelstan. The change of atmosphere was complete. No more severe studies, no discipline, no pressure of any sort. Peace, luxury, leisure, the society of beautiful women of high birth took their place.

The last, charmed by the young man's engaging manner and his brilliant talents, made full use of his artistic taste. We find young Dunstan spending unforgettable days bent over the embroidery frames, where gentle hands were following with coloured wools the graceful intricacies of his design.

His success with women, however, earned him the hatred of many courtiers, although he was too young to be a really dangerous rival in affairs of the heart. He shone—nay, he blazed — and that was enough to make him detested by men of inferior quality.

It was in this atmosphere, so rich with sensations, that love blossomed for the first time in the heart of this gifted boy. Time passed unheeded under the spell of everything beautiful that life offered. But the time came when Dunstan was expelled from the court on a foolish pretext. He was accused of necromancy before the King. In consequence, he was submitted to the ordeal by water, generally used against witches and wizards. It consisted in throwing the victim into a pond or a river to see whether he or she would float or sink.

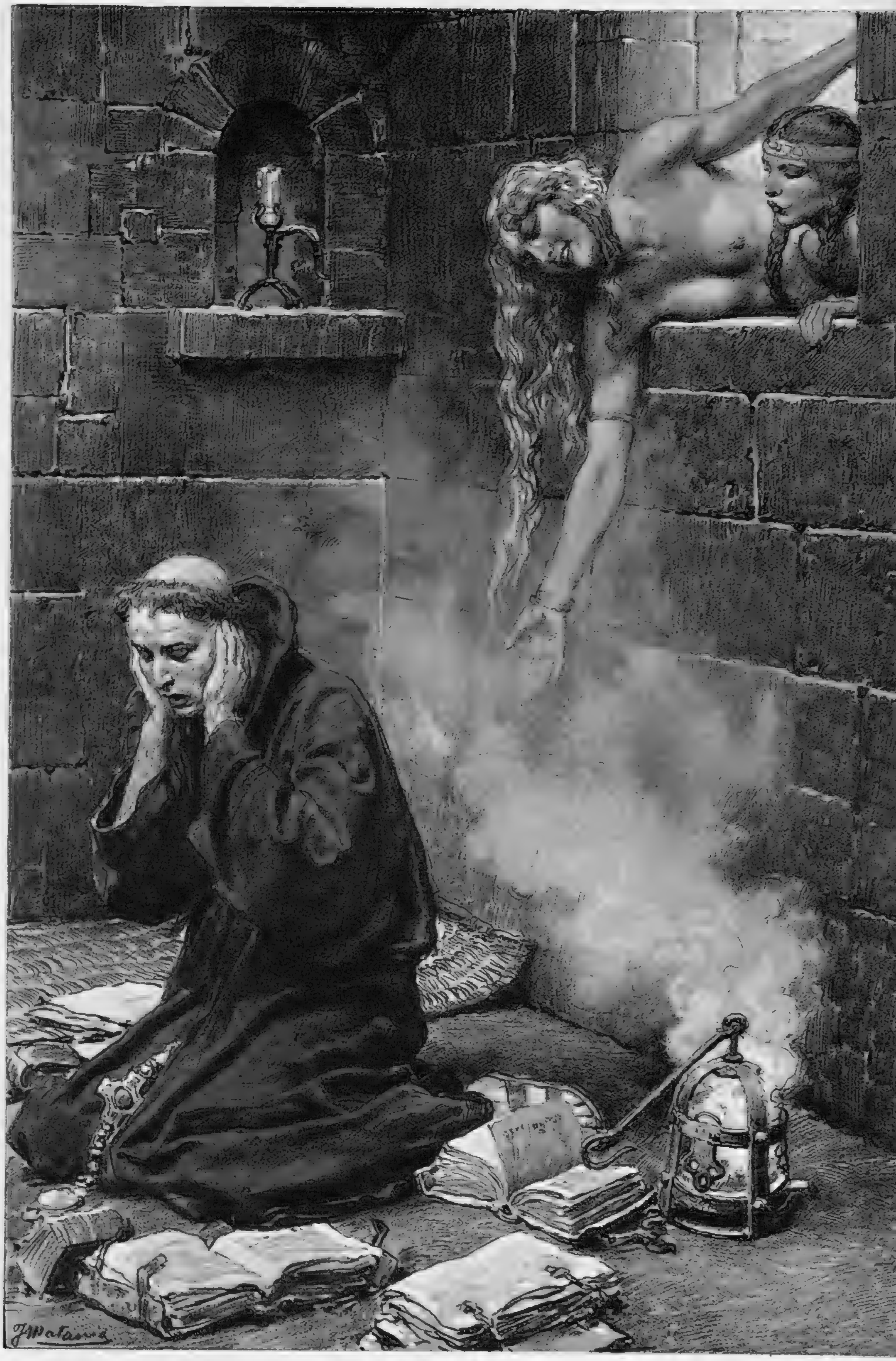
So, on the day of his departure, he was suddenly dragged from his house and thrown into a pond. When he managed to crawl to the bank, a pack of hounds was set on him.

When the rough treatment was over poor Dunstan, frozen with cold, made his way to Winchester to seek protection from Elphege, his kinsman, who presided over the city. This Elphege was a man of high character. Dunstan was relying on him for the permission to marry the lady he loved, from whose side he had been driven. But he found that the austere Bishop was in the throes of a campaign to enforce the discipline of the Benedictine order and to compel strict celibacy among the clergy.

It was the first wave of that movement that was to cost so much sorrow to the unprepared seculars, a movement which destroyed so many already established families. Dunstan felt broken, morally and physically. He fought with all the strength he possessed to persuade the stern Elphege to give his consent to his marriage, but the stubborn prelate did not intend to give way.

He was a woman hater. He owned no weak spot in his heart for sentimentality. He explained to the boy that a married man was an inferior man to whom every door was closed and every ambition forbidden. He spoke sternly of hell, of the duty of extinguishing the fire of passion.

The struggle was long and relentless. But the upshot of conflict on top of bodily suffering caused the return of his dread disease.



Osbern seriously describes Satan, the "Enemy of Souls," appearing at the window of Dunstan's cell in disturbing human guise. . . .

THIS time Dunstan did not have the tender care of his mother nor the sweet company of any woman to nurse him. The cold eyes of the stern, though not unkind, Bishop warned him with their very look that his sufferings were only the unavoidable effect of divine displeasure. Elphege knew very well that once Dunstan had taken the plunge in the direction Elphege—not Dunstan—desired, he would never step back. He knew also that whatever the young man should undertake to do, that same would be done with all his might.

A man of his stamp would be a powerful ally for the celibate cause.

The skilful and continuous hammering of the old misogamist weakened the resistance of Dunstan. He began to show that while his heart led him to the north, his ambition swayed him due south. Elphege, at these symptoms, sent Dunstan, still vacillating, to Fleury, where he should learn to bow to the discipline of St. Benedict, and follow the strict example of Continental monastic life. This proved to be the forge which fashioned Dunstan into a new mould.

The struggle was long and laborious. He employed any means to enable his mind to rule his body. He almost killed himself by continuous fasting, by heavy manual labour. He believed he was in personal conflict with every kind of demon.

Osbern seriously describes Satan, the "Enemy of Souls," appearing at the window of Dunstan's cell in disturbing human guise and murmuring words of temptation until, in his frenzy, he shrieked his prayers. An exact parallel to the temptations that have made famous the figure of St. Anthony.

A LITTLE later we find Dunstan back at Glastonbury. Now he is a confirmed monk, secluded in a cell five feet long, two-and-a-half-feet wide and lower than the height of a man when standing. His mania of asceticism did not abate until an angel, sped from the sky, saved him and brought back his reason. Strange to say, it was a woman—the very feminine influence that he was in theory pledged to oppose—that accomplished the miracle.

Ethelgiva, a rich widow whom he had known at the court of Athelstan, persuaded him to quit his cell and converse like a human being. Great was their friendship. At Ethelgiva's premature death, Dunstan, still only quite young, inherited her entire fortune. This, in addition to the estate inherited from his parents, made of him a rich and powerful man.

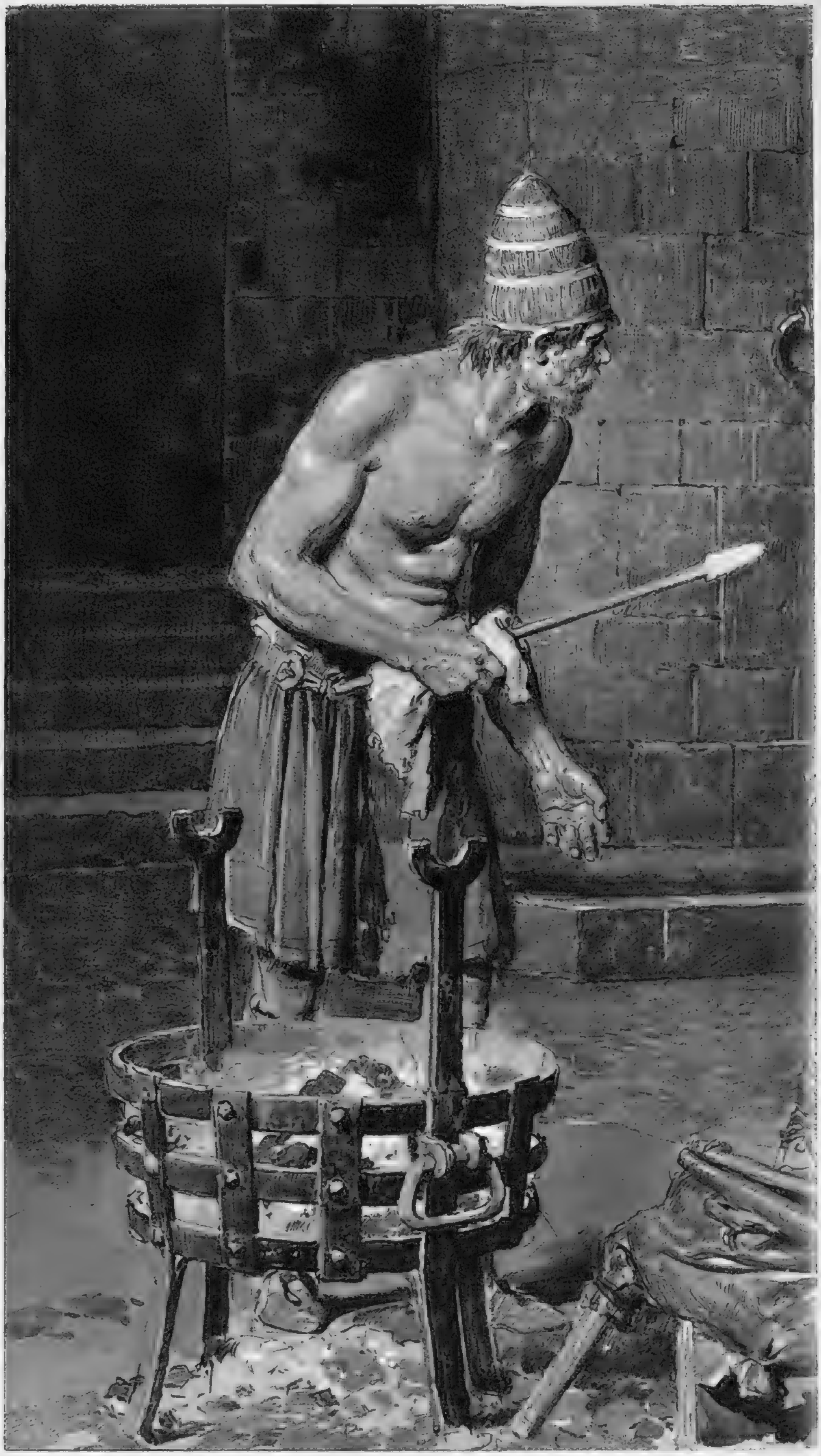
Ethelgiva took with her beyond the grave the last benevolent glance that Dunstan bestowed on a woman.

So soon as he was appointed Abbot of Glastonbury, he began his career as a flagellant. He flogged anyone under his rule who would not accede to his doctrine. Oblivious of the past, he expelled the clergy from whom he had received the first rudiments of his education, dismissed the monks of the old foundation, and rebuilt churches and monasteries. He established what he called the great public school of England where he enforced the austere discipline of Monte Cassino.

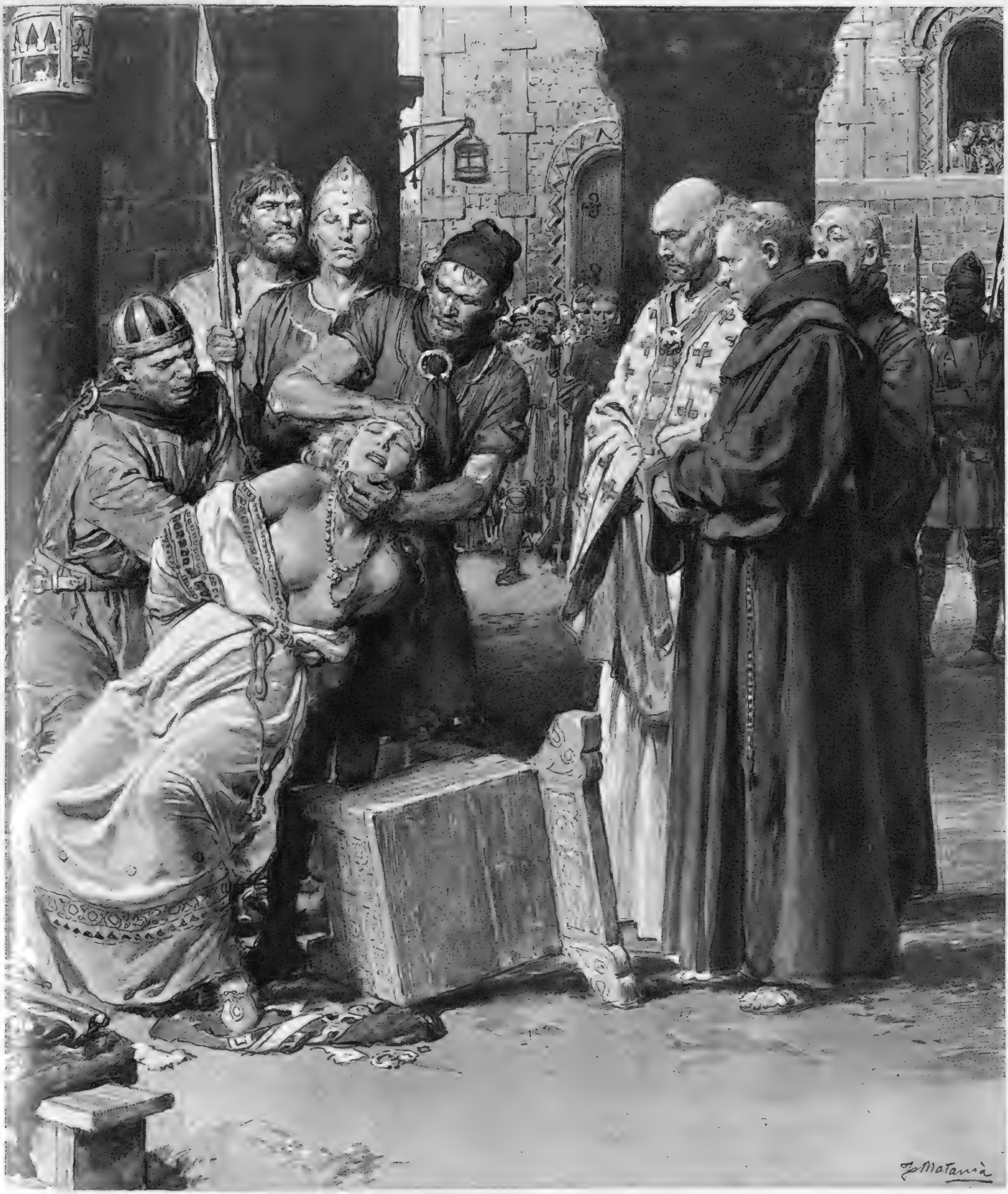
In 955 Dunstan had formed a kind of Triumvirate with Thurketul and Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury. The three master minds regulated every phase of public life. It was in this year that King Edred died, and his nephew, Edwy, came to the throne—a mere boy who, in spite of his youth, showed great potentialities. But he was still too human to accept the ruthless rule of the bigot party then dominant inside and outside the Church.

The young King fell in love with a girl of blood royal; but she was related to his family. The beautiful Elgiva proved to be as deeply devoted to him as he was to her. Their youth, the beauty of their physiques, the gracious nature they shared would in other circumstances have constituted for them and their country the promise of a happy future.

After the function of the coronation of Edwy at which Odo had officiated, the King took his place on his throne in the great hall of the palace, where all the nobles were assembled. A great banquet



The self-styled followers of
should become a mass



the Lord of Mercy ordered that the smooth young cheeks of the beautiful Queen of seared and bleeding flesh. Thus would they break her hold upon the King

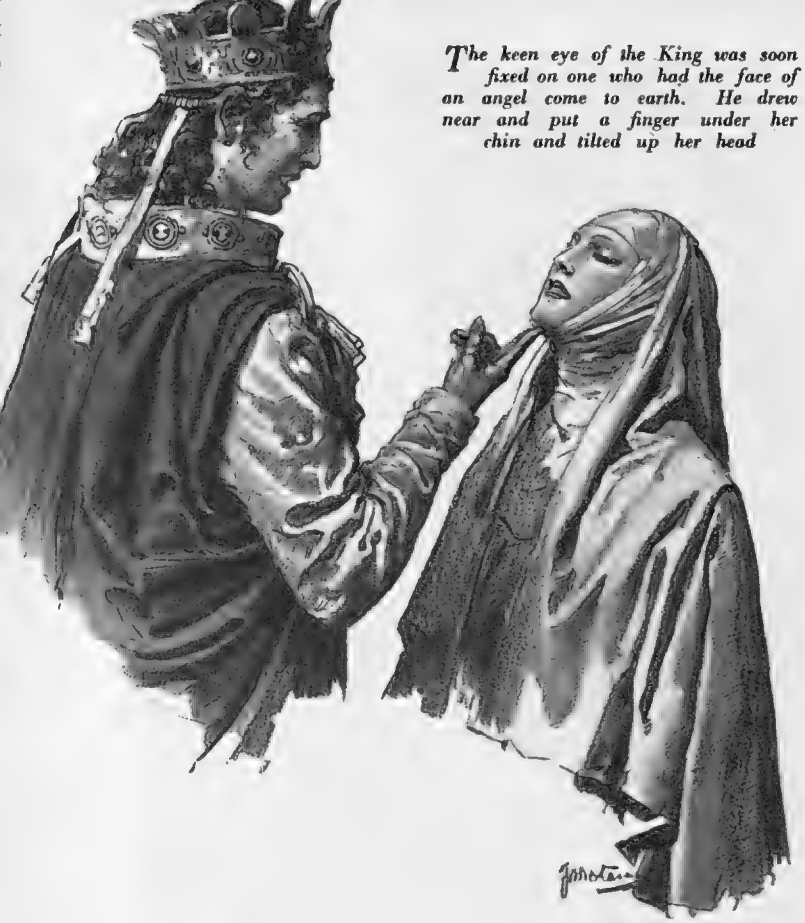
took place under the Anglo-Saxon convention of bestial indulgence. On such occasions it was correct to be so intemperate, to make the entertainment so riotous that no one, whatever their rank or position, could remain sober.

The hall resounded with laughter. Bawdy jokes were flung from lip to lip that emitted as obbligato the coarse sounds of drunkenness, when the young King, disgusted and weary of presiding over so distasteful a congregation, left the room and joined his young wife in the quietude of her apartment.

The Queen took no part in the festivities of the coronation. She was delighted when she saw that her beloved preferred her company to that of the men.

He laid aside his cumbrous coronation robes and sat down beside her. The mother of the Queen was with them—a trio of tender intimacy—when the door burst open.

Dunstan appeared with the Bishop of Lichfield. They demanded that the King resume his place as host in the big hall, and leave such sentimental trifles for a more suitable moment. The King refused. He pointed out to the moralists



The keen eye of the King was soon fixed on one who had the face of an angel come to earth. He drew near and put a finger under her chin and tilted up her head

the degrading state to which the guests had reduced themselves.

This remark, instead of impressing the ministers of God, sounded to their ears like an insult against the solemnity of their own persons. With savage assault they sprung on the King, forced the crown on his head, clad him in the royal robe as if it had been a straight-waistcoat, and dragged him brutally into the public hall, whence all dignity had long since fled.

This was the prologue of the tragedy.

The classical struggle between what is human and what is inhuman began. Dunstan, in spite of having had a taste of what love meant and the suffering to which he was subject, did not find a spark of sympathy in his heart, in which the wine of life had turned to vinegar. Memory vanished from his mind, self-poisoned.

He, the very man who should have understood all the sanctity of the noblest feeling of nature—love—became its relentless persecutor. With help of the implacable, atrophied Odo, he strove for the destruction of the young royal couple.

Against the bigots, headed by Dunstan and Odo, there was the party of the seculars and all the married clergy who had refused to abandon their wives and their children. This party, although numerous, was not strong enough in personnel or personality, nor sufficiently highly organised, to defend themselves and their King. They lacked an influential leader to oppose the tyranny of the three despots.

It was a coalition of lovers, husbands, wives, mothers—of all whose affections were bounded only by nature, struggling against the advocates of celibacy, the oppressors of human flesh and human feelings.

At last the King thought to strike a blow at Dunstan. He called upon him to render an account of a certain considerable sum of money entrusted to him by the late King. Dunstan, unable to give a satisfactory reply, resorted to an inglorious disappearance from the country.

Loud was the outcry of the seculars, who broke into open rebellion. They even reached the point of putting every Benedictine establishment under sequestration, but the counter-blow came swiftly and with unparalleled cruelty. Odo pronounced a sentence of divorce to separate Edwy from Elgiva.

With all the strength of his love young Edwy resisted the tyrannical order. Dunstan returned in triumph and together with Odo they decided that the young Queen should be separated by force from the King. The military henchmen of Odo were ordered to invade the royal palace, and take the Queen away by force. The suddenness of the attack achieved its success.

The crowd of the barbarous ruffians left the palace with the struggling girl. Her exquisite beauty was considered an everlasting danger because it dwelt in the King's heart. So the high Ministers of the Church thought to serve God by destroying it.

The innovators, the educators, the shepherds guiding humanity in an Holy Name, the self-styled followers of the Lord of Mercy, ordered that the smooth young cheeks of the beautiful Queen should become a mass of seared and bleeding flesh. Thus would they break her spell upon the King.

Brows red with fire and the moral fervour of these forerunners of the Puritans marred the lovely face.

O religion! what sins are committed in thy name! What has not been committed in the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost?

Old age does not necessarily guide the men towards a just appreciation of people and things. Often when the mind is poisoned by pernicious doctrine it might easily fall into insanity or irresponsibility. But those acts of criminal fanaticism were fully endorsed by Dunstan, who was in the prime of his life and brought up amongst every form of feminine tenderness.

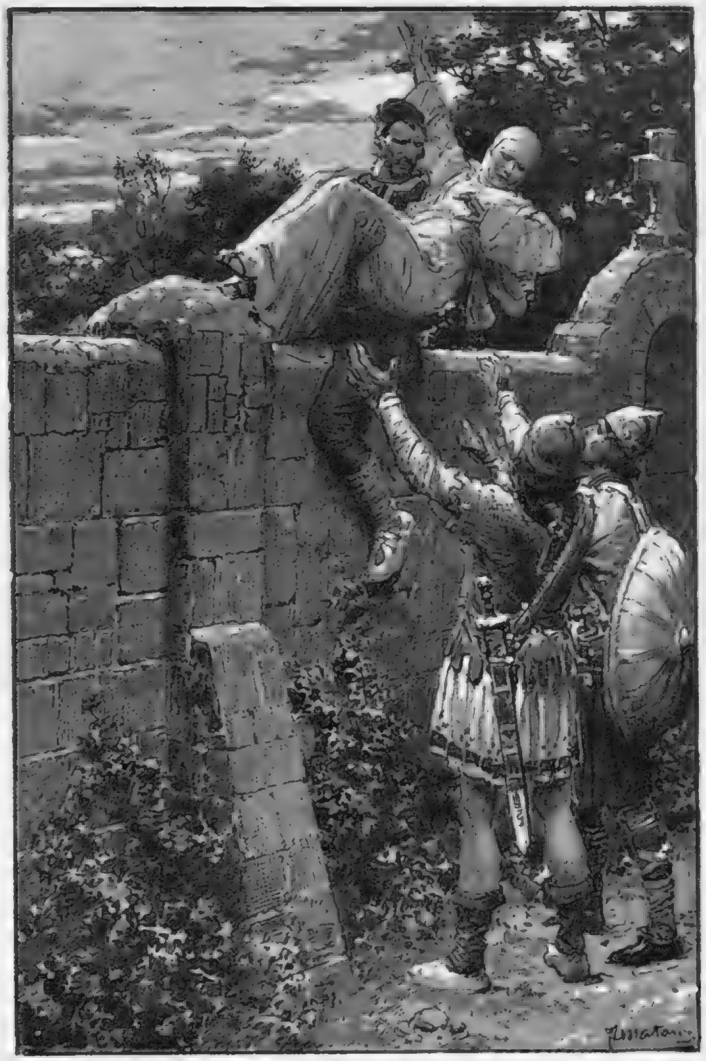
In the royal palace the young King was left crying his life away and growing mad with loneliness and despair, while far on the road towards Ireland a mournful caravan accompanied the cart where a girl, her face swathed in bandages, was travelling towards her exile.

ELGIVA was a big-spirited woman, and, as she recovered her moral strength, she did all she could to have her wounds skilfully cured, in order to regain as much of her beauty as she might. In the meantime efforts were made to have the order of the divorce rescinded, or at least to obtain a dispensation, a legal measure that not even Odo could refuse.

Day after day in the little metallic mirror, Elgiva followed the gradual fading of her scars. She never realised before then how strong was the feeling of vanity.

Vanity is a word usually instinct with reproach; but when it refers to a beautiful woman, vanity is nothing short of a sacred and legitimate right, made the more sacred by the heavy price that a woman is bound to pay when old age inexorably takes away from her her crown of glory.

The full bloom of Elgiva's youth had been the best medicine. Her little metallic mirror began to reflect a smile of hope. When she was invited to return to her husband, her joy was so great that she was almost ready to forgive everybody.



Wilfreda thought herself out of danger, but some of the King's men broke into the convent and bore her away

She was going towards a new life where the kisses of her beloved Edwy would make every scar vanish, and every remembrance fade in the radiant splendour of reunion.

But . . . .

Destiny is never cheated of his victims. The enemies of love were still too many, and Elgiva was the most prominent target. She was the royal representative of one half of the nation; she was the emblem, the flag, the sentient symbol of something still alive, still fighting.

Contact with brute lust—for the lust to deny is as malignant as the lust to indulge—had marred her white skin: no profanation had reached her soul. Even from the destructive contact of fire she had emerged still beautiful, vibrant with affection, still ready to raise the pæan of victory in the name of a just and natural law.

She reached Gloucester without any incident. There she found herself surrounded by a crowd of fanatics. Leering faces spat out their accumulated hatred; dirty, hairy hands grasped her body; her every attempt at defence was overcome by the prurient Puritans who owned the Benedictine rule. They did not want to kill her: death were too kindly: they wanted to prevent her from escaping. They stripped her of her tunic and pushed her face downwards on the floor. She could not guess or see what they were about to do, when she felt the unbearable sensation of the sharp edge of a knife cutting in behind her knees. They severed the hamstring, houghed her like a mare, paralysing her for ever.

"Ever" was not long. Either through loss or poisoning of her blood, Elgiva died within a few days.

At this point, the Anglo-Norman writers achieve the eloquence of brevity.

"At the same place, a little later, her broken-hearted husband was soon found a dead man."

Odo had no part in the last act of this tragedy. He died in June, 958; the unhappy couple, in October of the same year.

But Dunstan was alive and in the plenitude of his power. With the death of the Archbishop his moral responsibility increased, though even during Odo's life Dunstan's was the dominant brain.

Consider for a moment the defence made by Dunstan to the credulous people of the Dark Ages, for whom legend had a higher value than fact. He desired that no offence should be offered to the memory of the young King, who had met with "a due measure of punishment"—for a sin uncommitted.

"Dunstan is represented as engaged in holy meditation—(it must be presumed, to overcome the difficulties of time and space, before his translation to Canterbury)—and as entirely ignorant of the young King's death. Suddenly he sees a troop of those infernal beings with which his imagination was familiar, and hears them exulting over the spoil they have just won in a spiritual fight.

"Dunstan inquired into the cause of their joy. He was told that the King was dead, and that his soul was to be committed to the flames of hell on one condition: the ministers of vengeance were first to apprise Dunstan of their triumph. They expected him to share their joy.

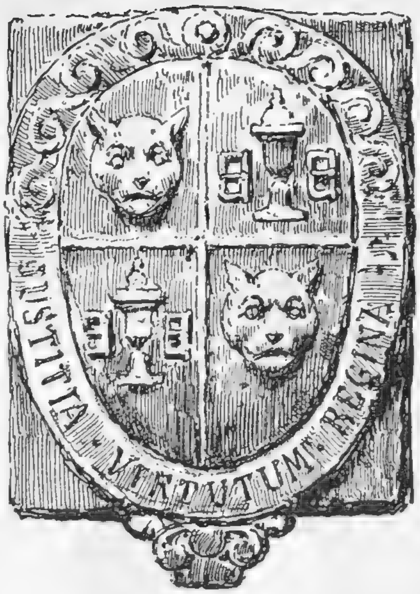
"But Dunstan had no sympathy with the devil and his angels. On the contrary, he threw himself to the ground and, with floods of tears, made intercession for the dead; nor did he rise from his knees until his prayer was granted, and the King's soul was liberated.

"The infernal troop were stricken at the loss of their booty. They used strong language to Dunstan. But he knew how to rail in return."

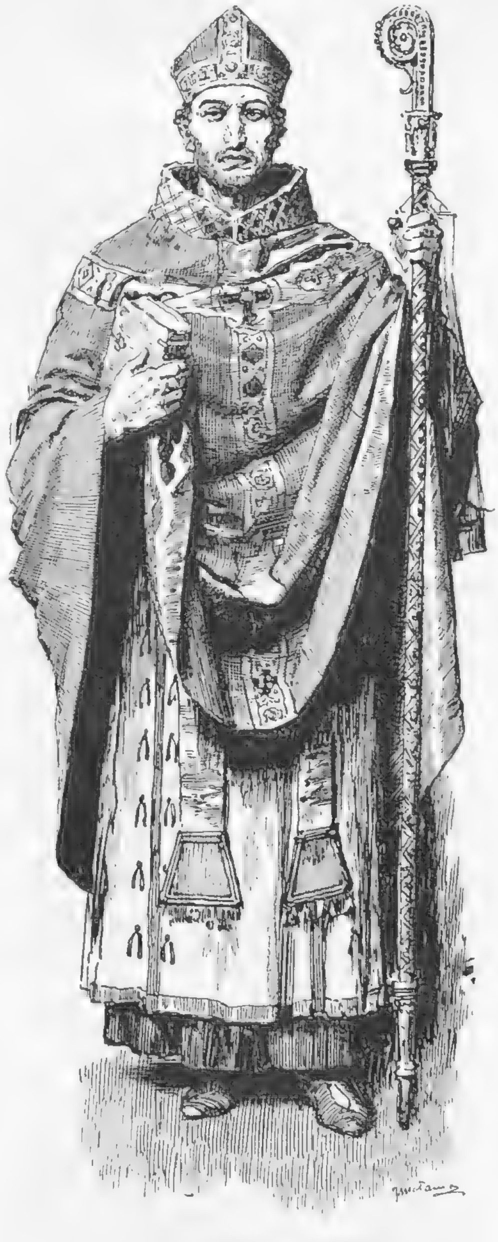
Edgar, the King that succeeded Edwy, was much younger than his predecessor. He was only sixteen when he became sole monarch of England, a spoiled boy who had every bad characteristic save one: he was no coward. For the rest, he was arrogant, cruel, mean, and extraordinarily vicious. His precocity made him an English Caligula.

Of him also Dunstan tried to get the upper hand. Instead of discouraging the bad tendencies of his master, Dunstan —grown subtle—left him entirely free, yet making full use of the few good points in his character. He succeeded in diverting to the public benefit many weaknesses of the licentious Edgar. He was his adviser on every question of State, and by closing his eyes to the orgiastic life of the libertine, he made of him his greatest personal friend.

Injustice upon injustice was committed, and Dunstan never protested. The ill-treatment of those women who became in succession the King's wives passed unnoticed by Dunstan, then Archbishop of Canterbury. On the contrary, in Spelman we read that the minister of God exalted the King and called him "the Vicar of Christ."



THE arms of St. Dunstan



ST. DUNSTAN, *Archbishop of Canterbury* 960 - 988

Only once he had to intervene.

One day King Edgar was at Wilton, and paid a visit to a convent. Wherever the King passed by, the nuns lowered their heads in sign of respect. The keen eye of the King was soon fixed on one who had the face of an angel come to earth. He drew near, put a finger under her chin, tilted up her head.

A shudder went through the heart of everyone present; none dared intervene. The terrified girl dared not move. Chin up, trembling lips, closed eyes, she knew not what to answer to the violence of the compliment the King muttered hoarsely in her ears.

Her name was Wulfrida. Eventually she recovered from her amazement and refused the impassioned pleas that Edgar poured forth without restraint.

For the moment the King ceased to insist. Later, when she thought herself out of danger, men broke into the convent and bore her away.

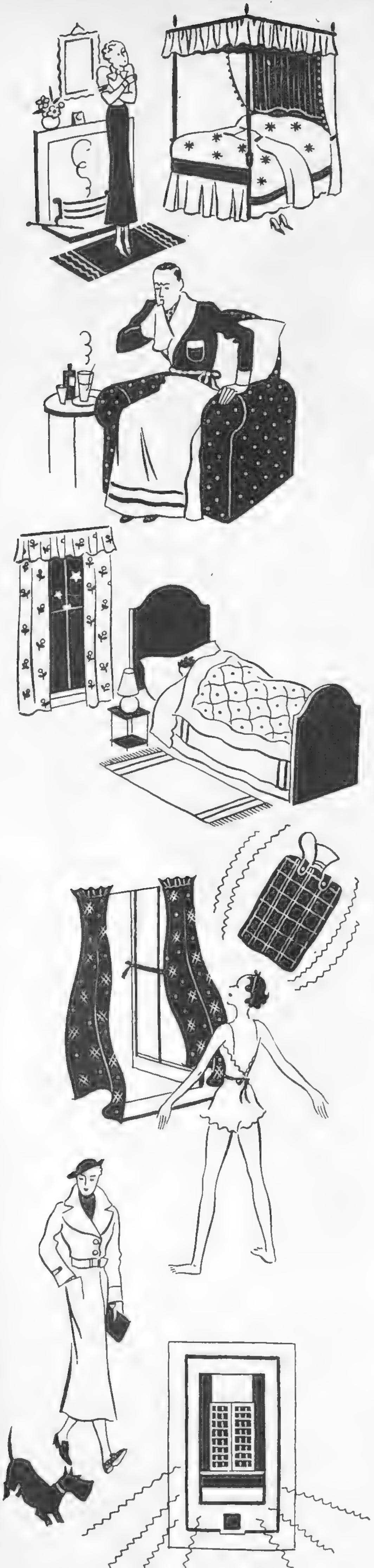
She was taken to the King, who remained absolutely unmoved by her desperate pleading. He saw nothing beyond a beautiful woman to enrich his collection of beauty.

She was stripped of her religious costume and compelled to become his mistress. Nero did the same thing with Rubria, the Vestal virgin, nearly a thousand years before. The scandal was enormous. Public feeling rose in so strong a tide that Dunstan, as Archbishop of Canterbury, was urged to extend the discipline of the Church to the highest personage of the State.

ON the first occasion that he went to the Court, the King stretched out his hand. Dunstan refused to take it. "I cannot touch the hand of a man who has God against him," he said. The King mastered his first impulse—the bitter word, the sudden blow, the sword stroke. Well he knew he could not afford to lose Dunstan and his party.

He offered to submit himself to any kind of penance that the Archbishop might impose. The young rascal knew very well the penitential canon published by Dunstan. He willingly agreed to observe certain fasts and to follow the prescribed penalties.

(*Continued on page 91*)



When *the* Year *is Changing . . .*

Look after your heating, ventilation, circulation, breathing, and you will do much to prevent winter ailments

HOW often (I was going to say "at this time of year," but it may be at any season in England) you hear people say with a shiver: "Isn't it cold? One feels it so because of the sudden change."

And it is a fact that susceptibility to sudden change is the cause of a great deal of illness in this country. Since the weather has been a constant topic of conversation for centuries something constructive should have emerged and we should have evolved some forms of safeguard or immunity.

The truth is that we *have*, and sensible members of the community avail themselves of modern amenities.

In spite of the enormous improvement in domestic architecture and the hygienic education to which an increasingly health-conscious community is constantly subjected there are still houses where a standard of luxury in other matters obtains and can be afforded, but where the question of heating and ventilation is woefully outmoded.

I am thinking of large-staffed country houses where windows are shuttered and heavily curtained, where there are big, often smoking, fires around which the family huddle, with one-half of the room like a city grill and the other half stuffily cold. Where icy corridors strike chill to the marrow, and in the bedrooms the fire is lighted just before the dressing gong goes, and you mount to find smouldering newspaper and sticks weighed down by chunks of unresponsive coal in a grate of Victorian modesty, sending up spirals of blue smoke—the kind of fire that one can smell but cannot feel.

Small wonder that most of the inmates of these stately homes of England have chronic, snuffly colds and red or indigo hands.

THERE are two ways to deal with the question of cold. One is to guard against it, the other is to harden yourself against its ill-effects. The ideal condition is to combine the two.

The temperature of a room should always be such that it is comfortably warm and at the same time possible to admit fresh air. That is to say that both heat and the amount of air admitted by the windows must be capable of regulation.

Modern windows and modern heating make this possible. Whether you select central heating with or without an open fire, gas or electric heating, any and all the apparatus can to-day be definitely decorative as well as efficient.

Designs for coal fires, gas fires and electric fires are a delight to the eye as well as a comfort to the body.

Toleration of open windows is largely a matter of education and must be accomplished gradually. If you have always lived and slept with windows closed, with heavy bedclothes and thick under and over garments, a sudden change of habits would probably be harmful. But the sooner you accustom yourself to exposure the better.

BEDCLOTHES should be warm but light. Knitted blankets are ideal. By all means wear wool near the skin. Diaphanous garments in perfect designs can be had now which will keep you warm, allow your skin to breathe and will not interfere with the slim silhouette.

Circulation is, of course, all important in regard to accommodating yourself to changes of temperature.

The recommendation of exercise and suitable dietary is platitudinous and superfluous to-day.

You cannot just wish yourself warm-blooded and thenceforward brave the elements. But do not forget that you live in an age of scientific marvels, of which electricity is one of the most comprehensive.

There are fool-proof violet-ray apparatus to be obtained at moderate cost.

The glass bulbs into which violet or white rays are passed, by means of plugging in to ordinary electrical installation, passed over the surface of the skin stimulate poor subcutaneous circulation and prevent or cure many attendant evils, including red noses, chilblains and so on.

It is now possible to have injections which, by changing the chemical content of the blood, prevent the coagulation and veinous stoppage which result in these unpleasant manifestations.

Halibut liver oil is another valuable modern discovery for the assistance of thin, "chesty" and chilly people.

In the past, cod liver oil was freely administered and reluctantly absorbed. It is estimated that halibut oil is 60 times richer in vitamin A and 250 times richer in vitamin D, so that three drops easily hidden in a spoonful of honey or a quarter of orange is a full dose.

Do not be ashamed to use hot water bottles. Keep warm but *breathe*, and do not forget it is not only your lungs but the pores of your skin which need, and need urgently, the life-giving oxygen which is in fresh air.

If you are Busy, Tired, or just Impatient, here is the way to

Quick Loveliness

By Chrysis

IT is not the first time that I have quoted George Moore's dictum: "*There is no such thing as an ugly woman; there are only women who do not know how to be pretty.*"

It was probably received with startled surprise or scepticism when it was written, thirty or forty years ago, but to-day it is a truism, almost a platitude.

We know it. We have seen the ugly ducklings we knew as lumpy, gym-suited schoolgirls emerge as dazzling swans among the debutantes of the year; we have seen some of our friends emerge from the bathroom in the morning looking one thing, and then enter a ballroom at night looking very much another thing.

We know women who have grown-up daughters and yet maintain the unlined brilliance of complexion, the bright eyes and clean-cut chin-line of their youth.

We have even subjected ourselves to the ministrations of the beauty specialist, or conscientiously carried out a course of treatment and have been astonished and gratified by the result.

In an age when superstition has been superseded by a passion for fact, we believe in the magic of beauty culture.

But—and it is a big but—there are many of us who, while gazing with admiration and envy at our beautiful and beautified friends (and computing, perhaps, the cost in time and money of their exotic charms), have neither the leisure, the patience nor the means to devote to the painstaking cultivation of our own.

Apart from those women who really have a full time job, whether it is professional, commercial or domestic, there are others who are temperamentally incapable of sitting down before a glass with an array of bottles and pots and carefully "following the directions." And there are others who cannot, except *very* occasionally, afford the time and the money to visit beauty salons.

But, believe me, the cost of beauty, both in time and money, has been "very much exaggerated."

It is right and it is possible for every woman to be always, or almost always, at her best. Let me tell you how it can be done.

TAKE the case of the tired business woman. Her only opportunities for relaxation and social amenities are in the evening. She comes home on the night of a social amenity feeling tired grubby and unenterprising, with perhaps not much more (sometimes less) than an hour to dress for dinner.

She looks at herself in the glass and is dismayed to see that her face is sallow and perhaps haggard, her eyes tired.

She knows she will have to compete with other women who have come straight from the beauty salon and the hairdresser, soigneé and radiant.

Her first instinct is to call the whole thing off. But why not spend that hour economically, wisely, like this :—

First thoroughly cleanse the face and neck with cream and a cooling and refreshing tonic lotion. Then apply a really regenerating cream. There is one which combines a famous specialist's muscle oil, pore cream and astringent cream.

This, in my own personal experience, is one of the most marvellous "get-rich-quick" face creams in the world. No massage is necessary. You spread it on thickly and leave it while you bath or make your other preparations. It seems to cool and soothe the skin and at the same time stimulate it.

When you remove it with a soft tissue, the tired look and feeling have really and truly disappeared. The complexion looks clear and bright, as if you have slept or walked in fresh air. Give it the once over with a tonic lotion, and it will take your make-up marvellously.

Refreshed by your bath, encouraged by the facial "come-back," you will no longer feel tired. And you will know you are looking your best.

THIS quick face pick-up is more than a physical tonic. It tones you mentally too. It is as if your brain spout is soothed and nourished and stimulated.

And it is not only for the tired business woman. It is recommended after any harassing domestic day, after any tiring social or shopping

(*Continued on page* 104)

I'll Tell *you all* I K*now*

By Mary Young

"*A cleaned silver fox is as good as a new silver fox*"

A LOW bow when you talk to me, please. I've inherited a sable cape. True it is older than me, and has lost a lot of its colour. But it is still a sable cape and I can wear it whenever I want to impress butlers.

But when it first arrived I couldn't have worn it. It was certainly sable, but—remember its age—it was dead sable, with no life, lustre, no crispness or quality.

So I took it to some fur doctors I had heard about to be manicured, decarbonised, animated, face lifted, to be given, in fact, the works.

Give it the works they did. They returned it to me, in a very short time, looking, except for the colour which had got lost away back when King Edward sat on the throne, like a new sable cape, clean, fresh, glowing, alive and lovely.

Unless you are kind to furs you don't deserve them, whether they are chinchilla, silver fox or just Monsieur Lapin. Furs need a lot of your own care, and, if they are at all valuable, yearly expert care. Treat them well and they add to your credit. Provided it is done by the right people, a properly cleaned silver fox is as good as a new silver fox. But just casually sending it to the dry cleaners won't do. Fur cleaning requires expert knowledge and special machinery. These people will do everything to your furs except ill-treat them.

Nothing so uplifting to the spirit as a really good lathering wash

When they clean a fur they remove all grime, destroy moth eggs and larvæ, clean the lining, restore the fur's life and lustre. They also dye furs, fur coats (only after consultation, because some furs won't take dye) and will re-model. While your fur is in their hands it is insured.

Their treatment really does lengthen the life of your furs and restores their original beauty.

A NEW (to me) and extraordinarily good ointment has found its way into the family medicine chest. It is one of those rub-it-on-the-pain-goes ointments, a soothing, healing embrocation that literally rubs the pain away, whatever the pain is. Bronchial victims, whose colds always slip down to their chests, will find it their best autumn and winter friend. When it gets a little hard to breathe (mostly at nights this is, when you're worn out with coughing and sleeplessness) gently massage your chest and back with this stuff. It definitely relieves the congestion, draws out the ache and somehow seems to soothe you to sleep.

It is not only for chest sufferers. It is miraculous for stiff joints, swollen joints, rheumatism, lumbago, chilblains—any pain where there is congestion. When it makes contact with your skin, it immediately stimulates the circulation, expands the blood vessels and brings fresh blood to the spot that hurts, while the nasty little waste products get quickly carried away.

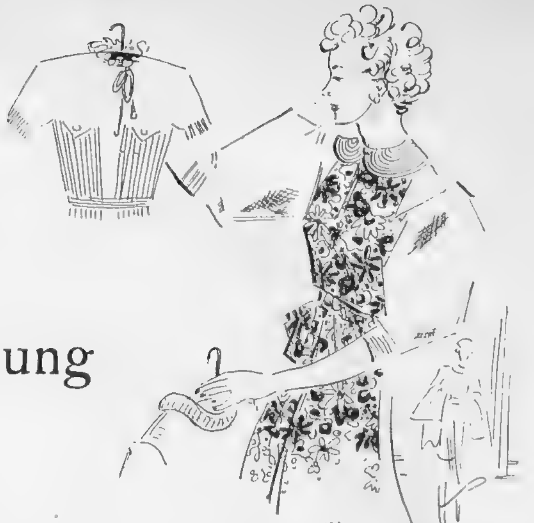
DO you, or don't you, wash your face ? On no aspect of beauty treatment is opinion so sharply divided. The original school—the washers—are divided yet again. One lot thinks it "disgusting" not to wash the face, "plain soap and water's good enough for me." The other lot washes, but very carefully, and then only after cream or cleaning lotion or milk has removed the first dirt and make-up.

The creamers hold it safest to use cleansing cream or milk or lotion because most waters are hard and most soaps irritate.

I waver between the two schools, finding it depends entirely on the condition of your skin at the time.

But whichever way you feel, you must admit that sometimes there is nothing so uplifting, so cleansing to the spirit, as it were, as a really good lathering wash. Sometimes you simply have got to wash your face, otherwise you feel plain dirty.

In any case, choose your soap with care because you are, after all, using it for your hands all the time. And heaven knows they need enough care.



A wire frame for drying woollies. Stretches to any size or shape

The problem is solved for us all by a soap that is really a solid cream, used like soap. It actually softens the water while it cleans you. It comes in three varieties, for dry, normal and greasy skins.

ONE of the reasons why a lot of us send our woollen jumpers to be cleaned is because we are frightened that we or the laundry will stretch them in drying.

We have tried putting them on ordinary coat hangers, laying them flat on a towel. But wool can be very tantalising. The shape never seems quite the same afterwards. And, quite often, they come from the cleaners with one arm longer than the other, and the snug waist tightness all gone.

As it is my job to overcome difficulties, I've overcome this one. I use a wire frame with a hanger top, especially created for drying woollies, though you can, of course, use it for other things, too. It stretches to any size or shape. Put your wet garment on it carefully, and it dries exactly to shape, without drooping or tightening by a stitch. Cost, one and sixpence.

YOU whose hair complaint is "too greasy." You whose hair complaint is "too dry." You who have dandruff. You whose hair comes out in combfuls. . . . What do you do about it ? Probably little more than moan to your friends or the hairdresser.

You never neglect to have it shampooed or set, you fuss over it each time you remove your hat. But how often do you sit down, five minutes night and morning, to give it a good hard brush ?

You don't start this until you are overwhelmed by the state of your scalp. Then, it is often too late.

Well, before it is too late, start right away with a tonic treatment which has been tried out on the dog (meaning me) with highly gratifying results.

Before the shampoo, massage some tonic into the scalp, massage briskly until you tingle. Between shampoos, brush a few drops into the hair occasionally. When it is set, pat a few drops on the wave to help it last longer. Like all the best things in the world, simple, but astonishingly effective.

If your children have been going hatless through the summer (good for them, of course, but too much sun is drying) give them some quick treatments, too. A three-shilling bottle lasts for ages, never goes rancid.

GAS . . .

By
Winifred Lewis

A Little Word with a Big Meaning

MODERN gas ovens are raised from the ground as shown above. Refrigerators are the latest domestic appliances to be operated by gas

A PANEL design gas fire in a sitting-room. This type of fire can be fitted where no hearth or mantelpiece exists and is finished in many attractive colours

A MODERN bathroom fitted with a Ewart Califont De Luxe heater which provides hot water instantly night or day at the lowest cost. The heating capacity is 3½ gallons per minute with a gas consumption of 3½ c. ft.

HOW often during the day do you need hot water in the home? As often as you need meals. Even more than that. As often as you need to turn on the tap.

Surely, in this case, an efficient hot water supply is as important as any other utility you can name.

It means reduction of labour in the kitchen, or wherever domestic tasks are done. It means luxurious comfort in every sense of the term.

Gas, as a means of supplying the home with hot water, shows definite advantages over other systems. They are advantages of service and of cost.

Heating water by electricity, for instance, is only comparable with gas when the price of the unit is down to one-third of a penny. Even then, gas heating is instantaneous and electrical heating is not.

At present no other device produces hot water so quickly or in such abundance as the instantaneous gas water heater.

Of these there are two types: the multi-point, which supplies bath, sink and basins, and the single point, which can be installed in a house or flat where no hot water supply pipes exist.

The Ascot multi-point heater is a popular and efficient example of the first type. This heater works without any attention. You turn on the hot tap at the bath, the sink or the basin, and the hot water is there in any quantity. There is no need to apply a light or to go to any trouble. There is a small pilot jet which must be kept burning. This relights the large gas burner whenever the hot water tap is turned on.

The gas storage heater is designed mainly to provide a constant supply of hot water at a minimum cost.

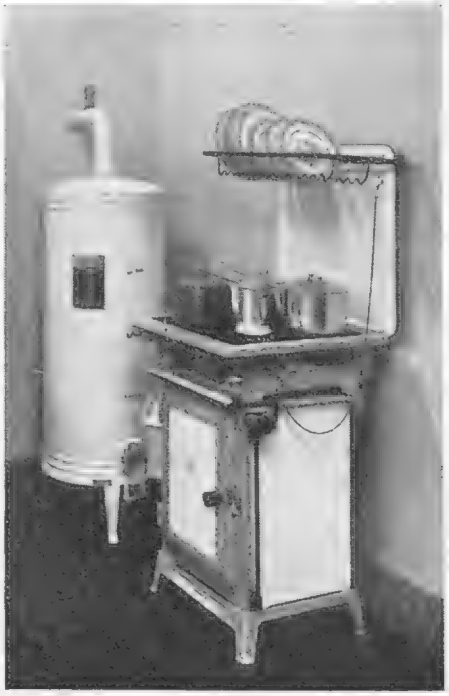
The "Sunhot," which is illustrated on this page, is constructed around the principle of a tiny jet kept alight continuously, always heating and storing water.

An important feature of this model is that within a few minutes of lighting hot water is available in the tap. There is no waiting for the whole contents of the cylinder to become heated, as in the case of many storage heaters.

Gas boilers are an innovation for central heating and hot water supplies. The Ideal Gas Boiler occupies very little space, and is fitted with an insulated jacket to conserve heat. Outside it is finished with grey mottled enamel. It has a thermostat control. The gas consumption of the small Ideal Gas Boiler (suitable for the average household) is estimated at sixty cubic feet an hour.

Gas cookers continue to improve. They are finished inside and out in heat-resisting enamel in colours. Ovens are raised from the ground and doors are fitted with a glass plate so that the contents of the oven can be inspected without admitting a draught. In many cases a pilot light on a flex is attached to the cooker, so that no matches are required. Models designed for the two-purpose kitchen can be enclosed after use.

The latest application of gas is the gas-operated refrigerator. This boon has come within the reach of almost every household since the gas companies undertook to supply refrigerators on hire purchase terms.



A "SUNHOT" gas storage heater is shown beside a modern gas cooker. These heaters have a storage capacity of from 12 to 40 gallons, but their best point lies in the fact that hot water is supplied almost immediately without waiting

Books:

The Marriage Tangle

By Arnold Palmer

(Fiske-Moore)

MRS. CONRAD, *whose book, "Joseph Conrad and His Circle," is reviewed on this page*

IT is difficult to recall the names of more than a few men, like the Prince Consort, who have made a dignified and successful job of being husband to a famous woman. The task of being wife to a famous man, while no doubt easier on account of woman's adaptability and readiness to serve, is also highly exacting, and one does not have to be very imaginative to feel sympathy and admiration for those who are called upon to be wife, mistress, mother, nurse, publicity agent, audience, producer, secretary, watchdog and piece of furniture; to give up all idea of leading a life of their own; to drive through a cheering world, unnoticed and for ever. True, the compensations may be immense, but they can hardly be too great and they must often be insufficient.

Most readers, then, will be predisposed to listen respectfully to a woman like Mrs. Conrad, and those who have loved his books will open her volume *Joseph Conrad and His Circle* (Jarrolds, 18s.) with a livelier emotion than that of mere respect. Unfortunately, Mrs. Conrad does not seem to have realised this, and our sympathetic interest, which was hers in advance, she does her best to forfeit. Her book is not an agreeable one to read, for the reason that, while it contains numerous declarations of affection, its general effect, if not its general purpose, is to belittle, almost to ridicule, a man who was not only a supreme artist but her husband as well. He died eleven years ago—an interval long enough, surely, to allow ordinary pettiness to evaporate and serenity to appear. But so tenacious is Mrs. Conrad's memory that, even after a quarter of a century, she can recall the most trifling slights. When it comes to her own little triumphs over neighbours, visitors and servant girls, her memory is clearer still.

Such an attitude towards the past is not conducive to mellowness in autobiography. It also adds to one's doubts of the sense of humour to which Mrs. Conrad, rather unwisely, so incessantly and complacently refers. And presently one begins to wonder why she wrote this book, in which, notwithstanding its title, there is no hero, only a heroine. I met Conrad twice only, and have no right to question a word she says. But I have the right to regret the words she omits to say. Nobody reading this book, and with no personal recollections to help him, would ever dream that Conrad was a man of haunting beauty, of exceptional charm and dignity—in short, an utterly unforgettable man. And nobody without first-hand acquaintance with the novels would ever suspect, from Mrs. Conrad's pages, that they were great novels. She gives us no glimpses of a great man or a great artist, though occasionally she makes both claims. She

Believe it or not . . . .

"Mysteries of the Great War": *by Harold T. Wilkins*

(Philip Allan, 15s.)

HAROLD T. WILKINS

HIS adjectives, his vocabulary and his fondness for exclamation marks all proclaim Mr. Wilkins's love of mystery. We all love a mystery, and we all—or some of us, anyhow—love the truth as well. But whilst love of truth makes one man suspicious of mysteries, it encourages his neighbour to believe in them. Mr. Wilkins writes for the second man, the neighbour. The reader who can sit through this repast and, at the end, call for yet more details of diplomatic intrigues and scheming financiers and incompetent leaders must be considered unhealthily eupeptic.

The forty-seven chapters of the book range over land, sea and air. A long chapter, and one of the most sober of the collection, deals with the death of Lord Kitchener and the legend of his survival. Another chapter deals with cyphers, another with female soldiers, another with female spies—featuring, rather surprisingly, our old friend Gaby Deslys—and, of course, there is a full account of Mata Hari. Where, as in the case of Kitchener or of Mata Hari, gossip has already a good start, Mr. Wilkins does useful work as a de-bunker. On the other hand, when he discloses some rich, new mystery, he lets himself go, greatly to the detriment of his prose. The result is a very mixed book, which contains much that is interesting and much that reads like preposterous exaggeration. "And so," in Mr. Wilkins's own words, "the snowball of mystery will go rolling on, until the sea gives up her dead, and old Neptune's shimmering green and translucent halls become the Valhalla of the great dead, who hear the golden trumpet of the scaly Tritons summoning them to present themselves before the throne of that terrible king with the lightning brows and receive judgment." Yes.

gives, indeed, no proof of any real appreciation of his work.

This, or something like it, will represent, I think, the normal reaction of readers, just as this, or nearly, has been the verdict of the reviewers. But, when all is said, there remains Mrs. Conrad. Whatever we may think of her memories of Conrad and her method of relating them, we cannot (as some people seem ready to do) dismiss her book. She was married to him for thirty years, almost the whole of his literary life; and in many ways (though not, I think, in all) her knowledge of him must be, *must be*, greater than anyone else's. Her description of her life, married to a gouty and often unreasonable man, will strike all men and some women as hopelessly, ludicrously exaggerated; but there are wives, not all of them wives of artists, who will find little to marvel at here. Indeed, when I asked one reader, the wife of a gentleman much respected in the City of London, if she found the picture of Conrad, with all its eccentricities and childishness, a credible one, she assured me that it resembled, to a dreary degree, her own husband.

Men, then, are perhaps not fully qualified to judge this book, save in its limitations when it touches on Conrad's work. But if that claim is going to be made, Mrs. Conrad's pages should have borne another title, for they will be valuable for the light they shed, not on the life of an artist but on the life of a woman married to an artist. A wife, it may be added, not overwhelmingly interested in, or with any deep appreciation of, her husband's work, and therefore impatient (as well as proud) of his fame. As biography, *Joseph Conrad and His Circle* is tantalising and disappointing. As autobiography, however, it achieves unusual, if unwitting, success. It might even become a document in the History of Domestic Relations, if anybody could be found to write it.

HERMANN BROCH, author of "The Unknown Quantity," an unusual novel well worth reading. This portrait is from a bust by Emmy Ferand

It is said that the popularity of Conrad's novels has declined. This, if true, does not affect their merits, which are sufficiently sterling to make it unlikely that his reputation will long be in eclipse. When, before beginning Mr. Philip Henderson's *Literature*, the new volume in the *Twentieth Century Library* (Bodley Head, 3s. 6d.), I turned to the index, I found no mention of Conrad, though Mr. Huxley, Mr. Joyce, Mr. Kipling and Galsworthy were all present. However, Mr. Henderson, I found, is one of those people who regard Literature as a weapon rather than as an art. He would like all novels to copy the propagandist films of the Soviet Republic, to be full of sturdy peasants triumphing over an effete bourgeoisie. England is still a comparatively free country, and all shades of opinion are allowed and even welcome. But, since England still enjoys some freedom, Mr. Henderson is rather out of place as a critic of literature. Possibly he would be more at home in one of those countries where all writings are under State control. But, more probably, he would there become an ardent, and suspected, advocate of freedom, still writing about Literature, and still with a very limited conception of what it means.

Literature, of course, must reflect the passions and beliefs of the age, but that is not to say that one judges a book by one's agreement or disagreement with the political views of the writer. This is an age of ideas, which authors eagerly swallow but do not always manage to digest. Thirty or forty years ago writers suffered from a shortage of ideas; now they are suffering from a plethora. A book like *The Unknown Quantity* (Collins, 7s. 6d.) illustrates my meaning. It is translated by Willa and Edwin Muir from the original work by Herr Hermann Broch, an Austrian. Herr Broch writes well, and his novel is unusual and well worth reading. But it is not as satisfying as it constantly promises to be, and the reason is, I think, that Herr Broch has swallowed more of the theories of Freud than he can assimilate.

After *The Unknown Quantity* the flavour of *The Dark Glass*, by March Cost (Collins, 8s. 6d.), is very English. About Miss Cost's work, as about Herr Broch's, there is a slight artificiality, but it is of a different kind. Miss Cost's story is symmetrical, carefully and charmingly written, leisurely, well bred, and extremely pleasant to read. It is not until one has closed the volume that one is conscious of having not quite believed in it all. But from the artist who drew the dust wrapper to the other artist who designed the pages, all responsible for the volume have done their work well. The book gave me back one almost forgotten pleasure—the pleasure of hunting out a paper knife and cutting the pages. I found this a delightful prelude to reading; and I wondered whether, as my aunt says of the Americans, we have not overdone things.

Easy Going

"The Queen of Spades": *by T. J. Morrison*

(Collins, 7s. 6d.)

T. J. MORRISON

The heroine of this novel is a restaurant, and Mr. Morrison has woven a story out of the lives of the diners, and the influence of the dinner upon their lives. It is an ingenious idea, and although he has knitted his pattern a little too neatly and tightly, the author has made a good job of it on the whole. A pleasant, lively book. But it is only kind to Mr. Morrison to warn him that, if he smacks Beethoven too familiarly on the back, the old man will make him look silly. And, in fact (p. 132) he does so.

"The Hopping Ha'penny": *by J. M. Loch*

(Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

On the basis of an old Irish story of a man who was haunted by a ha'penny he couldn't lose, Mr. Loch has written an amusing, fantastic tale—rather self-consciously fantastic, but still amusing.

"In Search of Love": *by Francis Stuart*

(Collins, 7s. 6d.)

FRANCIS STUART (from a bust by E. H. Lacey)

This full-blooded satire on the English film industry and its parasites starts off at a great pace, and, what is much more, keeps it up. There is only one "nice" character in the book, and she is rather stupid, but all have the authentic touch of (slight) insanity. The story is like a nightmare after a heavy supper—but then, according to all accounts, so is the film industry. Although in this delightful, absurd book nothing is certain, it seems at least probable that Mr. Stuart knows something about the moving picture world. In only one respect has the author, in his praiseworthy dislike of slackening speed, had to falsify that world unduly. His producer wastes no time. Surely that is wrong?

Nursery Meals

By Elizabeth Hughes Hallett

Common sense and a working knowledge of food values are the important essentials in the rearing of children

THERE is no doubt that a previous generation would be astonished at the diet of the modern child.

As early as six or seven months, a normal baby is introduced to simple mixed feeding. By that time orange juice and cod-liver oil have become a habit—how much or how little depends on the child.

These are two essentials which should be carried well on into school age, and cod-liver oil especially is invaluable in developing the general physique and the forming of strong, sound teeth.

No hard-and-fast rule can be laid down about this transitory stage, as the physical condition of the child is the determining factor. Nevertheless, a young mother would be well advised to consult her doctor, or to buy a reliable book on infants' feeding. On no account should she yield to the advice of every casual acquaintance. The mother will find that during the education of the digestive organs, great patience will have to be exercised, as, to be successful, changes of food must be gradual.

A specially prepared bone soup may be given any time after six months. Break one pound of bones (veal, beef or chicken) into pieces, put in a deep pan and cover with cold water. Add salt, then bring to the boil and skim. Simmer for four to six hours. Strain through muslin and set. Remove any superfluous fat and reheat as required. Later on pieces of carrot, cauliflower and other green vegetable may be cooked in the soup and sieved before serving. Perhaps one or two tablespoonfuls per day are sufficient to start with. This should be strained, then gradually, as the baby develops, larger quantities may be given, with a little of the sieved vegetable introduced.

Oat or barley flour can be prepared, according to instructions, and tried in the morning feed, then later, a spoonful of lightly boiled egg can be experimented with.

Gradually other solids may be introduced, and the quantity increased at the mother's discretion, but remember that starchy foods cannot be digested until the first teeth have been cut.

During teething, when a child instinctively looks for something hard, Allenbury's rusks are invaluable, but watch carefully to prevent any possibility of choking.

An apple, grated at first, then later prepared in larger pieces, is also most helpful at this period, and occasional sips of cold boiled water are very soothing.

This apple and water habit is another which should be encouraged all through childhood, and later, if one is wise.

By the time the child has reached the toddler stage, he will have settled down to simple mixed feeding. A well-balanced diet sheet should be drawn up and adhered to as much as possible, although it will be found that occasionally there may be some little digestive disturbances to upset the daily rhythm.

A three-meal day is considered the most successful, and clockwork running of the nursery time-table will do much to promote healthy development.

An apple, or orange juice, on waking is a good beginning, and especially in winter, a hot orange drink is most sustaining for schoolchildren. Breakfast may consist of a good cereal, and one of the many Kellogg preparations is ideal for this.

Served with good milk, heated if preferred during the winter, it makes an excellent and nourishing foundation for the day.

A light egg or fish dish may follow, but it is really unnecessary, as toast, butter and marmalade are generally found to be sufficient. A cup of milk completes the perfect meal, but if something warmer is required, then cocoa made with milk is to be recommended.

The midday meal is the all-important one. Fresh vegetables and fruit must be given daily, as they contain certain food qualities specially valuable to the child. The modern mother is still old-fashioned enough to believe in soup, and during winter a cup of well-made nourishing family soup is a good stimulant.

A little mutton, beef, chicken or fish generally forms the main course, and it should be accompanied by a carefully prepared green vegetable and a nicely baked or mashed potato.

A little good gravy is a tasty addition, but as proper mastication must be taught all through (*Continued on page* 104)

Fashions By Jean Burnup

Editor, Woman's Department,
"Britannia and Eve"

New Paris Trends Are *Military, Renaissance, Greek, Oriental*

IF you are the woman who wants her Paris fashion intelligence hot from the pot, you will have read about it in the daily papers a couple of months ago.

And much use it was to you, sweltering in the sun, wearing as little as you could, to read about furs, velvets and woollens.

But if, on the other hand, you are the woman I take you for, you are just about ready for the Paris story now, you are in the buying, the wardrobe-planning, mood, having tired of the bits and pieces you have been wearing to bridge the late summer and early autumn season.

So here we go.

There are two important trends noticeable in all the Paris collections or say, two whole ones and two half ones, as follows:

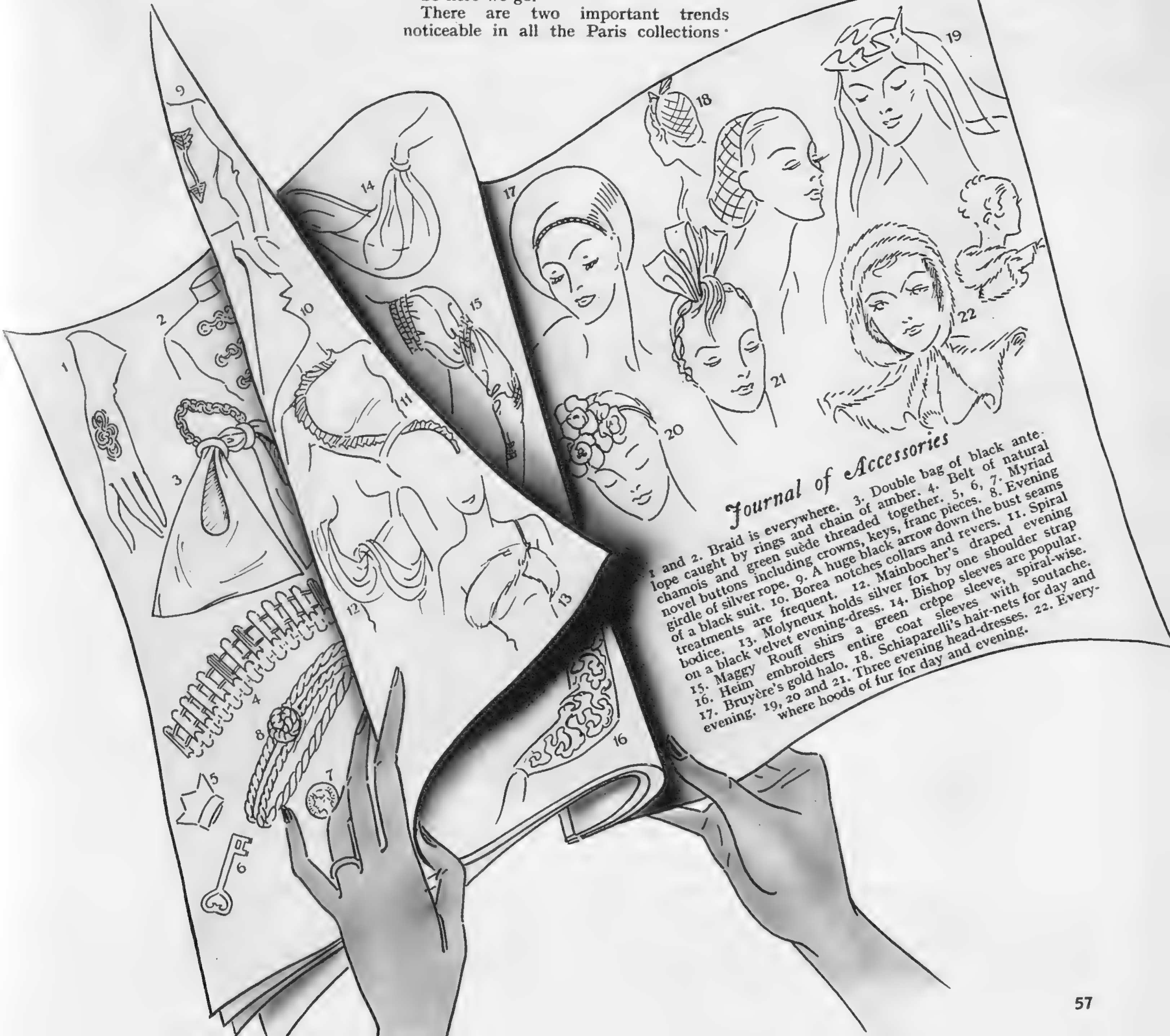
First, and most important, the Renaissance feeling in colours, richness of material and line. Principally showing in evening clothes, but also evident in colours and mediæval trimmings on day clothes, and colours for sports clothes. (*Reason:* Italian Art Exhibition held in Paris last summer. Tissue manufacturers, who always begin it all, have made materials of a richness and beauty unequalled for years, and dressmakers and designers have rioted in them.)

Second, the military trend. Suits and long coats and dresses are braided and frogged, shoulders are stiffened, bandmaster arrangements march down coat fronts; there are military collars. (*Reason:* War talk in the air.)

One half-trend is the ethereal draped near-Greek line, for evenings. (*Reason:* None in particular, except that it is beautiful.)

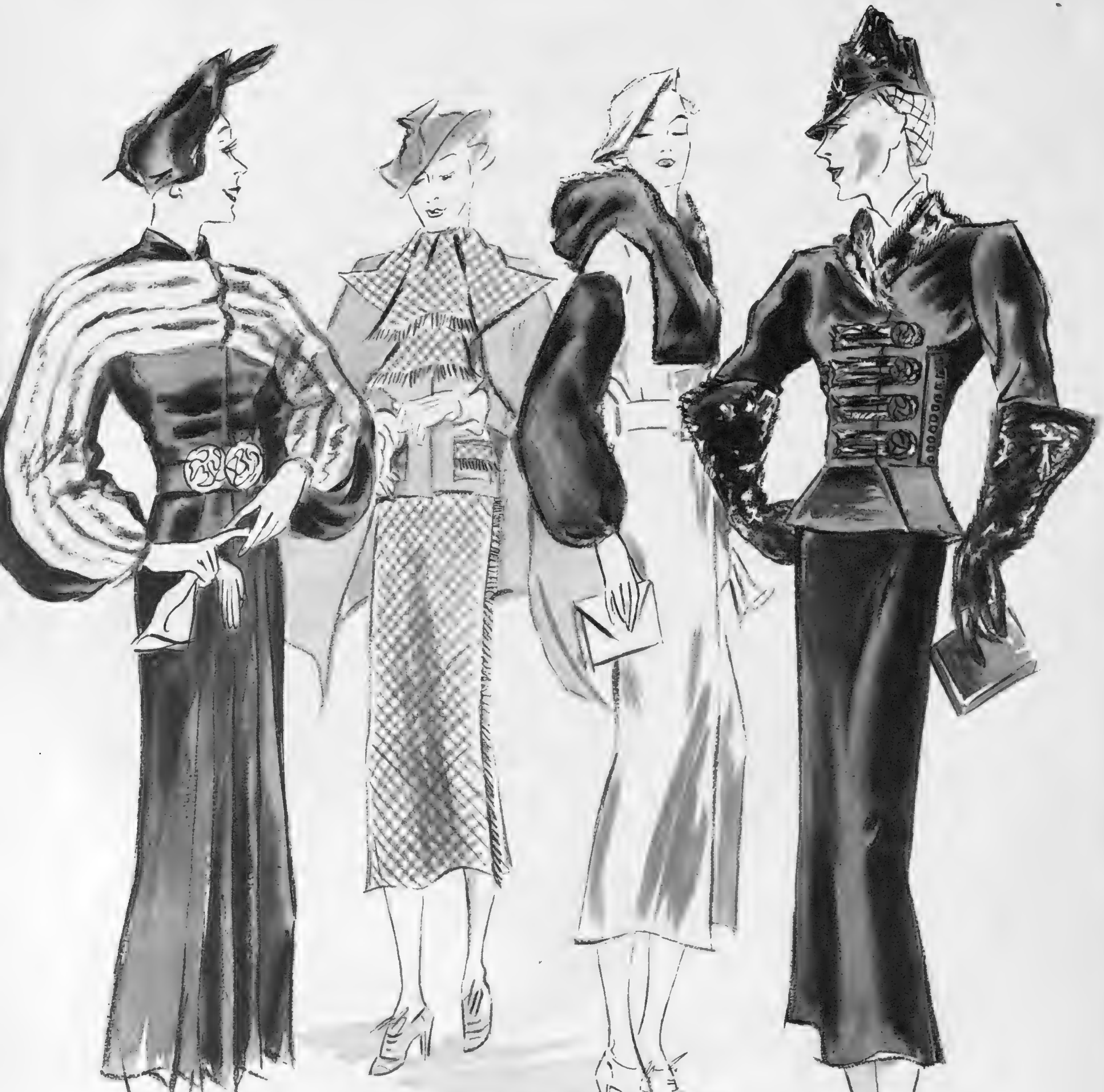
And the other half-trend is the Oriental. Mainly evidenced in saris, hood head-dresses, turban hats, some draped, trouser-like skirts and

(*Continued on p.* 140)



Journal of Accessories

1 and 2. Braid is everywhere. 3. Double bag of black antelope caught by rings and chain of amber. 4. Belt of natural chamois and green suède threaded together. 5, 6, 7. Myriad novel buttons including crowns, keys, franc pieces. 8. Evening girdle of silver rope. 9. A huge black arrow down the bust seams of a black suit. 10. Borea notches collars and revers. 11. Spiral treatments are frequent. 12. Mainbocher's draped evening bodice. 13. Molyneux holds silver fox by one shoulder strap on a black velvet evening-dress. 14. Bishop sleeves are popular. 15. Maggy Rouff shirs a green crêpe sleeve, spiral-wise. 16. Heim embroiders entire coat sleeves with soutache. 17. Bruyère's gold halo. 18. Schiaparelli's hair-nets for day and evening. 19, 20 and 21. Three evening head-dresses. 22. Everywhere hoods of fur for day and evening.



JODELLE

Black woollen, with double bands of mink making an interesting arrangement across the yoke and down the voluminous sleeves, which are a typical feature of many dressy coats

ROCHAS

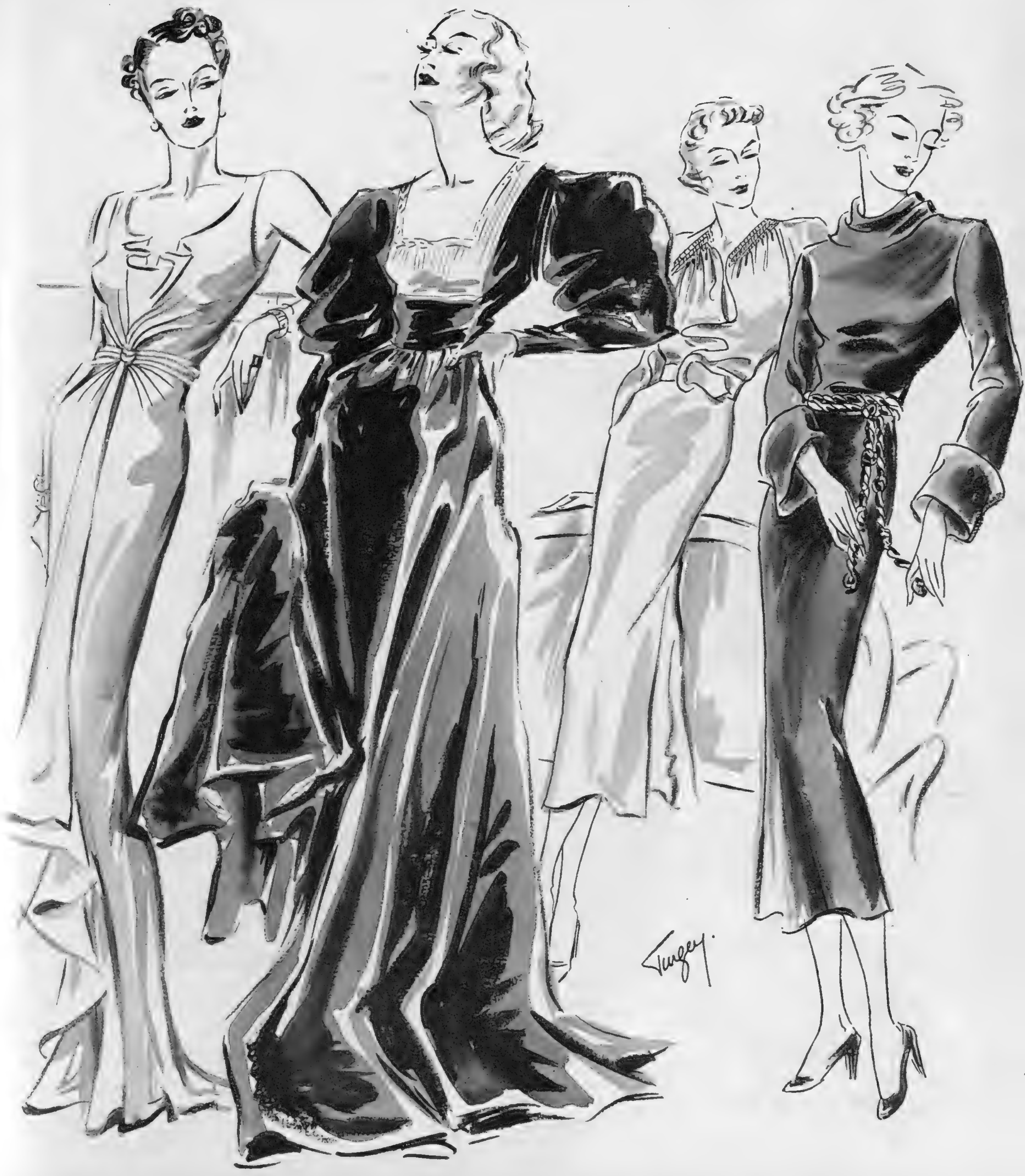
Collar and revers cut in one on a smart woollen caped suit. Greyish-green woollen coat and cape, fringed trims and skirt in pinky beige and green shepherd's plaid

HEIM

Yellow woollen coat, with nutria hood and sleeves. Here the hood is shown dropped, cowl-like at the back, but for cold occasions you pull it over the head, Eskimo fashion

SCHIAPARELLI

The military suit, seen all over the collections. Here, frog fastenings, collar and elbow gloves are caracal paw. The fur-crowned hat is also military. Hair in a coarse net



HEIM

Slim evening - dresses are beautifully draped this year. This, in flat yellow crêpe, has a new full neck-line, with folds caught at the waist, and lifting up in front of the skirt

BRUYÈRE

Influence of the Italian Art Exhibition shown in this red and black changeable taffeta, with huge shoulders, long tight sleeves, flowing skirt, and white chemisette

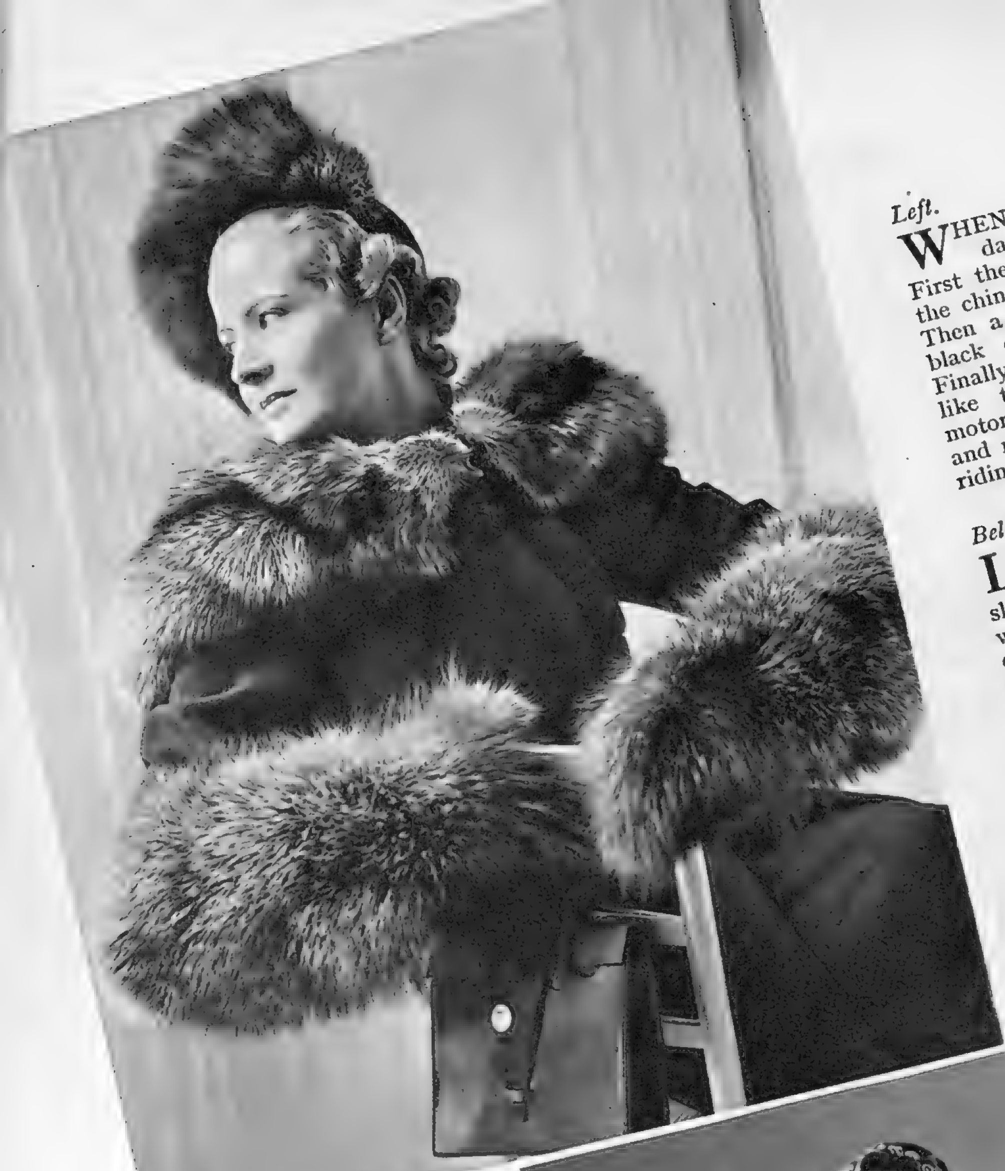
LELONG

A wearable afternoon dress in deep green crêpe, the kind that suits any age, from sixteen to sixty. New bodice and neck drapery, a deep cowl falling from gauged shoulder seams

MOLYNEUX

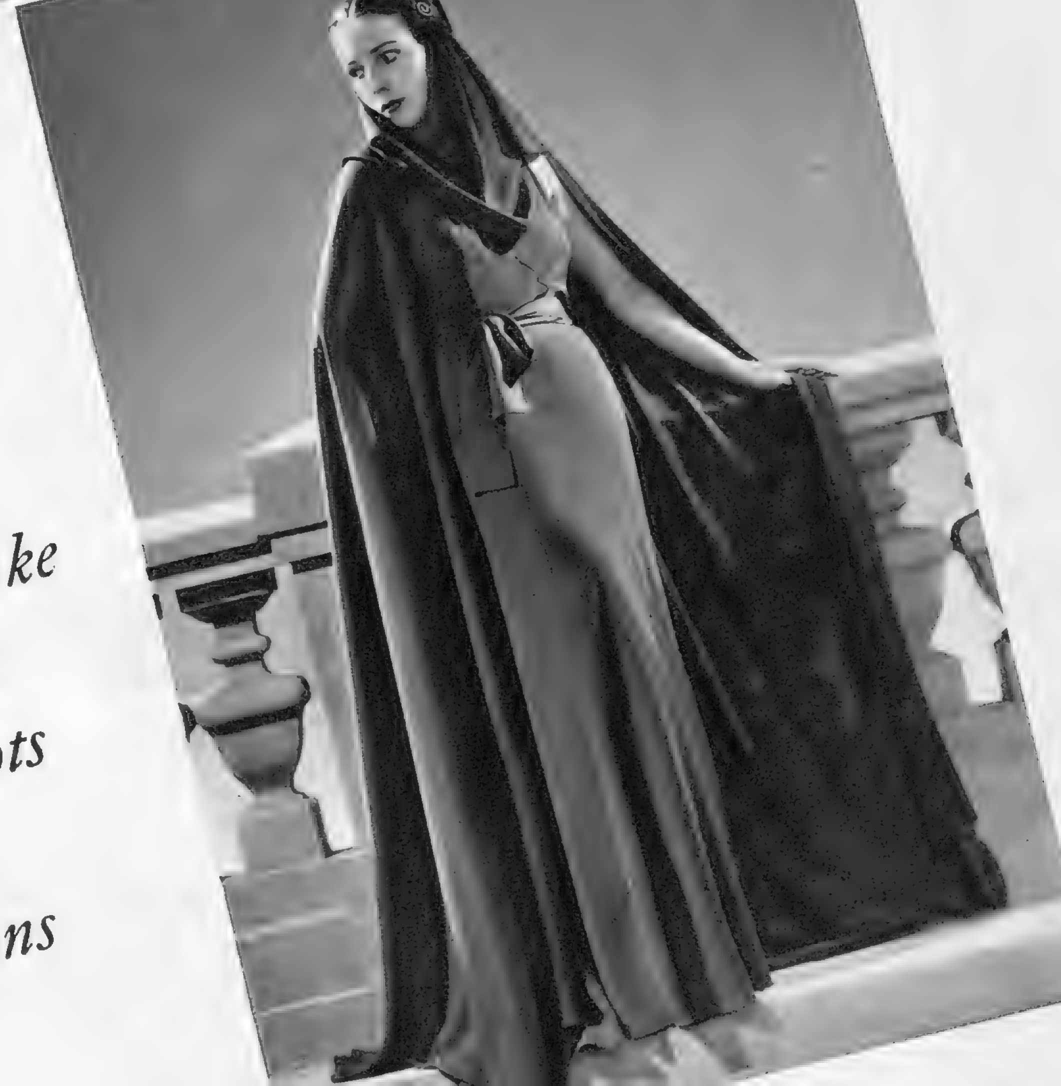
Austerity in a brown woollen afternoon dress. Cowl collar, deep cuffs, and brown girdle. Its accompanying coat (not illustrated) is a shortish swagger with nutria sleeves

Silver Fox Mits and Yashmak-like Veils were High Spots at the Collections



Left.
WHEN Schiaparelli trims a black woollen day coat with silver fox, she's thorough. First there's the collar, starting small under the chin, growing deep and luxurious behind. Then a tail, superbly twisted round a small black cap, makes an arrogant furry halo. Finally, silver fox paws pull over the sleeves, like the gloves you've been wearing for motoring, but these are for smart street wear, and not, as you may have thought, for sleigh riding in frozen Moscow streets.

Below.
LELONG, in Eastern mood, tries a Yashmak line as a change from the many saris shown. Venetian blue crêpe, sheerest in the world, has neck drapery held up under the chin by a jewelled band. Over the dress goes a floor-length floating cape, same material. When you tire of the Yashmak, you slip the band down to the back of your neck, it stays there, decoratively, and you are left with soft neck drapery, completely Western, thus proving that the famous twain can meet.



The Story of Lastex Yarn

By
Jean Burnup

A MAN called Percy Adamson walked into the office of a manufacturer of knitting machinery. He had some samples of a new yarn with which he proposed to knit himself a pair of socks. These, he said, would keep up without suspenders.

The foreman, examining the yarn, said he didn't think it was any good for knitting socks, and probably not for anything else.

Mr. Adamson, piqued, said if he couldn't knit himself a pair of socks with his yarn, he would take off his own shoes and socks, and walk out of the office barefooted, in protest.

Now, nobody likes to see a man walk out of a knitting-machinery place barefooted. And the foreman, who was really quite an understanding sort of person, and probably only made the initial criticism out of habit, said, all right, go ahead.

Mr. A. went ahead, and soon he was putting on the world's first Lastex garment. As he had said, the socks stayed up, without benefit of suspenders.

And that, children, is how Lastex was born. It was also the beginning of the most successful textile innovation since artificial silk.

I won't give you figures, because the inventively minded among you will start gnawing your nails, and thinking enviously, why didn't I think of a world-beater like this—as a lot of us have thought many times, when we have regarded the crashing success of other long-felt wants, like safety-razors, zip-fastenings, and cleansing creams.

But you don't need figures. All you have to do is to consider some of the garments that are made of Lastex yarn. They tell its own success story.

But let us go back and pick up the first threads of the yarn . . .

LASTEX yarn begins with the rubber-tree. Before there was Lastex, there was Lactron; before Lactron, Latex.

Latex is the milk of the rubber-tree, the white fluid that comes out of the tapped bark. Latex, thick, creamed, is forced through the smallest openings in the world, sometimes as small as 1-500th part of an inch. This forms a superfine filament, or thread, and is called Lactron.

Lactron is then wrapped with threads of silk or cotton, wool, or artificial silk. The percentage of the Lactron content to the covering varies, according to the purpose for which it is needed, but 30 per cent. thread and 70 per cent. wrapping is a good average.

The completed thread is Lastex Yarn.

This was where Mr. Adamson came in. The wrapping was the most important point in the development of Lastex Yarn as we know it to-day. Mr. Adamson, a textile man all his life, got some experimental Lactron, worked out and perfected, the wrapping technique.

After that, Lastex Yarn, with all its obvious merits and advantages, was as good as sold to the world.

Lastex Yarn, knitted or woven into a fabric, gives to it its own permanent elasticity, however stiff and unresilient that fabric may ordinarily be.

It has revolutionised whole fields of garment manufacture. Its great, and its outstanding success, of course, has been in the manufacture of corsets, foundation garments, and belts.

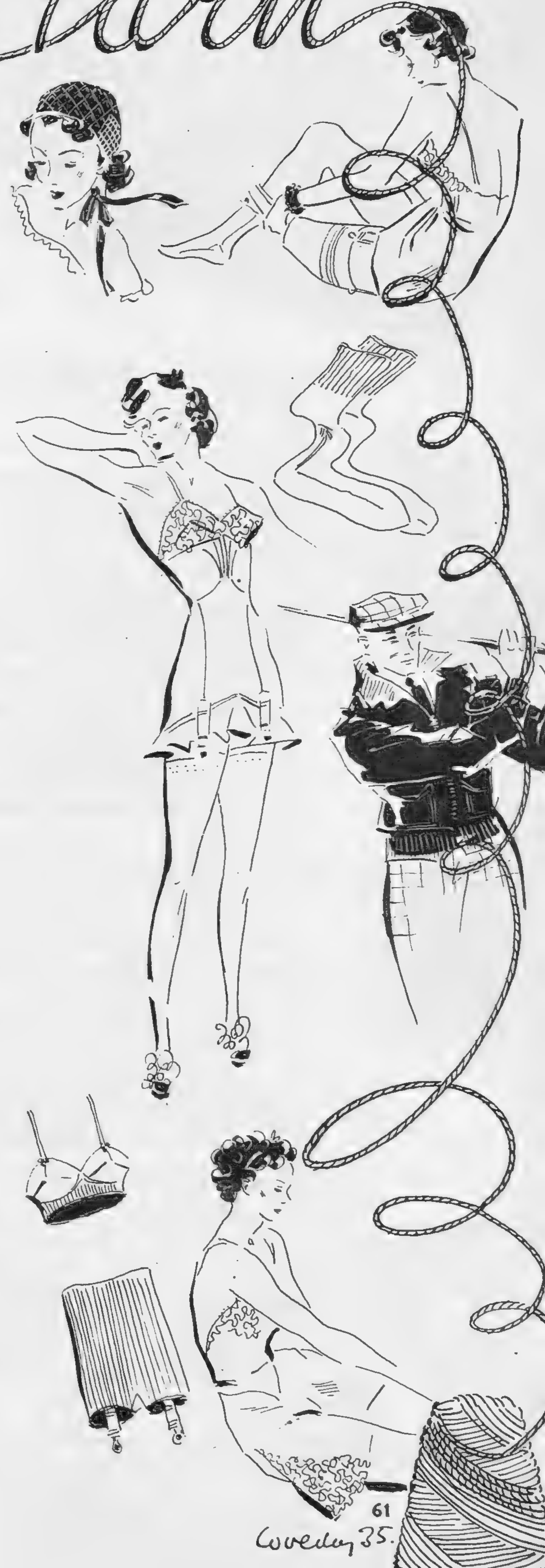
It brought a new phrase into feminine language—"two-way stretch."

When a woman asks for "two-way stretch"—and practically every woman in the world demands it in her corset, whether she wears a long, complicated foundation, or a simple little roll-on boneless belt—she is really asking for something that contains Lastex Yarn.

Lastex Yarn did something to corsets that all women had been waiting for.

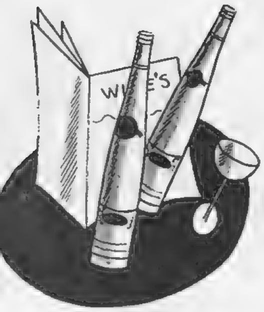
They wanted long slim lines. They wanted support. They wanted stomachs, hips, any bulges to be flattened. But they had also arrived at the stage when they would not, could not, give up their freedom, despite the fact that their figures were beginning to spread from the wispy belts they had rushed into after years of whale-boned restriction.

(*Continued on p. 126*)



WINE: HOW

Tasting Wine is for the
can be learned by some.
to simple wine drinking,
fun if we add a little



THE customs that have grown around wine drinking are all part of the ceremony, inherited from our ancestors, by which we honour it.

Each of these customs connected with the preparing and serving of wine is really functional, each has its reason in making the wine taste better, or in leading the drinker into a mood of appreciation.

Wine is a living thing. It is born, it lives, and eventually it dies.

With reasonable experience and a good recipe, gin of uniformly high quality can be made month after month and year after year. But great wine cannot be manufactured in this way.

Grapes themselves vary with the soil, the climate and the season. And the new wine changes with the kind of fermentation induced, the care it is given, and the processes by which it is treated.

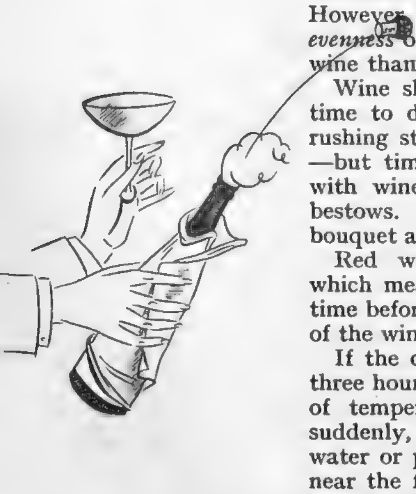
Colour, bouquet, fruitiness and vinosity are the four elements of wine listed by De Cassagnac. These qualities vary not only from wine to wine but from year to year of the same wine, and when the fermentation is over, change slowly but constantly under the influence of time.

Born a delicate child, wine, shielded from the illnesses of adolescence, comes to the table in the prime of life, well rounded and mature after years in the wood.

We will take it for granted that the wine you have bought is ready for the table, as the subject of vintages and the maturing and ageing of wine is too complex to go into here.

Old wine should be kept for at least two weeks in one place, preferably much longer, before it is drunk, to allow the sediment to settle.

THE question of cellars is a knotty problem for many flat dwellers. Too hot a cupboard is the usual substitute for the desirable cave or cellar. However, it is thought by many experts that *evenness* of temperature is more important in keeping wine than *lowness* of temperature.



Wine should be enjoyed at leisure, which means time to drink peacefully—no gulping it down and rushing straight off to the theatre or anywhere else—but time to taste and digest the food that goes with wine, to enjoy the carminic glow that wine bestows. Time, even, to talk about the colour, bouquet and taste.

Red wines are served at room temperature, which means they are taken out of the cellar some time before the meal. The raising of the temperature of the wine must be slowly done.

If the cellar is a real cellar and cool, that means three hours. Since red wine is susceptible to changes of temperature, it is a cardinal sin to heat it suddenly, to plunge the bottle into a bucket of hot water or place it in an oven, or even place it cosily near the fire. Under this treatment a mellow old wine may turn harsh and sour. It is far better to drink the wine rather too cool, if there is no time to warm it slowly.

Red wines that are too cold are better drunk out of very large glasses. Each glassful is held in the hands for a few minutes, the way one holds brandy, and as the wine is warmed the bouquet is gradually released. It is a delightful experience, particularly with Burgundy.

Some say that wines with much bouquet and little body, like the red wines of Chinon and Arbors, and Beaujolais with its pronounced "raspberry" flavour, should be drunk cool in big glasses and in big mouthfuls, not tasted.

White wines, on the other hand, are drunk either iced or cool. Sparkling wines and sweeter wines such as Sauterne, Graves, Augon, Vouvray, are iced. Also some dry wines and most Chablis, Alsace, Pouilly, Rhine, Moselle, and Palatinate wines, and all Italian white wines should be iced.

Champagne is usually better iced, but a very old vintage Champagne should not be as much iced as one newer and less fine, since its fineness and mellowness may go unperceived if it is too cold.

The lower the temperatures of Champagne and Sauterne, which are so high in sugar content, the more concentrated and full-blown is the aroma. Broken ice and sea-salt in

to Prepare, Serve *and* Decant it

Expert. Connoisseurship
But most of us aspire
and that can be much more
knowledge to our emotion

By G. Bernard Hughes

equal proportions are recommended for icing Sauterne or Bordeaux.

Most of the great white Burgundies should be served cool but not iced. Meursault, Montrachet and Corton Charlemagne are paralysed by too violent cooling, and so are most of the white Rhône wines—Tavel, White Châteauneuf or Hermitage. These are all very dry, almost " flinty," wines. They lose their aroma and perfume and develop acidity when iced.

The connoisseur does not put such wines into an ice-box, but cools white wine by wrapping it in cloths wrung out from cold water first, and then out of ice-water.

During this process the bottle stands in a draught. So the temperature of a susceptible wine is gradually reduced and yet never brought too low.

To decant a wine is to pour it from its original bottle into a decanter, and leave behind any deposit which might make it muddy. It is usually unnecessary to decant white wines. The deposit is negligible and rarely appears in a film or dregs as in red wines.

Red wines, if they have been in a bottle for any length of time, invariably have a sediment settled in a streak along the underside of the bottle as it lay on its side. Therefore, you can either decant or use a cradle. A cradle is a wicker basket in which the bottle remains horizontal and from which the wine is served.

Decanting has the advantage of enabling one to discover the faults, if any, of the wine. Any smell of cork or acidity is made plain, and the wine is thus given a chance to " breathe " before it is tasted.

Then, before the meal is to be served, the bottles having been standing for several hours, the cork is drawn and the upright bottle is grasped by two fingers at the neck. A decanter, which has previously been gently warmed, is held in the other hand before a light, the bottle is tilted and the wine slowly poured into the decanter.

As the pouring goes on, the sediment creeps slowly towards the mouth of the bottle. Before it goes over the lip, the pouring is stopped.

When wine has a heavy deposit or when the cork is crumbled into the bottle, wine can be poured through a silver funnel which has been packed with cotton-wool.

A GOOD wine-glass displays the wine to its best advantage, and gives the wine an opportunity to develop its bouquet.

Wine-glasses should be thin and as clear as possible, with no etching or cutting or enamel or gold, so that the wine can be seen, and should have stems so that the glass can be twirled under the nose to inhale the bouquet.

Wine-glasses should never look like beer mugs, but they should be relatively large.

There has never been any improvement over the tulip-shaped type of wine-glass, the glass whose bowl comes in a little at the top. The bouquet is concentrated rather than dispersed. But simple flaring white glasses on stems, if they are large enough, are satisfactory.

Wine-glasses should be arranged on the table with the sherry-glass above the point of the knife. The furthest to the left, the champagne in line with it. The red and white wine-glasses are arranged either in a square or triangle with them.

Thus the glasses are concentrated, and, as your sherry and white wine-glasses are successively removed, a practical and attractive arrangement of glasses remains.

The host should always announce the wine being, or about to be, served. This pleases everybody—connoisseurs and ordinary drinkers—and shows that care is taken in his house to do things properly.

Never let the butler or the maid hiss in the guests' ears, " White or red ? " as if nobody cared or knew what wine was chosen for certain dishes.

The ordinary drinker, having mastered the preliminary ritual has now arrived at the culminating and glorious moment of *tasting the wine*.

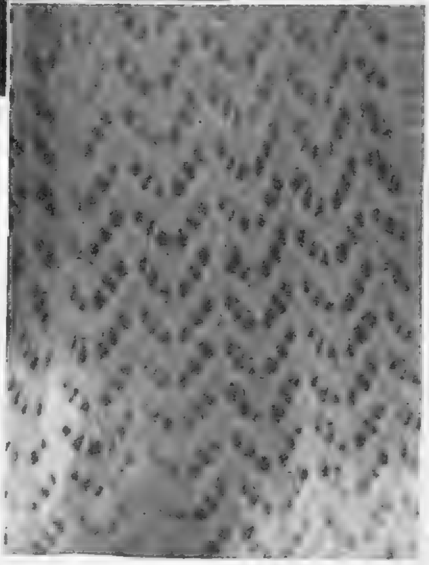
Fine Shetland wool, lined with faded pink Celanese Ninon, will make you a bed-jacket, delicate in look, cosy in feel, strong in wear

You will require :

- *6 oz. of Fine Shetland Wool.*
- *1 Pair of Double Century Knitting Pins, No. 10.*
- *1 Pair Ditto, No. 7.*
- *1½ yards Celanese Ninon.*
- *1½ yards Ribbon.*

For All Sitting up in Bed Occasions

Designed by "Bonella"



The Back.

With No. 7 pins, Cast on 105 sts. K into the back of the first row.

Now work 12 rows Garter st. (plain knitting).

1st row : *K.1, M.1. K.2 tog., K.3. K.2 tog. M.1, repeat from * to end of row, finishing K.1.

2nd row : and every alternate row, Purl.

3rd row : K.2. * M.1. K.2 tog. K.1. K.2 tog. M.1. K.3; repeat from * ending K.2.

5th row : K.3. * M.1. Slip 1. K.2 tog. Pass slip st. over. M.1. K.5. Repeat from * to end of row, ending K.3.

Next row : Purl.

Repeat these 6 rows until work measures 16 in.

Shape Armholes.

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, continue until armhole measures 8 in.

Shape Shoulder.

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end for 8 rows. Cast off the sts. left for the back of the neck.

Left Front.

Cast on 71 sts. and work as for the back, *but* keeping a border of 6 sts. at the front edge in garter st.

When 16 in. have been worked.

Shape Armhole.

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows.

Continue until armhole measures 7 in.

Shape Neck.

Cast off 33 sts. at neck edge. Continue on the remaining 32 sts. for 2 in.

Shape Shoulder.

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows.

Right Front.

As left, with border dec. on opposite side.

Sleeves.

With No. 10 pins, cast on 48 sts., work 2 in. in garter st. K.1 row knitting twice into every stitch, and cast on 1 st. (97 sts. now).

Change to No. 7 pins, and continue in open pat. until work measures 18 in.

Shape Top.

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of next and every row, until 27 sts. Cast off.

Collar.

(*Work all in garter st.*)

With No. 10 pins, cast on 3 sts., knit one row, then cast on 3 sts. at the beg. of next and every alternate row until 24 sts.

Knit for 15 in.

Cast off 3 sts. (at the short edge of work) every alternate row, until all sts. are cast off.

To Make Up.

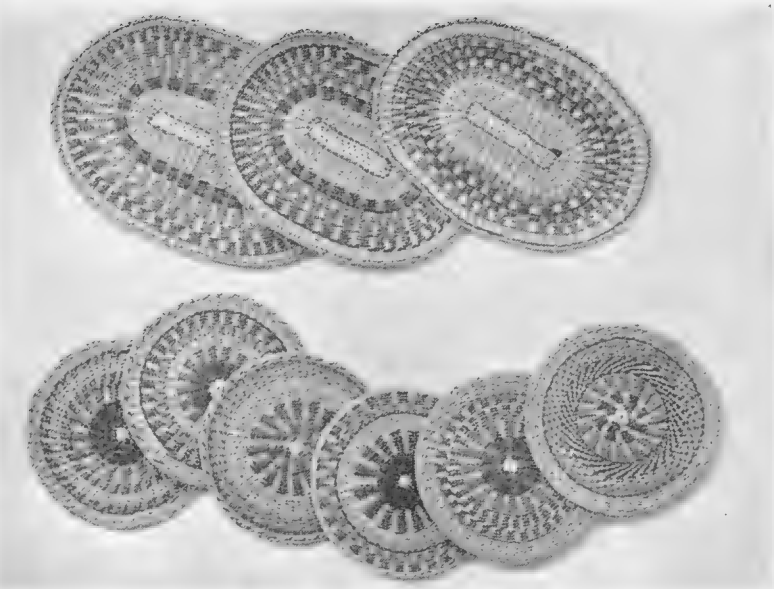
Sew up all seams, sew up sleeve seams, Sew in sleeves. Slightly gather front of neck. Sew on collar. Line with Celanese Ninon.

Abbreviations.

K. Knit. P. Purl. St. Stitch. Sts. Stitches. Dec. Decrease. Inc. Increase. Beg. Beginning. M. Make. Knit into the back of all cast on stitches.

What I *have* Bought *this* Month

These gaily coloured spills have decorative value as well as being particularly useful and economical for pipe smokers. Four small bundles, 5 in. in length, cost 1s. 3*d., and the* 10 *in. ones are* 1s. 7*d. for two bundles. The cedar-wood spills are* 8*d. a box (post paid in each case)*



Multi-coloured sea grass table mats add to the gaiety of your dining-table, and save your laundry bill, for they need no covering of linen or lace. A set comprising six round mats, two small oval ones and one large oval costs 3s. 10½*d. (postage* 6*d.)*

Sea grass has been utilised again for these jolly baskets. There is a very wide range of sizes. Those illustrated are 6 *in.,* 8 *in.,* 10½ *in. and* 11½ *in. in diameter, their respective prices being* 7½*d.,* 10½*d.,* 1s. 11*d. and* 2s. 6*d. (postage* 4*d. on each). The large ones make splendid work-baskets*

The "Chic-Pak" beauty companion, made in morocco leather in red, black, blue and green and zip fastened, contains three useful bottles and three jars with Beatl ware screw tops, also a screw-top powder box with tray in which to keep your puff. Price 29s. 6*d. (post free)*

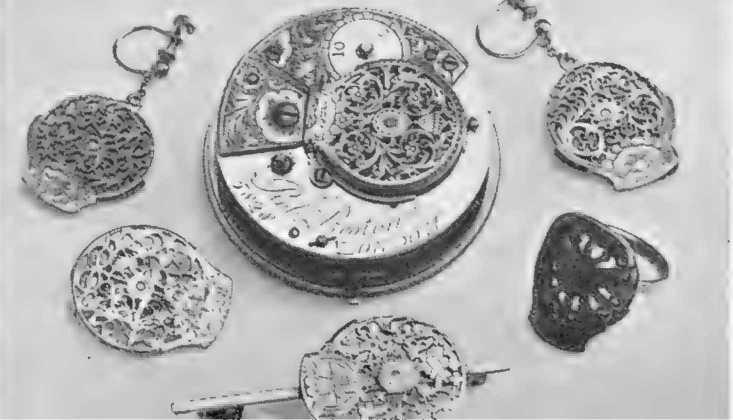
Do you know what a watch cock is? You will see one in the old verge watch illustrated below, together with some examples of the charming and original jewellery into which they are fashioned. There are endless designs, no two of which are alike. Dress clips and pendants are 2s. 2*d., finger rings, scarf rings and scarf pins* 2s. 8*d., long bar brooches* 3s. 2*d., earrings, screw on or hook,* 4s. 8*d. per pair (post paid in each case)*

How to Buy

WRITE to The Editor, Woman's Department, *Britannia & Eve*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped postcard for reply, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained.

If you would like us to buy for you, send an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will fill in the name of the firm in question and see that the goods are despatched to you. Postage for England is given where possible, but postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

Hand-painted in a variety of lovely designs, these horseshoe-shaped bottles, containing either Eau de Cologne or Lavender Water, are 9 *in. high, and cost only* 4s. 6*d. (postage* 1s.). *The flask bottle with a glass sprinkler top contains Eau de Cologne only. It is* 8½ *in. high and costs* 2s. 11½*d. (postage* 9*d.). The bath salts jar,* 9 *in. high, costs* 2s. 11½*d. (postage* 9*d.). A very useful and decorative trio for your bathroom*



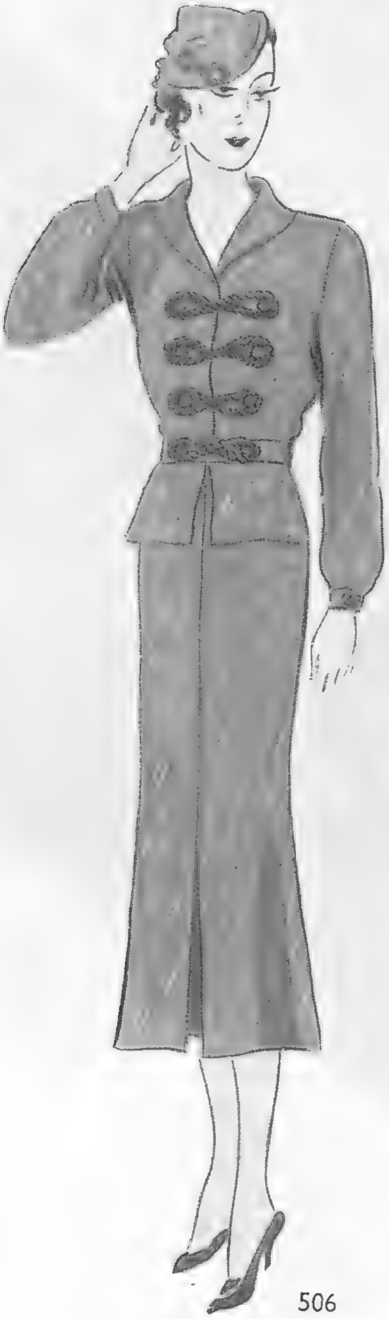
Simple Patterns *that* Cover *the*

Morning

506. Looking like a suit, but actually an all-in-one dress with added basque. Flecked woollen with braided frog fastenings. 3⅜ yards 54 in. material. Pattern 1s.

507. Coat frock in a diagonal self-striped woollen with a high new neckline, slight shoulder fulness, and a cord girdle with tasselled ends, tying at the back. (We see this in olive green with scarlet cord.) 3¼ yards of 54 in. material. Pattern 1s.

508. Union of woollen and velvet (collar, cuffs, buttons, deep belt), gives a smart kick to a simply-cut frock. 2⅞ yards of 54 in., and ⅝ yard of 36 in. material. Pattern 1s



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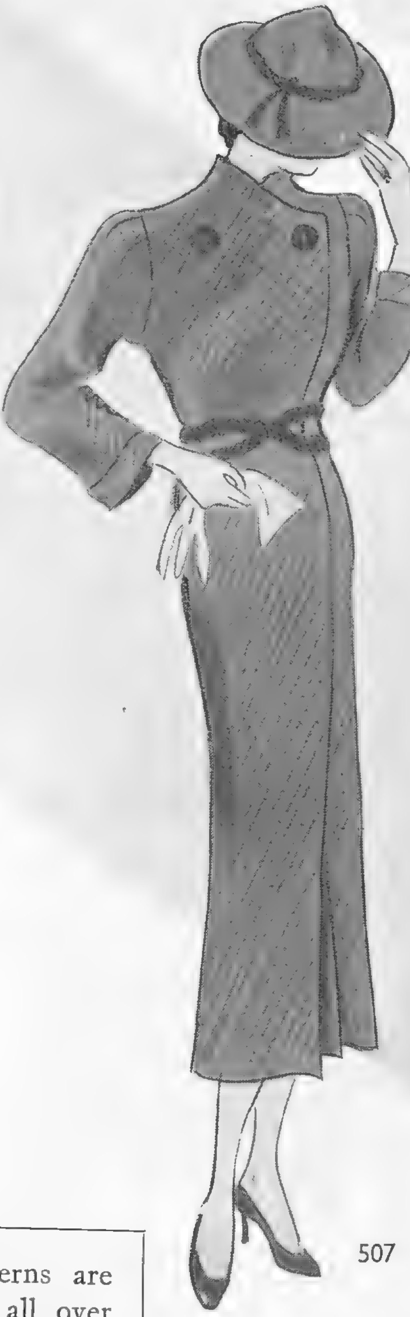

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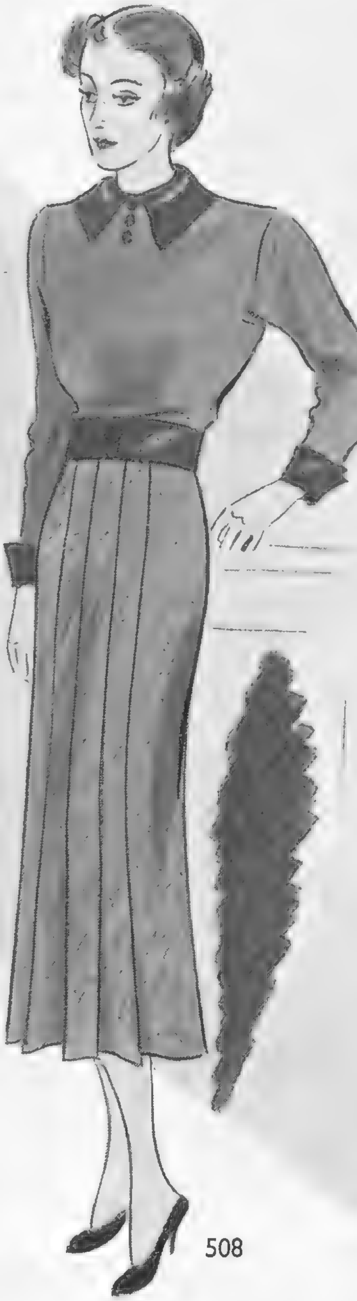


508

How to Buy. The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips 4 in. larger in each case. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post.

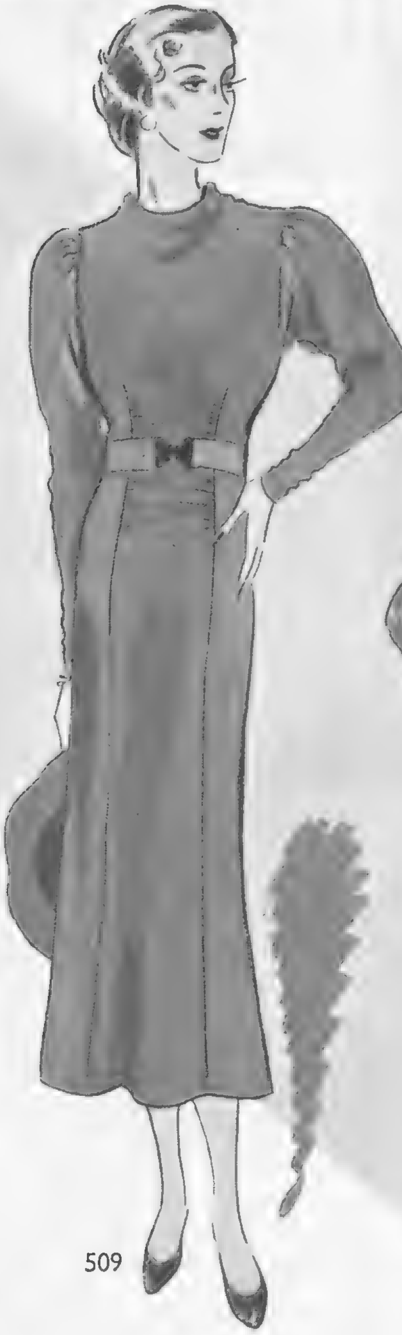
Season's *good* Fashion Points

Afternoon

509. High draped neck, melon sleeves, slightly shirred front panel featured in an elegant afternoon frock. 4 yards of 36 in. material. Pattern 1s.

510. Fulness everywhere in this dress—the gathered skirt front, the neck, the sleeves above long tight cuffs—yet still a slim line. $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36 in. material. Pattern 1s.

511. A high square yoke joins a gathered V neck, cleverly cut in one with the sleeves. Self belt has bone rings tied together with a hanging bow of contrasting chiffon. (Burgundy dress, with wine rose chiffon.) 4 yards and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36 in. material. Pattern 1s.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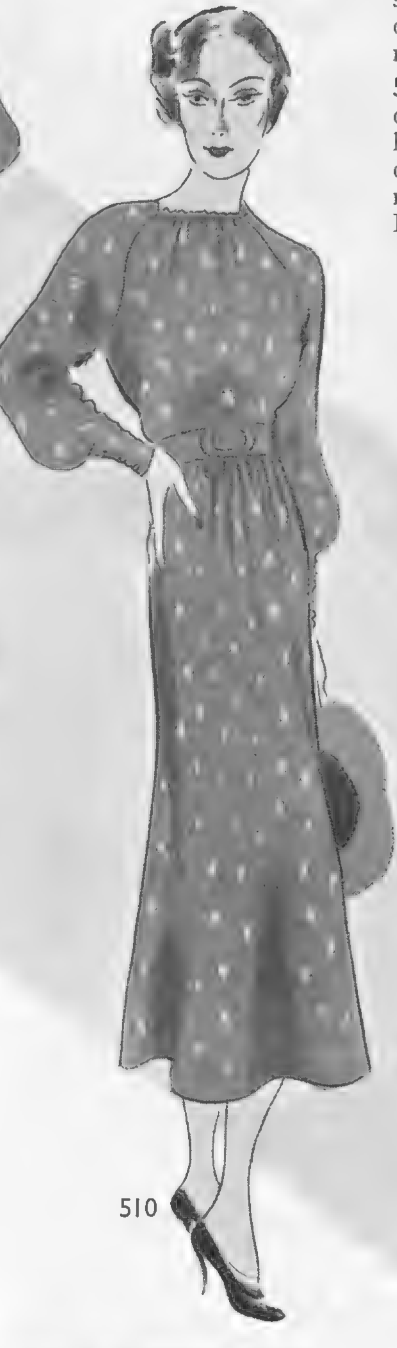
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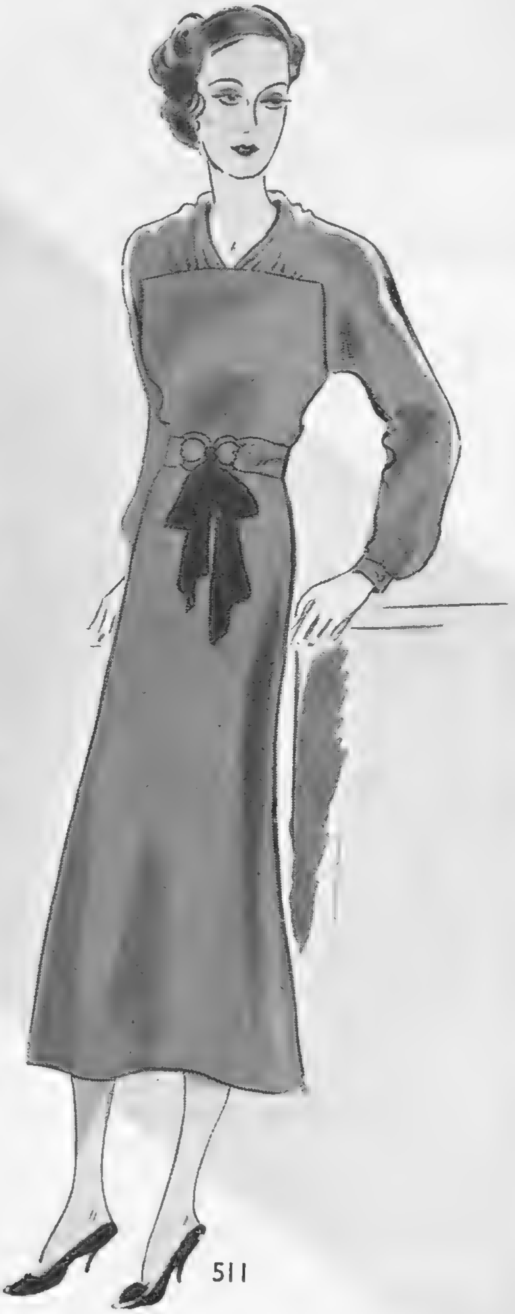
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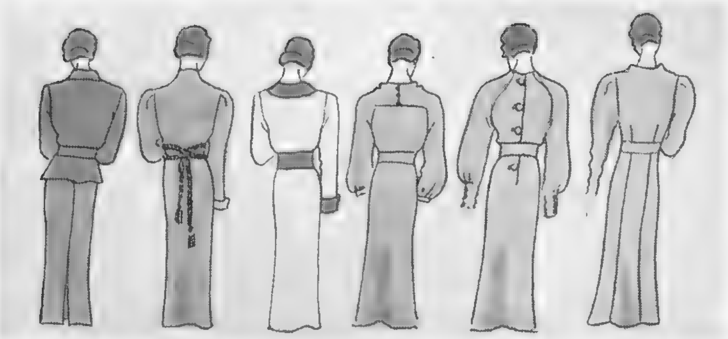


SOUPS

Easy to Make, Delicious to Eat

By
A. H. Adair

OF all the easy things in the world to serve I think soup takes first place, and yet for some strange reason its appearance at the average English dinner-table seems to become more and more infrequent.

Possibly this is because people have a fixed idea that soup-making is a difficult and lengthy process. As a matter of fact it need be neither, and in any case there are so many quite excellent canned soups which can be bought ready made that even for busy people there is still no excuse for going without hot nourishing soup as a prelude to autumn and winter dinners.

First of all it is an economy. Started in this way, most people will not require so much meat afterwards; also a meal which might otherwise have been a little short and sketchy is properly balanced by this first course.

Then soup is very good for you—at least for those of you who are not tied to some slimming diet—and last, but surely most important of all, well-made soup is so good to eat.

I could write pages on this subject and still find more to say, but this time I shall restrain myself and be satisfied with describing a few of the best vegetable soups and also how to make a really delicious one out of bones and carcases of already cooked game or poultry.

THE important points about vegetable soups are these :—

They can be made with water—in fact, must be, for if you use stock you change the taste altogether, and the soup becomes neither one thing nor the other.

Point number two : you get the richness in the soup from the preliminary frying of the vegetables in butter or fat.

The third essential is to start with one-third more of water than you will require of soup, for it is by evaporation that you get the finished result.

These soups can be served in two ways. With all the vegetables just roughly mashed with a fork before serving, or more elaborately finished by passing the soup through a sieve and mashing the vegetables through so that you have a thicker liquid, which you bind with the yolk of an egg diluted with a little milk or cream. After this, of course, the soup must not be allowed to boil or it would curdle.

A good plan is to make enough soup for two days, serving it the first day in the simple form, and the second day sieved and bound with egg and milk.

Soupe Paysanne

Take two pounds of mixed vegetables, onions, potatoes, carrots, turnips, leeks. Peel and wash them and cut them into small pieces and put them in a saucepan with a piece of butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper.

Fry until the vegetables begin to brown, stirring them or shaking the pan occasionally.

Now add twelve portions of boiling water and simmer the soup for one hour. Taste the soup to see if it is sufficiently seasoned, and see that the vegetables are quite soft. Mash them roughly with a fork and serve half of the soup, keeping the rest for to-morrow to be served as described above, when you can call it *Crême Paysanne.*

Soupe Normande

This is made in exactly the same way, using only leeks and potatoes in equal proportions, and when finished you pass the soup through a sieve and serve half of it, but with a little milk added.

When the soup is in the plates pluck a few sprigs of chervil over each plate. If chervil is unobtainable, a little parsley can be used. The second day add the binding of yolk of egg, and in this case diluted with cream.

Cream of Lentil Soup

Soak overnight half a pound of lentils. Put them in a saucepan with one onion cut in half, a carrot cut into pieces, a little bunch of herbs—thyme, parsley and a bay leaf—salt and pepper.

A few pieces of bacon rind saved from the trimming of breakfast rashers will give a good flavour. Add eight portions of *cold* water, bring to the boil and simmer until the lentils are thoroughly cooked.

Throw away the herbs and bacon rind and pass the rest through a sieve into a clean saucepan, bring it to the boil again, see that it is well seasoned and add two or three tablespoonfuls of cream if you can spare it, if not, a little milk.

Serve with tiny cubes of bread crisply fried in butter or bacon fat. This recipe can be used also for split peas.

Cream of Chicken or Game

Take the carcase and bones left from a roast bird and put them in a large saucepan. Add a very small piece of butter and three onions, two potatoes, a carrot, peeled, washed and cut up, also a bunch of herbs—thyme, parsley and a bay leaf—salt and pepper.

I always add a small clove of garlic, which improves the soup enormously.

Fry all this for about five minutes, shaking the pan occasionally, and now add boiling water.

With the carcase of an average sized chicken, duck or pheasant, you can easily make soup for six people, so put in nine or ten portions of water.

Simmer very gently for about one hour and then strain off the soup through a colander lined with a piece of muslin.

You can, if you like, let the soup get cold at this stage to remove the fat, but it is not really necessary.

Having strained the soup, put it in a clean saucepan, bring to the boil, and see that it is well seasoned. While it is still boiling pour in very slowly a handful of the very fine French tapioca.

Boil for ten minutes, and just before serving bind with a yolk of egg diluted in milk or cream.

Dinner *into* Supper

When you dine at nine or later, your meal should be the kind that can almost be cooked at the table

THE main dish of the meal is arranged on the side table

MODERN customs have come into being to meet modern conditions. When you think about it you cannot be surprised if dinner is served later and later.

We live so much more quickly in these days, and get through at least twice as much in one day as our parents did, that our time table must be altered accordingly.

Once 7 o'clock was the correct dinner hour. Then it became 7.30. Then 8. And now quite often we do not dine until 9, 9.30, or even later.

You have been, say, to a cocktail or sherry party, which lasts until 7.30.

You can't dine at once as you have probably eaten quite a lot of delicious little bits and pieces, and, in any case, you couldn't manage to dine in time to go to a show.

What shall you do then ? Leave the cocktail party for one of the early houses of your favourite cinema, enjoy the film and go home to dinner afterwards ?

This is where the ingenuity of a modern hostess comes in, for even if you possess a staff of competent servants there is no need to keep them up. And for the woman who runs her own house the matter is just as simple, if she plans her menu carefully.

Everything is prepared before leaving the house at 6. The table is laid : the main dish of the meal is arranged on the side table with the salad, the sweet or cheese and plates, while ready in each guest's place will be a grape fruit or something to start with which they will eat during the time that their hostess is making the one hot dish of the meal.

This she will do in the dining-room on a spirit lamp or chafing dish, with all the ingredients near by neatly arranged on one dish, the " dirty work " having been done in the kitchen before she goes out.

MENU.

Grape Fruit.

Lobster à la Crème.

Mousse of Ham.
Russian Salad.

Chester Sandwiches.

Lobster a la Creme

Have the cold boiled lobster removed from its shell and cut into small pieces. Put a small piece of butter in the pan over the spirit lamp, melt it and put in the pieces of lobster to get hot. Season with salt and pepper and a pinch of paprika.

If you want to be very grand put in one truffle cut into small dice. You can buy the truffles, one in a small bottle—thus, at a small extra cost, you will make the dish much more elaborate. Now pour over a good tablespoonful of brandy and set it alight. Shake the pan until the flames die out and then put in a small teacupful of cream. Bring this to the boil, cook for a minute or two and your dish, which is good enough for any party, is ready.

Mousse of Ham

The ham should be quite lean and any fibrous parts removed. Cut about a pound of cold cooked ham into dice and pound well. Meanwhile chop one onion very finely and cook it slowly in butter so that it is quite soft without browning ; add salt, pepper and a port-glassful of dry white wine, cook until almost all the liquid has evaporated, add a pudding-spoonful of paprika, a pinch of cayenne pepper and a teacupful of good white sauce.

Now put in the pounded ham, mix well together and pass the mixture through a sieve, putting it back into a clean saucepan.

Bring to the boil and add six leaves of gelatine moistened under the cold tap and squeezed before putting them in.

Stir thoroughly and pour the mixture, while still hot, over a tumblerful of cream previously whipped. This should be done slowly and stirring all the time, so that the cream is well mixed with the other ingredients.

Pour the mousse into a *soufflé* dish and put it on ice to get thoroughly cold.

Russian Salad

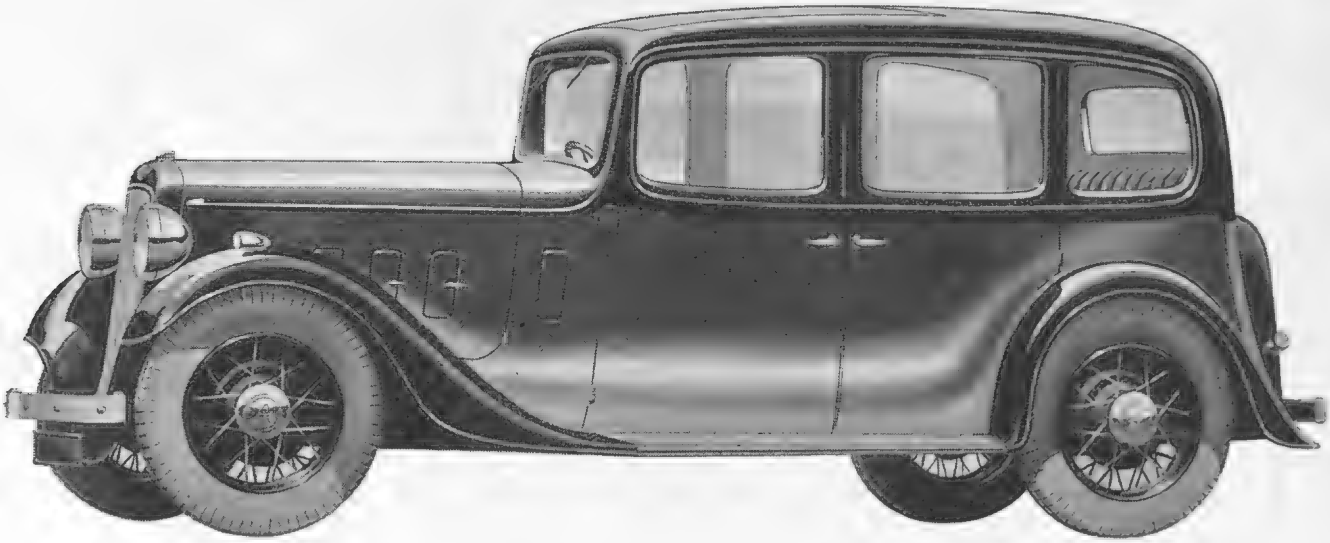
This mixture of cold cooked vegetables —peas, beans, carrots, turnips—should be garnished with a few crisp leaves of lettuce. After the lettuce leaves have been washed leave them wrapped up in a cloth and they will remain perfectly fresh and crisp. Dress with mayonnaise or salad cream, but only do this at the last minute.

Chester Sandwiches

Butter some thin dry biscuits. Spread with Cheshire cheese either cut in wafer-like slices or mashed with a fork. Sprinkle with celery salt and put together sandwich fashion.

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

Better the coachwork which is comfortable to sit in than that which is merely arresting to look at



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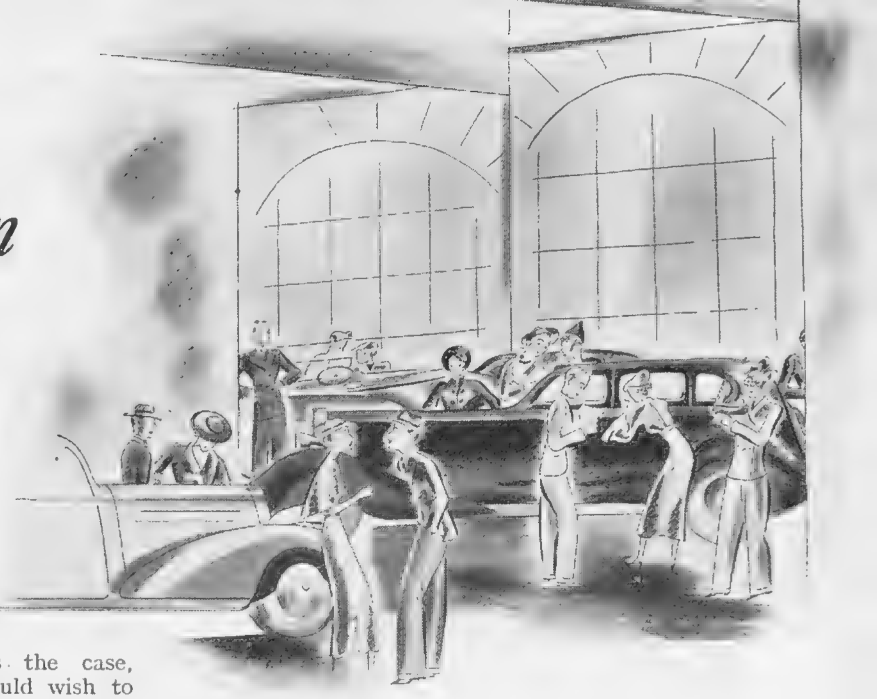
Special MOTOR SHOW Section
Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan



Why an *Autumn* Motor Show?

By The Earl of Cardigan

MANY of us, I suppose, have got so accustomed to the idea of the Motor Show being held in October that we are inclined to feel that this is the only normal and natural time of the year for such an event to take place. When we come to consider the matter, however, some doubts may perhaps assail us. What is there about October that should make this month particularly suitable for such a purpose?

The answer is not very obvious. Indeed, when considered critically, the autumn may well seem a somewhat illogical season for the display of motor cars. It is the advent of summer, and not the advent of winter, which normally tempts the man in the street to get out his cheque book, and to indulge his taste for novelty and progress.

Individual car manufacturers have clearly recognised this. Beginning in the spring or early summer, many firms announce their new programmes, and no longer wait for the Motor Show to provide an official occasion for so doing.

IN the matter of sales, the only incentive to wait until the autumn is the fact that, if a new design is held up until about August of 1935, the car concerned may be described as a "1936 model." This in itself, however, seems rather foolish; for common sense would suggest that the term "1936 model" ought simply to indicate a car manufactured during the year 1936.

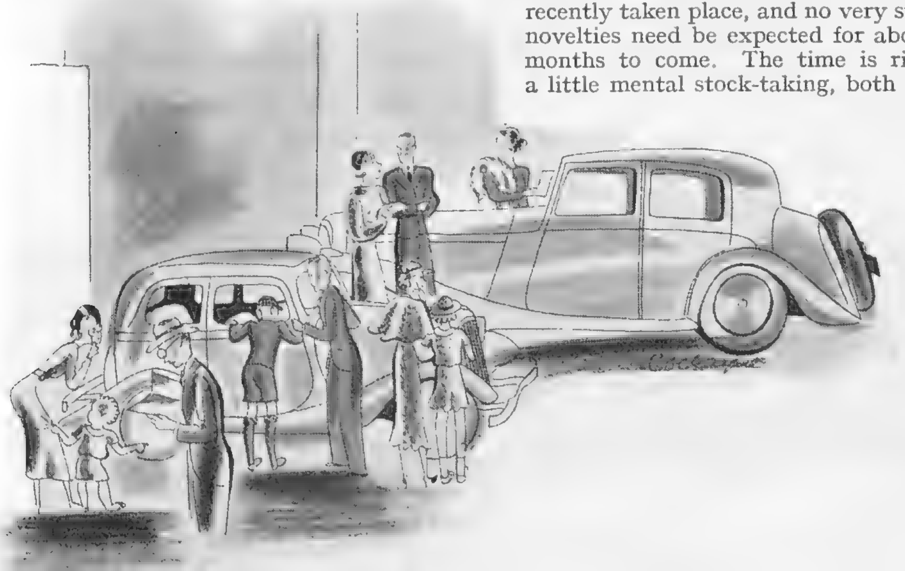
Looking at it from this angle, it would really seem that a Spring Motor Show would be a more practical proposition. If a date in April, for instance, were to be selected, the Show would then immediately precede that period when it is natural for the man-in-the-street to come into the market as a buyer.

As is always the case, certain firms would wish to announce their new models some few months prior to the Show. This, however, would no longer matter; for the 1936 models, even when announced prematurely, would still be the products of the year 1936. A delightfully logical state of affairs!

Motoring Readers of "Britannia & Eve" will find an ample excuse for a pilgrimage to Olympia in Lord Cardigan's Review of the Motor Show on the following pages.

While these arguments exist, it may well be asked why it is that we remain so faithful to the traditional Autumn Show. This I think, is explicable only if one regards the Motor Show not merely as a device for promoting car sales, but rather as a concrete summary of recent motoring progress. It is undeniably a most valuable thing, once in every twelve months, for the motorist to be able to take stock of the various developments which have been continually going on around him, and to bring up to date his knowledge of comparative prices and values.

For such a purpose, the Olympia Show, held in October, is almost ideal. All the most important developments have just recently taken place, and no very striking novelties need be expected for about six months to come. The time is ripe for a little mental stock-taking, both on the part of the general public and among manufacturers and traders themselves.



IF we go to Olympia with this in view, we shall surely not be disappointed. With one exception, all the cars which are of any significance will be on view. All the new models of which we have vaguely read or heard will be on the stands, awaiting our detailed inspection.

Then, too, there will be many well-established favourites, mostly appearing with some slight addition in the way of equipment, or variation in the matter of price.

On almost all the stands, there will be something new to see—something that has been developed during the spring or summer months. If it were not for Olympia, it would be quite impossible for the ordinary man to keep track of all this. It would involve the most laborious study of technical journals, trade announcements and the like—study for which the average motorist has neither the time nor the inclination.

I must confess that I myself, whose business it is to be *au fait* with such matters, am apt to become distinctly addled during the summer months. There are times when almost every post brings me the news that Messrs. A have produced an entirely new range of cars—that Messrs. B have "scrapped" their former 16 h.p. model and brought out a new "18"—or that Messrs. C have decided to invade the light car market with a new series of low-priced "sixes."

After the first dozen or so of such announcements, I quite cease to keep all this clear and distinct in my head. Then comes the Motor Show, and with it the occasion for taking stock of the entire batch of new models. By the time I have put together this section—still more by the time I have actually visited the Show—I begin to feel once again that I know what is going on in the motoring world.

It is the same, I am sure, with the casual visitor to Olympia. He gets a comprehensive view of all that has happened during the past few months, and he knows just what the motor industry will have to offer him during the months to come. At a Show held earlier in the year, no such complete survey would be possible. Thus, notwithstanding some objections, the choice of a date in autumn may be held to justify itself.

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Standard's policy of **QUALITY FIRST** gives the perfect gear-box. Four-speed (on every model) . . , synchromesh — *improved* on 2nd, 3rd, and top. Perfection of silence and silky smoothness! Throughout, the new Standards give *better* motoring. *There's "Buoyant Power" tremorless engine mounting. There's Telescopic steering column (on* "10", "12", *and* "16"). *There's marvellous steadiness. There's delightful power and verve.* Point for point these magnificent new Standards have no equal in the same price range and class.

"NINE" Two-door Saloon	**£135**
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"TEN" Saloon	**£189**
"LIGHT TWELVE" Saloon	**£195**
"TWELVE" Saloon	**£229**
"SIXTEEN" Saloon	**£269**
"LIGHT TWENTY" Saloon	**£275**
"TWENTY" Short Wheelbase	**£395**
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NEW INSTRUMENT PANEL. Extra large speedometer.

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INCREASED REAR BODY SPACE.

SLIDING ROOF, one handle operation.

Electric **SCREEN WIPER.**

NO FOOTWELLS.

«

STANDARD CARS

FOR MOTORISTS WHO PUT QUALITY FIRST

What *the* Designers *are* Doing

New Developments in 1936

A MODERN car in a modern setting. This is the New Wolseley " Hornet " six-cylinder saloon de luxe, which is sure to prove a popular attraction at £198 10 0

By The Earl of Cardigan

A FEATURE of this year's Show is the remarkable increase in the use of permanent jacking systems. The car shown here is equipped with " Jackall " hydraulic jacks, by means of which all four wheels can be raised within a minute, while the driver remains in his seat

ONE of my annual embarrassments is the question which well-meaning people invariably shoot at me just prior to the Motor Show. " What," they demand, " is going to be the great sensation at Olympia this year ? "

It is an appalling question, because, unless I am prepared to talk or write at some considerable length, it can only be answered in one of two ways. I can reply gruffly, " There will be no sensation—just ordinary all-round improvement." Alternatively, I can feign a sort of bluff heartiness and say, " My dear fellow ! Haven't you heard ? The new X———, with its elliptical wheels, is the thing everyone will be talking of. No, I can't give you the details yet. It's rather ' hush-hush.' "

Neither answer is in the least degree satisfactory. The former annoys my questioner, because he feels that I have somehow failed him in having no " sensation " to pass on. The latter distresses me, because I know all too well what arrant nonsense it is !

In sober truth, of course, there *will* be nothing which can strictly be described as sensational. There hardly ever is. It is not once in ten years that an individual car so transcends all its rivals as to monopolise the attention of Motor Show visitors. The first six-cylinder car may have done so, or the first saloon car, or the first car to be fitted with fool-proof controls. Such events are rarities—and they will become still rarer as motoring becomes more standardised.

To say this, however, and to add nothing more is to give a very false picture of the prospects at Olympia. It suggests that the Show will be a dull one ; and I see no reason why it should be anything of the sort. On the contrary, I think that there will be sufficient of interest and novelty on *every* stand to make a visit very well worth while.

A tour of the Show, moreover, will reveal a number of definite tendencies at work, the final outcome of which is a matter for infinite speculation. Some chassis or coachwork features will obviously be gaining in popularity ; others will be declining. " Luxury " equipment will be found permeating into cars of the economical class. New ideas will crop up here and there, perhaps first courting attention in some quite modest style. There will be no need to sigh for yesteryear's " sensation."

Let us be more precise. One of the first things I personally shall look for will be the progress, if any, among cars of the stream-lined type. Shall we see more or less stream-lining ?

My own impression is that the number of stream-lined cars will show a decrease. I do not believe that this style of construction has "caught on " very generally. It can only become universal if the public is convinced either of its beauty or of its usefulness ; and on neither point is opinion as yet by any means unanimous.

On the score of utility the public is very right in feeling dubious. The matter is more debatable where beauty of line is concerned. There have been some stream-lined cars which have proved remarkably attractive to the eye—and these will no doubt survive and flourish. Others which have merely succeeded in looking rather freakish will reappear at the Show in much more prosaic and orthodox guise.

I DO not foresee any great change as regards the size and power of what may be termed the " popular " models. I fancy that the " tens " and " twelves " will be the most in demand—the more so now that such cars are able to perform so remarkably well on the road. There will be very few 1936 cars at Olympia having a maximum speed of less than 60 m.p.h. !

On the other hand, cars of about 20 h.p. should do pretty well. Many of the new models are priced very modestly indeed, and the lure of the big car is vastly increased when it can be obtained for something like £300–£400. Also, the public is not unappreciative of the fact that a 20 h.p. car now pays only a £15 tax. (*Contd. on page* 75)

THIS Austin model represents a type of car which should prove increasingly popular. It can be supplied with either a 16 or 18 h.p. engine. Known as the " York " saloon, it is big enough to give luxurious accommodation, while being modestly priced at £328

You are entitled to expect superlative performance from a car that has been First in a wider variety of events—from pure racing to concours d'elegance—than any other. In addition the new Riley Falcon provides an even greater measure of roominess and luxury.

No need now to step from your car into a stream of traffic—the perfectly clear front floor permits entry and exit from either door with ease. The new Riley Falcon makes floorboard levers obsolete and driving simpler than ever.

In addition to clear floorboards, the wide, centre pillar hung doors further facilitate entry and exit. This is obvious from the photograph; but what perhaps is not so obvious is the fact that the demonstrator in the picture is 6 ft. 3 ins. tall!

A booklet, "ASK THE EXPERTS," is one of the most remarkable collections of leading motoring authorities' unbiased opinions ever published. Every motorist should have a free copy. Write to Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry.

The new Riley Falcon is roomier than ever. Yet not an ounce has been added to the weight nor an inch to the exterior dimensions. Do not forget that the gentleman in the picture is 6 ft. 3 ins. tall! Note, too, the folding centre armrest now provided.

Pioneers of the built-in luggage container, Riley designers have excelled themselves in the new Falcon. Luggage Grids, like floorboard levers, are now definitely out of date. Beneath the hinged floor of the luggage container are housed the batteries.

RILEY FALCON: 1½ LITRE (Tax £9) £335, 15 h.p. SIX (Tax £11 5s.) £365. DUNLOP TYRES, TRIPLEX GLASS

To revert to the smaller types, I will venture the prophecy that four-cylinder engines are going to be popular at this year's Show.

A few years ago, it will be remembered, we had a regular influx of miniature "sixes." At the time it was a great "selling point" to be able to say of a car, however modest its power, that it was a "six" rather than an ordinary humble "four."

All that is changed now. It is admitted that a good "four" is infinitely better than a mediocre "six." Moreover, the modern four-cylinder engine has been improved out of all recognition. In the matter of smoothness it is so little inferior to the "six" that even an expert can sometimes hardly tell the difference.

In particular, the "twelve/four" is likely to be a favourite. The "twelve/six," attractive though it may be, will have to look to its laurels.

IN the matter of gearboxes there is no need for any prophesying. The foolproof variety has come to stay, and it now only remains to be decided which species of fool-proof gear is likely to prove most generally satisfactory. There are several interesting new devices on the market; but, for the most part, the issue is being fought out between disciples of the epicyclic gear (pre-selective or otherwise), the synchro-mesh gear and the free-wheel. The two last-named are often used in conjunction, just as the epicyclic gear is often associated with the "fluid flywheel."

On the whole, I think that Olympia will see the synchro-mesh gearbox in the ascendant. One solid virtue of this gear is that it gives the driver absolutely nothing new to learn, and does its job quite inconspicuously. Many of the 1936 models will apply synchro-mesh to their second, third and top ratios; while in one or two cases it will be applied to all four ratios, thus making every gear-change equally fool-proof.

The free-wheel, on the other hand, may be less popular than formerly. A good number of drivers feel nervous of free-wheeling and prefer to drive always with the transmission "fixed." The car fitted with free-wheel, however, can claim to be more adaptable than any other, since the free-wheeling device can be used or neglected according to the driver's preference. It is certainly an attraction to be able to vary the mode of transmission at will by the mere turning of a knob!

The epicyclic gear, in its various forms, will no doubt maintain its position as one of the leading types. It is popular still with the pre-selective method of engagement, although this is no longer universal. Assisted by fluid transmission of the engine drive, it reached the acme of flexibility and smoothness, with a barely perceptible loss of efficiency through "slip."

With one system or another of fool-proof gearing to choose from, it is quite certain that no purchaser in future will need to worry as to the technical problems of driving. The "difficult" car will not be seen at this year's Show. All will be easy to drive—and there will merely be degrees of easiness.

We need not expect much change in braking systems. The Servo brake will be an easy winner, although the excellent hydraulic type will still be seen. The latter is out of fashion at the moment, but it has plenty of good qualities.

The chief steering novelty, apart from purely technical developments, will undoubtedly be the "telescopic" steering column. This enables the steering wheel to be moved nearer to or further from the driver, even while the car is in motion. There is no loss of efficiency, but a considerable gain in convenience and driving comfort.

This is perhaps a small thing, but I am inclined to forecast a very popular future for "telescopic" steering. A simple and practical contribution towards the well-being of the driver, it ought to win many friends and make few enemies.

IN the matter of springing there will be some developments of very real interest. For the most part, of course, cars will continue to be fitted with springs, fore and aft, of the semi-elliptic variety, assisted in almost every case by shock absorbers to check excessive motion. Here and there, however, we shall find cars the front wheels of which are independently sprung, with no fixed axle joining one wheel to the other.

It may be said that this is no new idea. It has been recognised for years that suspension is improved if one front wheel is able to "lift" over a bump without affecting the independent movement of the other. The car as a whole is disturbed much less by any individual bump or pothole.

The point is that, formerly, this independent front wheel springing was a rarity. It was applied to a few sports models or cars of very specialised type. At this year's Motor Show, on the other hand, it will be comparatively common. It will be seen on a number of stands as a feature of many different cars. It will claim the attention of the ordinary man and woman, and no longer make its appeal to enthusiasts only.

What will be the result? Will the public "take to" this new form of springing or will the majority of purchasers remain indifferent to it? Frankly, I myself do not profess to know the answer to this question, for with road surfaces being continually improved it is uncertain how far the average man still concerns himself with the niceties of suspension. Is he still keen on the subject, or is he well enough satisfied with things as they are?

Here is a problem which Olympia itself will solve. To me it is going to be extremely interesting to watch the stands where cars having independent front wheel springing are on view. If they are thronged during the Show period it will be a good indication as to what the future of motor car springing must be.

On all stands, of course, we may look for better and more thorough equipment. The majority of 1936 models, for instance, will have some form of permanent jacking by which wheel changing will be rendered less arduous and messy. This is quite certain to be a welcome development and one which will help to clinch many a sale, both during the Motor Show and after.

THIS new Daimler, the "15" saloon, is an example of luxury motoring now available at reasonable cost. With its "fluid flywheel" transmission, it achieves an infinite degree of flexibility, and is almost childishly simple to control. The price is £465

THE new Morris "Big Sixes" are sure to attract a great deal of attention at Olympia. This good-looking saloon, on the 18 h.p. chassis, sells at the very low price of £265, and thus represents quite exceptional value

'WHISPERING POWER'

in the new Lanchester '18'

'I expected silent running,' writes the Motoring Correspondent of the *Evening Standard.* 'But I did not expect sports car performance on third and top gears. The surprise was not only that this performance was available; the speed and engine revolutions were obtained without loss of silence.

'Can such comfort, speed, and silence be obtained in many other cars?' Experience these new sensations yourself, and you'll wonder why this expert wrote 'many' instead of 'any.'

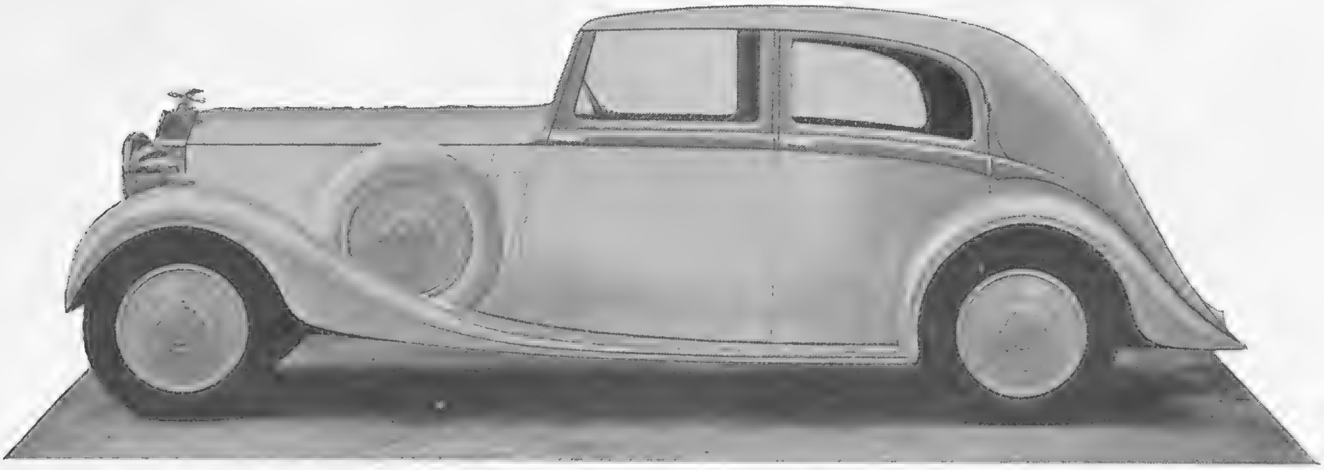
Ask your nearest dealer for a trial run at any time. There is no obligation — but we should warn you that, having tried this new Lanchester, you won't be happy till you get one! It costs from £580. Its 'stable companions' of less power, the 'Light Six de luxe,' costs from £375, the 'Light Six' from £340, and the '10' from £298.

DAIMLER
FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION

Ten minutes at the wheel of a car with this transmission will spoil you for any other

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, 123, SANDY LANE, COVENTRY

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM



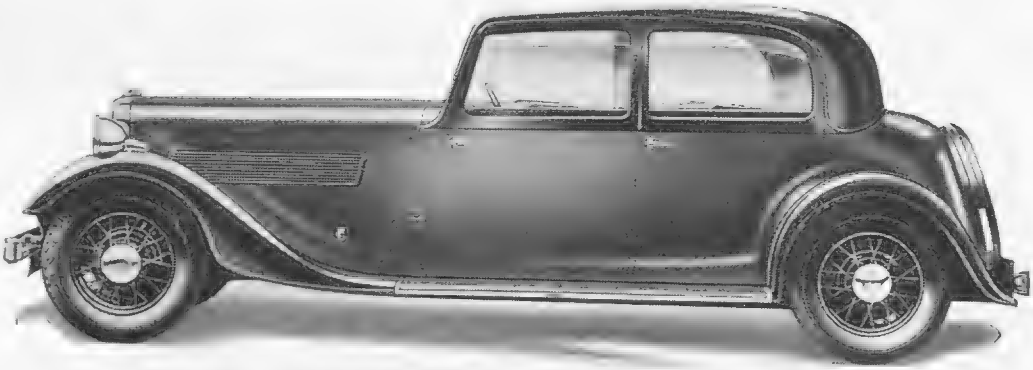
TRUE perfection has been achieved in this example of the art of the coachbuilder combined with the acme of mechanical perfection which is synonymous with the name of Rolls-Royce. This graceful body was designed and executed by Messrs. Park Ward & Co.

Among the New Cars

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is a recognised fact that, out of the many thousands of visitors to Olympia, only a comparatively small number have come with the immediate intention of ordering new cars. The man who walks round with his cheque book and his fountain pen "at the 'ready'" is something of a rarity. For most people, the Motor Show is an occasion for looking at cars in general, without as yet deciding upon any one car in particular.

At the same time, some stands must claim special attention as being the likeliest to provide an answer to the universal question—"What is my next car going to be?" One may glance at all, or nearly all, the exhibits; but there must be a few cases in which one is impelled to make a longer pause and a more careful scrutiny.



ONE of the most attractive cars in the Rover range is this 14. hp. sports saloon. Its beautiful proportions and graceful lines are very evident. Its cost is £318

The average man, for instance, will surely make a study of the new Austin models. These are familiar as regards basic design, comprising six-cylinder cars of 24, 18, 16 and 14 h.p., with four-cylinder cars of 12, 10 and 7·8 h.p. In detail, however, many improvements have been made, the effect of which is to provide substantially better value than ever before.

For the larger cars, the excellent Girlinge braking system has been adopted, and the new "Seven" is also better braked. Certain models have improved steering, of the popular Marles-Weller type. For the big cars, again, Jackall hydraulic jacks have been provided—an innovation which owner-drivers in particular will welcome. It need scarcely be said that all prices are as reasonable as ever, varying between £650 and £102 10s.

The Morris exhibit, likewise, demands more than ordinary attention. This will include four-cylinder models of 8, 10 and 12 h.p., together with the new range of "sixes," rated at 16, 18, 21 and 25 h.p. These latter cars, when they were introduced a few months ago, met with an immediate welcome, not least on account of their remarkably low cost.

It will at once be clear, however, that there is nothing "cheap," in the derogatory sense, about these new Morrises. They are fine cars, and notably well equipped, besides possessing more than ordinary good looks. Jackall hydraulic jacks are a standard fitting, synchro-mesh gears are employed, and the brakes are of improved hydraulic type. The coachwork in all cases is very roomy, and one may quote the "Twenty-five" saloon (only £265) as an example of the exceptional value for money.

The Wolseley stand is another which is sure to be popular. Chief interest will no doubt centre around the latest models, which include a new "Fourteen," in addition to the "Wasp" and the "Hornet." The "Fourteen" and the "Hornet" are six-cylinder cars, while the "Wasp" is a 10 h.p. four. In all cases, the engines have overhead valves.

The outward appearance of these Wolseleys is distinctive by reason of their new type wheels, which are said to be notably easy to keep clean. Synchro-mesh gearing is a feature, as is also the hydraulic braking system. The comfortable coachwork includes a compartment for the spare wheel, with a sturdy rear platform for luggage. Prices range from £165 upward.

The Daimler Co. can always be relied upon for an interesting display, in which this year the new "Fifteen" will play a leading part. This car is an improved edition of the 15 h.p. model which has proved so successful in previous years. The springing has benefited from recent alterations, and so also has the steering, while the coachwork has been entirely re-designed.

Needless to say, this car, like all other Daimler models, has the famous "fluid flywheel" in conjunction with an epicyclic pre-selective gearbox, thus being one of the easiest cars in the Show for the novice to handle. The standard saloon is by no means expensive at £465.

THERE are four new cars to see on the Lanchester stand, the "Ten" (now of 10·8 h.p.), the "Light Six," the "Light Six de Luxe" and the "Eighteen." The new "Ten," besides having a better performance than formerly and also some coachwork improvements, is likely to appeal this year to a still wider public by reason of its reduced price, now only £298 for the standard saloon.

The "Light Six" and "Light Six de Luxe," between them, offer an extremely wide choice to those who seek a car of this popular size. The "Eighteen," like the "Ten," has been given a slightly larger engine, and thus has a decidedly improved performance. Daimler fluid transmission is, of course, a feature of all Lanchester cars, irrespective of size or price.

On the Rover

(*Continued on page 79*)

MORRIS

THE MORRIS BIG SIXES
(SERIES II)

SIXTEEN or EIGHTEEN H.P.		TWENTY-ONE or TWENTY-FIVE H.P.	
Tax £12	Tax £13.10	Tax £15.15	Tax £18.15
FROM £250		FROM £265	

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD

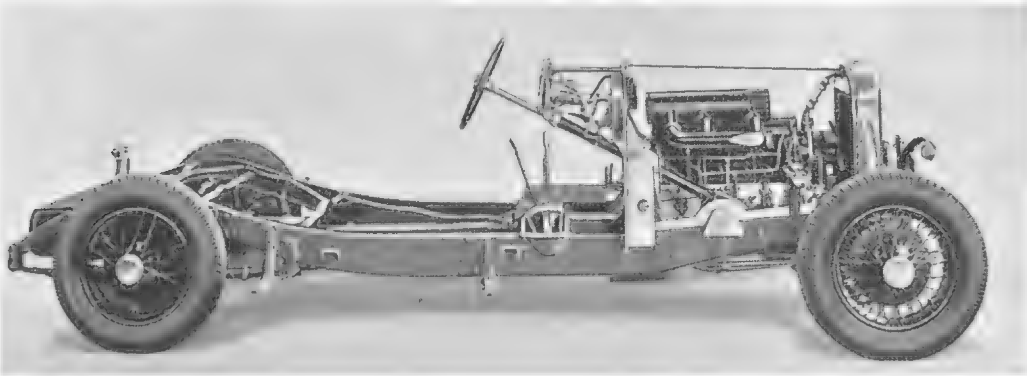
stand familiar cars will be seen, but with many improvements added. The 10, 12 and 14 h.p. models have done so well during the past year, and maintained their popularity so steadily, that the makers have decided to concentrate only on extra refinements for 1936. The "Ten," for instance, now has its spare wheel enclosed, new body lines, better upholstery and a central arm-rest for the back seat.

Similar attention has been paid to detail in the case of the two larger models, although in no case has there been any increase of price. Better value for money can therefore truthfully be claimed. Prices range from £248 for the 10 h.p. saloon up to £415 for the special 14 h.p. speed model.

THIS Tickford Foursome Drophead coupé is mounted on the Vauxhall Big Six standard chassis. An all-weather car which can quickly be converted from an entirely closed coupé to a completely open tourer in a matter of seconds Price £365

THE Armstrong Siddeley stand is another which is sure to be worth visiting. Here, all the cars displayed will of course be fitted with the pre-selective epicyclic gearbox—the type which was introduced to the motoring public in the first instance by Armstrong Siddeley engineers. The Siddeley Special will be represented—this fastest and most powerful model having been recently improved in detail.

Then there will be the "Twenty," which is capable of carrying very luxurious coachwork, and the "Seventeen," which was introduced so successfully last year. The latter, with saloon coachwork, must be voted very good value at £425. The "Twelve-Six" is another Armstrong Siddeley model which is well known and widely in demand. This year, it will be seen in two forms; for there will be a "Twelve-Six" and a "Twelve Plus," the latter being a considerably more powerful car, rated at 14 h.p.



MOTORISTS who can appreciate a fine design of chassis will look twice at this product of the Bentley factory. It is, of course, the chassis of the now famous 3½ litre Bentley car

Messrs. Pass and Joyce will be responsible for a very interesting exhibit. Everyone knows of the Chevrolet; but this excellent and moderately priced car has not been seen very much in England for some years past. Now, it is being re-introduced, and will appear in two distinct forms, to be known as the "Standard" and the "Master" models. The horse-power in either case is 26·3, the engine being an overhead-valve "six."

THE New Riley Falcon Saloon. Despite numerous modifications and additions, making for still greater comfort and safety, the price remains unchanged at £335 for the 1½ litre model and £365 for the 15 h.p. "six"

THE "Standard" saloon looks an attractive proposition at only £265. On the "Master" cars there are various special features, such as synchro-mesh gearing and independent "knee-action" springing for the front wheels. The coachwork is also more ambitious, and includes certain streamlined models. Prices for cars of this "Master" series range from £295 upward.

As always, a selection of fine cars will be seen on the Alvis stand. There will be no new models; but, on the other hand, there will be many new refinements. All chassis will be fitted with the D.W.S. (mechanical) permanent jacking system, and all saloon cars will have an efficient new system of draught-proof ventilation. All gearboxes, moreover, will continue to be of the admirable pattern introduced last year, giving synchro-mesh engagement for all the four ratios.

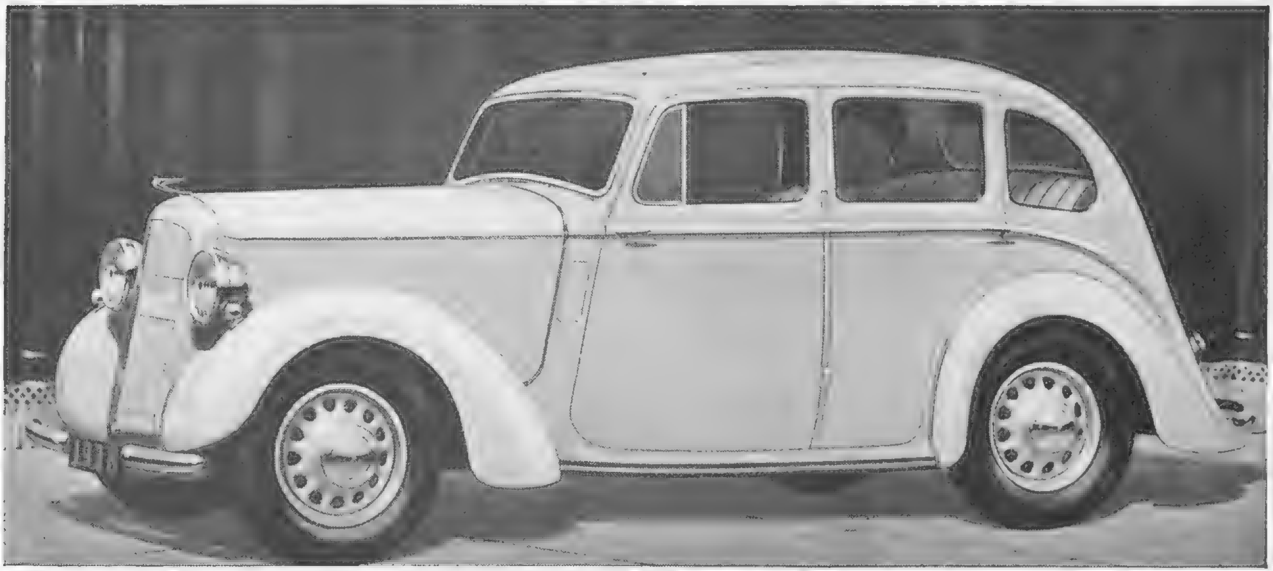
The "Firebird" is of course the smallest of the Alvis models, having a four-cylinder engine rated at 13·2 h.p. Then comes the "Silver Eagle," a six-cylinder car of 16 h.p. Best of all, perhaps, is the "Speed Twenty," with its independent front-wheel springing and impressive all-round road performance. The "Crested Eagle" is likewise of 20 h.p., but is a larger and more luxurious car of the "Town Carriage" type, carrying very commodious coachwork. Prices vary between £490 and £900.

A very wide range of motoring requirements will be covered by the display of 1936 Standard cars, of which five main and two subsidiary types are listed. There is a 9 h.p. model, very modestly priced, a "Ten," a "Twelve," and a "Light Twelve," a "Sixteen," a "Twenty," and a "Light Twenty." The two subsidiary types are appropriately named, for they carry light coachwork, are geared rather higher, and therefore may be expected to give a more lively performance.

There are many attractive features of these new Standards. Engines have been modified so as to run more silently and smoothly than before. Four-speed gearboxes give synchro-mesh engagement for the three highest ratios, only bottom gear being excepted. The larger cars have D.W.S. permanent jacking and also "telescopic" steering columns—the latter device being a most ingenious aid to comfort. In all cases excellent value for money is offered—as an example of which one may quote the "Light Twelve" saloon at only £195.

For those who are drawn towards more striking coachwork styles and road performance of a more "sporting" nature, the "S.S." stand should be a centre of interest. The 1936 "S.S." cars are more than ever pleasing to the eye, and (Continued on page 80A)

HILLMAN present
THE MINX MAGNIFICENT



Leader of Style for 1936

Prepare for a new conception of light car motoring! Here comes the light car of 1936, a big car in every sense of the word—utterly advanced yet completely proved; light on your pocket but big in everything that makes for motoring enjoyment. HERE COMES THE MINX MAGNIFICENT!

BIG CAR SAFETY Steel body of great strength and rigidity; new box-girder type chassis, smooth, powerful Duo Servo brakes; "comfort control" steering; extra stable Vari-load springing; safety glass; self-cancelling direction indicators; concealed electric windscreen wipers; super long beam headlamps with finger-tip dipping control; wide vision windscreen opening completely from singlepoint control—an extra margin in every detail.

BIG CAR PERFORMANCE Redesigned Plus Power engine giving greatly increased power output—an honest 65 *m.p.h.* and *still* a margin—a lower petrol consumption; down-draught carburetter; new type combustion head, etc.; three bearing crankshaft; all synchro-mesh easy change 4-speed gearbox; "cushioned power"; automatic ignition; high power electric starter.

BIG CAR APPEARANCE Impressive and graceful frontal appearance combined with stylish and scientifically streamlined coachwork; dignified mascot; outstandingly attractive colour schemes; handsome easy to clean wheels; giant low pressure Dunlop tyres; lavish and luxurious interior appointments; handsome instrument panel of special design; bumpers front and rear; concealed spare wheel.

BIG CAR ROOMINESS A big car in every sense of the word. Each passenger—back as well as front—sits within the wheelbase; no shoulder rubbing and lots of leg and head-room; four wide doors; pockets, cubby holes and large shelf, all additional to large concealed luggage compartment.

BIG CAR COMFORT Contour-correct upholstery; steeply raked steering wheel and adjustable driving position; flush floor entrance—no footwells, never was a car so easy of access; recessed door handles; (De Luxe Saloon also has draughtless ventilation controlled by winder; sun visor; sunshine roof); luxurious suspension, rear passengers ride with same comfort as front—no fuss, noise or bother.

And all these wonderful
features for the price of
SALOON (as illustrated)
£159
SALOON DE LUXE **£175**
(even greater luxury and equipment)
Tax £7 . 10 . 0

HILLMAN MINX

See these wonderful models at Olympia, STANDS Nos. 103 & 186

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Fill in this Coupon immediately for new descriptive Folder of "The Minx Magnificent."

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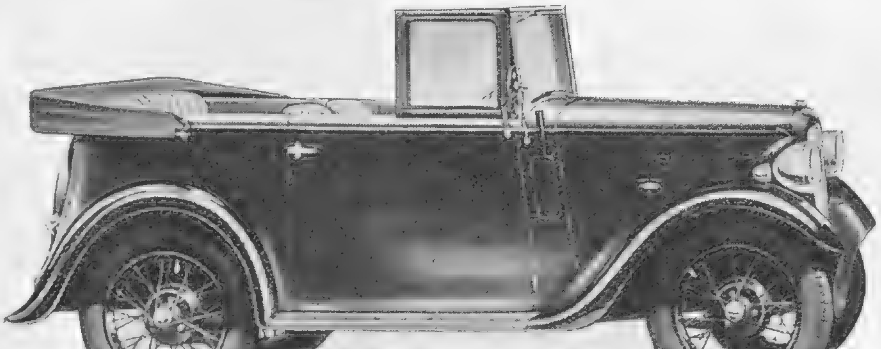
yet combine comfort with smartness to a notable degree.

Here again we shall find that engines have been improved and refined in detail, so that a new standard of smoothness is set up, with greater flexibility at the lower speeds. The new "S.S." models, in consequence, should prove very easy and restful for the driver to handle in ordinary "give and take" running.

For many years past the Riley stand has never failed to catch the eye of the visitor to Olympia. This year, as always, it will display a range of cars preeminent for their good looks and up-to-date design. In particular, the new "Falcon" models should be studied These will appear on the 1½ litre and 15 h.p. six-cylinder chassis, and will incorporate a great number of improvements.

In both cases, the coachwork will be found more commodious. There is considerably more leg-room, and the floor wells have been made shallower. There is also more luggage space, for the spare wheel is now mounted under a separate cover on the outside of the luggage boot lid.

Maintenance is made easier through the more accessible position of the battery, and the extra large speedometer may help Riley owners to avoid unintentional breaches of the speed limit. An improved type of sunshine roof is also fitted. In spite of these modifications, prices have not been increased. The 1½ litre Falcon still costs £335, and the same model on the 15 h.p. "six" chassis remains at £365.



A LITTLE car which is perennially popular. This is the latest edition of the Austin "Seven" four-seater touring car. With full all-weather equipment it sells at £112

THE VAUXHALL "Light Six" is an attractive car which sells at a popular price. £245. It has a very lively performance on the road

NOT many of us, alas, can afford to visit the Rolls-Royce stand with a serious business intention as our motive. None the less, it would be a great mistake to go to the Motor Show without at least having a look at what must be one of the most notable of its exhibits. The big Rolls has, since (I think) 1907, been regarded as leader in the "luxury" class of cars, and there is no doubt that the 1936 model will fully maintain that position.

Nowadays, of course, the 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce has become a very big seller. It has all, or very nearly all, the luxury of the larger car, and yet is definitely lighter, and more convenient for the owner-driver to handle. In the main, it will remain unchanged for 1936, although there will be a number of detail refinements. This is quite in accordance with Rolls-Royce policy, which is to design a good car, and then to go on, year after year, continuously adding to its merits.

The Bentley stand, similarly, ought to be visited, for the 3½ litre car which will be displayed there is one that has already made history. It can fairly be said that this Bentley was the first of a new breed of sports cars, having at least as fine a performance as any of the older types, but being withal perfectly silent, smooth and easily controllable.

The 1936 Bentley will follow the same general lines, although naturally it will show signs of improvement in various matters of detail. It will probably not be the fastest car in the Show, and it will just miss being the most luxurious. It will, however, be among the half-dozen fastest, and also among the half-dozen most luxurious, and the double honour will certainly give it a unique position. Probably no car comes so near to getting "full marks" in both capacities.

Big cars very moderately priced will be seen on the Humber stand. Here we shall find a very significant tendency at work. In the case of three models out of four, not only have the engines been redesigned for 1936, but they have also been increased in power. Thus the new Humber "Snipe" is rated at 27 h.p., as is also the large and comfortable "Pullman" model. The "Sixteen" becomes an "Eighteen," and is expected to prove more popular than ever with this 2 h.p. addition.

The Humber "Twelve" will remain in the 12 h.p. class, but with a number of improvements which should make it an even more attractive proposition than hitherto. For instance, a permanent jacking system is now fitted to the chassis, and an extra spring leaf of "Vari-load" contour will increase the efficiency of the suspension. The new gearbox also should prove very welcome. It gives synchro-mesh engagement for all four ratios, and is thus 100 per cent. fool-proof. Prices for this 12 h.p. Humber have not been altered, and range, as before, between £285 and £335.

A NUMBER of interesting cars will be seen also on the Hillman stand. There will be several models of substantial power in addition to the wel-known "Minx," which has been entirely redesigned. The latter has for many years been a favourite with the motoring public, largely owing to its reputation for sturdiness, which contrasts strikingly with its economical engine size.

The new 10 h.p.

(*Continued on page* 81)

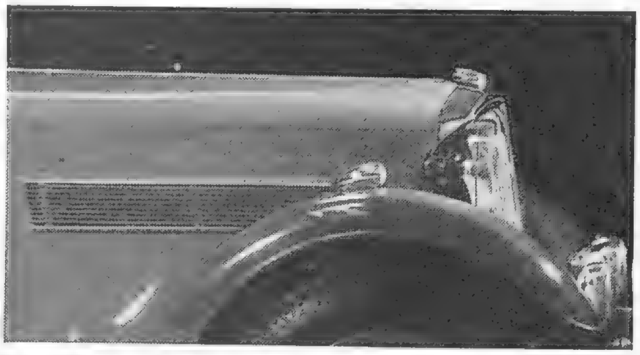
ONE OF BRITAIN'S FINE CARS

ROVER

1936

There need be no experiment with Proved Quality—therefore the 1936 Rover models are presented with their chief characteristics unchanged. It is detail that counts, distinguishing even one good car from another. Rover for 1936 has made over a score of detail improvements to a range that automatically takes rank among Britain's fine cars.

10 H.P Saloon	£248
12 H.P. Saloon	£278
12 H.P. Sports Saloon	£298
12 H.P. Open 4-Seater	£288
14 H.P. Saloon	£298
14 H.P. Sports Saloon	£318
14 H.P. Streamline Saloon	£348
14 H.P. Streamline Coupe	£348
Speed 14 H.P. Streamline Coupe	£415



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Speedwell 7841

"Minx" engine, while retaining its economical features, is built to give a decidedly greater power output. The chassis now carries roomier coachwork, which is of "streamline" design. The effect is pleasing, and a reasonable amount of head room is retained, despite the curved rear panel. A good minor feature is that running boards, which now serve no useful purpose in a small car, have been dispensed with altogether.

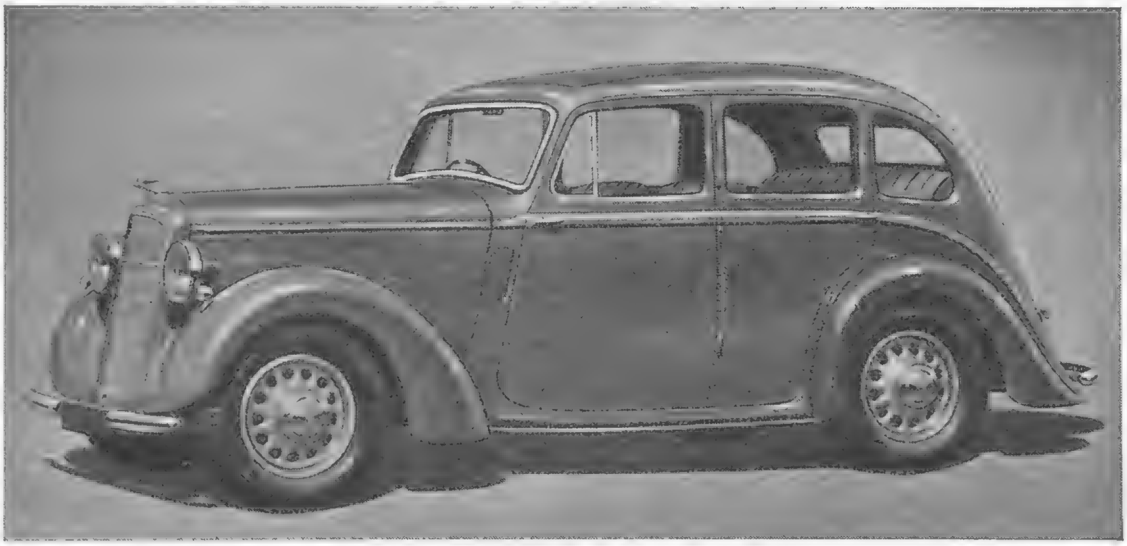
Here again the gearbox is of all-synchro-mesh type, so that none of the four ratios is "crashable." The standard saloon remains priced at £159, while the saloon de luxe has been reduced to £175.

EXCELLENT value is sure to be a feature of the Vauxhall exhibit, which will include the well known "Big Six" and "Light Six" cars. Independent front wheel springing will be perhaps the most interesting technical improvement to be noted; and there is no doubt that the adoption of this form of springing by Messrs. Vauxhall Motors will go a long way towards making it an orthodox and generally accepted method of suspension.

THE Standard "Ten" is a car which is likely to prove very popular. The coachwork is unusually roomy, and a "telescopic" steering column is among the many attractive chassis features. The saloon de luxe costs £189

A REMARKABLY handsome car is this Alvis on the "Silver Eagle" 16 h.p. chassis. It is the four-light saloon model, priced at £598

THE New Hillman "Minx." This popular 10 h.p. car has been entirely re-designed, and is now both livelier and more comfortable than ever. Note the absence of running boards. The "de luxe" model has been reduced in price and now costs £175



Hitherto, we have seen independent springing almost entirely confined to sports cars, and to cars selling at rather high prices. Vauxhalls, on the other hand, are very reasonably priced, and, although built to give plenty of speed, are equipped only with such devices as are considered to be of practical use and value to the general public. It seems that we must now regard independent front springing as coming definitely within this category.

I understand that the famous Light Six is being continued in its present form for the 1936 season, and a new coupé with coachwork by Vauxhall has been added to this series. This coupé has very attractive modern lines, with a roomy luggage boot at the rear, and ample accommodation for four passengers. It has a sliding roof and is priced at £245 for the 12 h.p. or 14 h.p.

A new Big Six will be on view with improved frontal appearance. It has a handsome new radiator grille, modern bonnet louvres, and radiators and wings tastefully cellulosed to match the colour of the coachwork. The Vauxhall designers have paid particular attention to the seating arrangements in this car, and they firmly believe they have produced the most comfortable driver's seat ever yet devised.

These two advancements, together with the scores of minor refinements, make an already famous car even finer value for money. The five-seater saloon with a 20 h.p. or 27 h.p. engine is priced at £325.

It is impossible to close this list of cars which deserve to be studied without referring to one car, the Ford, which will not be "among those present" at the Olympia Show. It is the established policy of the Ford people to have a separate show of their own, which is being held at the Royal Albert Hall, London, form October 17th to 26th.

It is perhaps premature to say anything about this Ford Show, except that motorists should note its imminence. The latest type of "V-8" car will, of course, be shown, and should prove more popular than ever, with its roomier coachwork and engine of increased power. Despite its low price, this new Ford comes very definitely within the 80 m.p.h. class, and has exceptional acceleration, owing to its high power-weight ratio.

There will be a full range of smaller models also. The new Fords, in short, are cars which certainly must not be overlooked in any survey, such as we have attempted, of the worth-while types designed for 1936.

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H.P.

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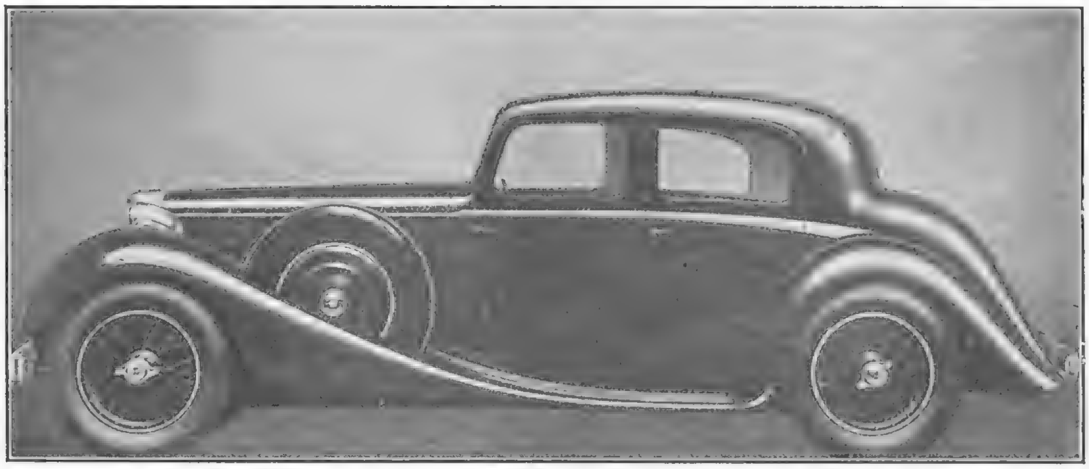

The New 2½ Litre **S.S.** *Jaguar Four Door Saloon*

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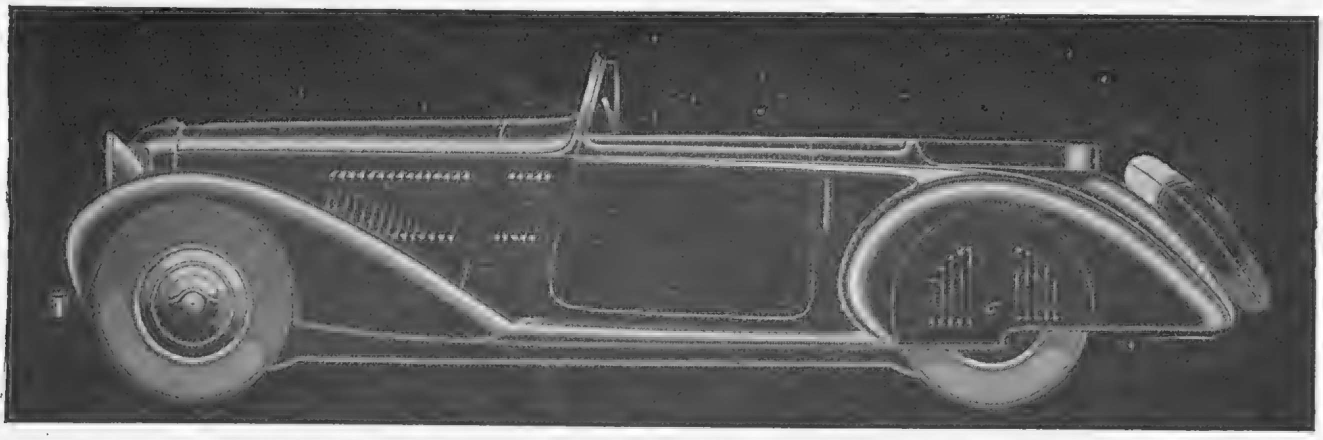


AN example of the O.F. enclosed Continental tourer, a patented design built by Vanden Plas, distributed by Oxborrow and Fuller. This coachwork gives an open or closed car at will and is a thoroughly practical solution to the problem of the dual purpose car. It is seen here mounted on the latest Alvis chassis

Among the Coachbuilders

Lines and Styles for 1936

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE art of the coachbuilder—by which I mean the specialist in coachwork—is obviously not likely to make a strictly practical appeal to more than a minority of motorists. Most of us are content to accept the standardised type of body which the motor manufacturer normally fits to his chassis. If we are not actually content, we are resigned thereto for reasons of £ s. d.

On the other hand, I suppose that nearly every motorist is capable of appreciating impersonally the specimens of really high-class coachwork which are to be seen at Olympia. The coachwork section is always very well worth a visit. Striking and graceful body lines, absolute perfection of "finish," infinite variety of handy and attractive fittings—all these things deserve to be studied by those who are truly interested in the finer points of motoring.

It is easy enough to see why, for the man who can afford it, special coachwork is a most attractive form of investment. Fitted to a superlative chassis, it creates the ideal combination. With a chassis of the ordinary, medium-priced variety, it gives a distinctive appearance to the car as a whole, besides conforming to the owner's special tastes and preferences.

It is difficult to think of special coachwork, as fitted to chassis of the highest quality, without the name of Barker suggesting itself. On the Barker stand this year we shall see four cars—two Rolls-Royces, a Bentley and a Daimler. On the 40/50 Rolls-Royce Limousine, a very striking effect is obtained, the body panels being cellulosed jet black, with a slightly curved waist-line moulding of stainless steel.

A tendency towards stream-lining will be apparent; but it need hardly be said that no Barker body will be permitted to lack comfort on this account. The stream-line tendency is restrained, and appears simply as a motif in the shaping of the rear panels.

THE Park Ward exhibit is of the same category. This well-known firm likewise favours the Rolls-Royce, Bentley and Daimler chassis, all of which will appear, with special coachwork, on the Park Ward stand. The Bentley car will be a Coupé de Ville, which should be attractive for touring purposes as well as for town use. The patent "de ville" extension can be completely slid back, so that those in the front seats can enjoy, if they wish, the unobstructed freedom of an open tourer.

The Daimler will be a town carriage of the Limousine type, having handsome and dignified lines. Here the aim has been to produce a car which shall be entirely practical, and provide the maximum degree of spaciousness and comfort. These objects have been admirably achieved.

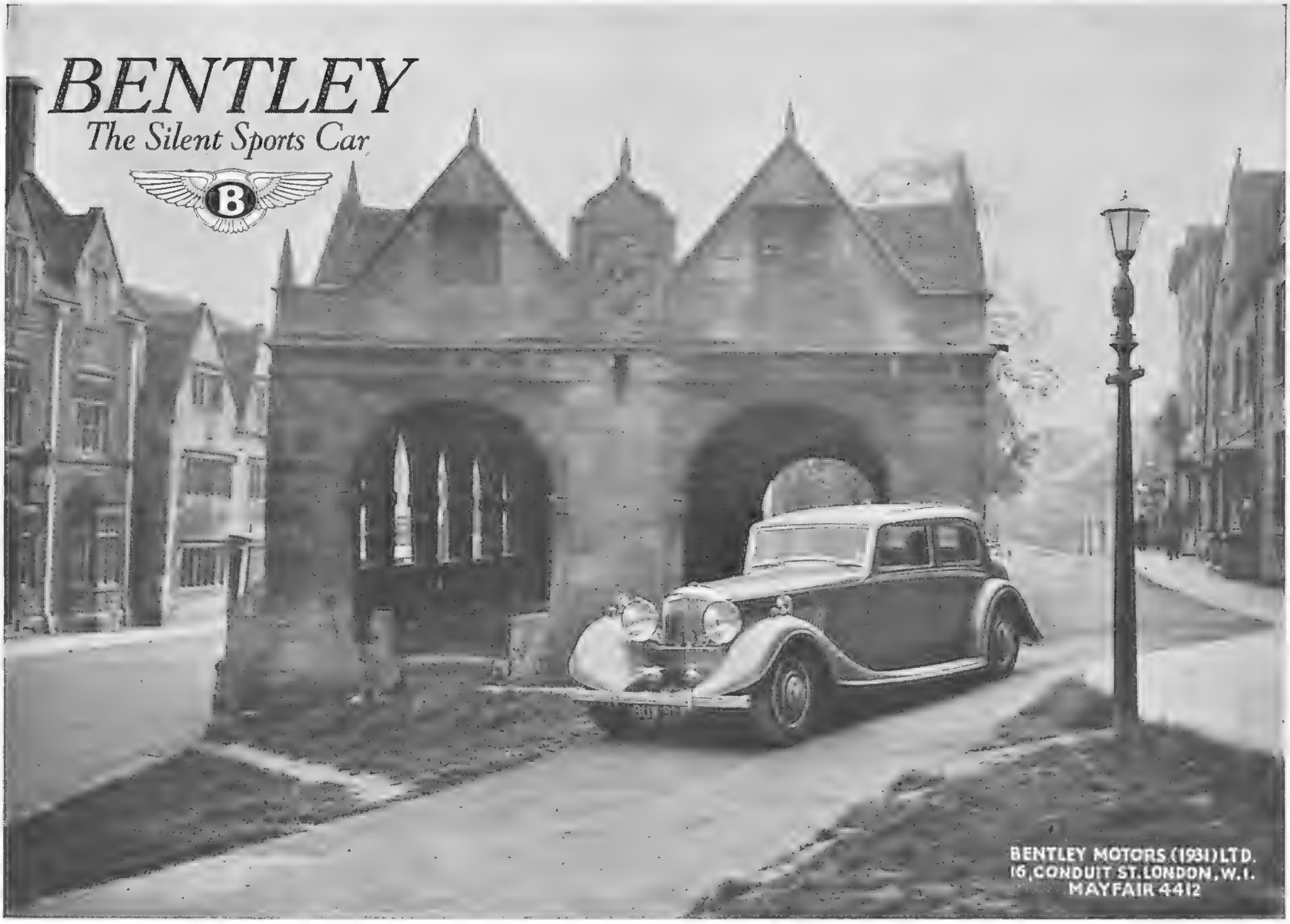
On the stand of Messrs. Arthur Mulliner there should be much to see. This firm has been conspicuous for many years past for the frequency with which its products have gained first prizes in the annual competitions at Olympia. I see that there was one spell of four successive wins, which is surely a significant and striking record.

The name of Mulliner is largely connected with special coachwork for Daimler chassis. It will therefore not be surprising to find two Daimlers, among other cars, being exhibited. One of these will have a limousine body, while the other is to be a saloon.

APART from ordinary closed coachwork, many visitors to Olympia will take a special interest in cars of the all-weather type. There has been a distinct revival, of late years, in coachwork which can be either completely closed, in accordance

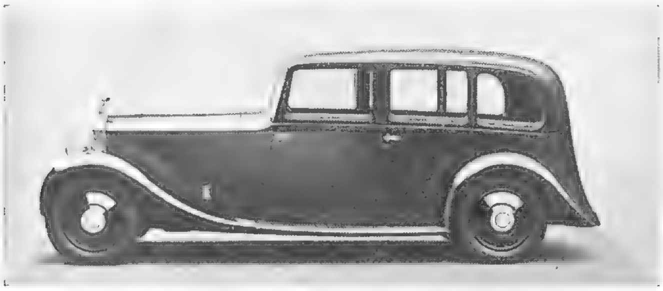
(*Continued on page 85*)

THIS trailer caravan is a revelation in luxury and is fully equipped to house four people. The interior is a marvel of ingenuity and clever planning. It is known as the Eccles "Road Nymph" and is sold at prices from £240 upwards



BE SURE TO SEE THE

Park Ward Coachwork



20/25 h.p. Rolls-Royce Enclosed Limousine

ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE ON 20/25 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS

This coachwork has been designed especially for the Motor Show and will commence a new style in this type.

There is accommodation for one person beside the driver, two persons on facing-forward extra seats and two/three persons on the rear seat.

A sunshine roof is fitted over the front compartment, and the following are a few of the many accessories and extras provided.

Built-in companion trays, sun visors, wheel discs, bumpers, wheel cover, direction indicators, built-in number plate at rear with concealed lighting and tail, stop and reverse lights, folding footrests, cigar lighters, blinds, fog lamp, etc. etc.

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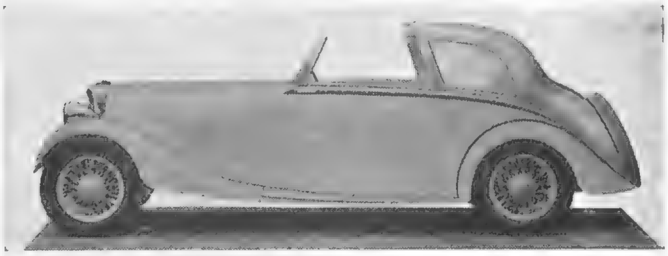
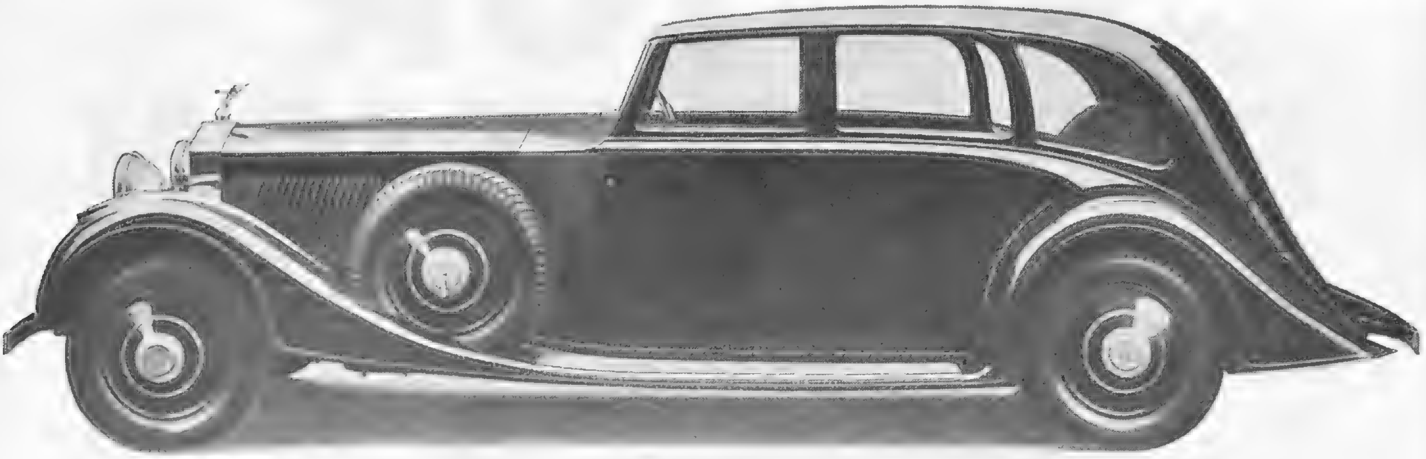


3½ litre Bentley Coupé de Ville

AT OLYMPIA STAND NUMBER 35



THIS striking Rolls-Royce will be seen on the Barker stand. It is a 40/50 h.p. model and the Barker Saloon Limousine coachwork is cellulosed black, with a waist-line moulding of stainless steel

with our varying climate. This is hardly surprising; since all-weather coachwork is continually being made more efficient, handier, and more pleasing to the eye.

Perhaps the best known firm specialising in this sort of coachwork is Messrs. George Salmons. Everyone has heard of their "Tickford" Saloon, which is converted into a touring car form by the winding round of a single handle. The mechanism is perfectly reliable, and Messrs. Salmons claim that rattles have been completely eliminated.

More recently, the market for convertible coachwork has been invaded with notable success by Messrs. Oxborrow and Fuller. This firm has specialised in building an all-weather body which looks its best when it is opened, unlike other types which are best seen when closed.

The secret of this, as Messrs. Oxborrow and Fuller have realised, is to see to it that the hood lies really flat when it is lowered. This, of course, is easier said than done, especially when one is dealing with a hood of the substantial sort, such as a satisfactory all-weather body must have. In this case, it has been found possible to make the hood lie quite horizontally, without any cant-up at all, and the result is very pleasing indeed to the eye.

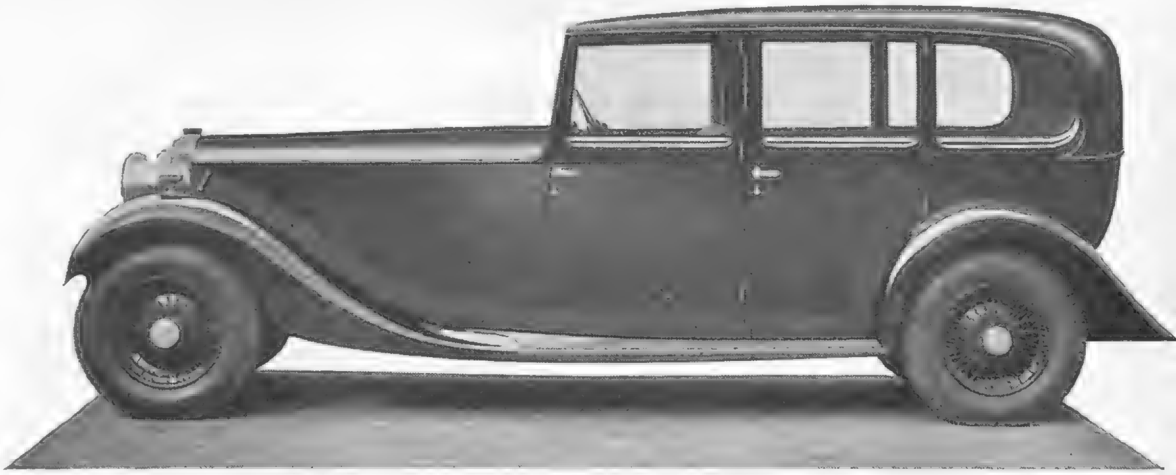
I hasten to add that the Oxborrow and Fuller body is decidedly handsome also when it is closed, besides being creditably rattle-free. Its virtues when open are stressed, simply because such virtues are less common.

While thinking of coachwork, we must naturally not forget that very attractive branch of the motoring and coachbuilding industry—the making of trailer caravans. There will be caravans on view at Olympia; and it is safe to forecast that their luxury and wealth of equipment will vastly astonish those who have omitted to keep track of recent progress in the matter of caravanning.

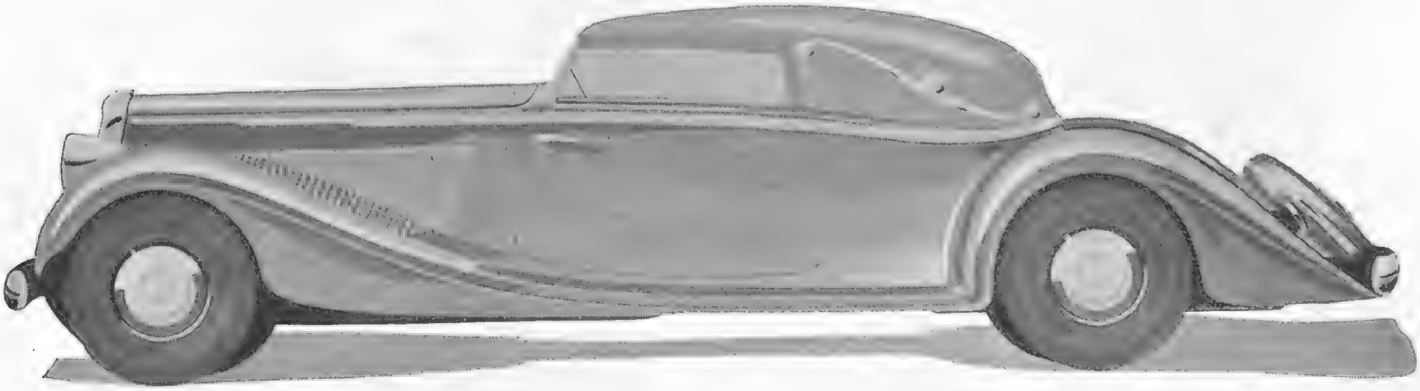
It is a far cry now from the days when a caravan was simply a shelter on wheels, with some primitive towing device attached. The modern trailer caravan is a distinctly good-looking vehicle, which is very carefully shaped so as to conform to the latest ideas of what is attractive in coachwork, while taking up only a limited space on the road. The end portions of such a caravan are rounded, with a more gradual curvature behind, although great care has been taken to see that the amount of head-room throughout is sufficiently ample.

IN particular, the Eccles caravans are likely to cause many a motorist to break the Tenth Commandment. One of these, known as the "Model 60," is really very reasonably priced at £175. It is no exaggeration to describe it as a little house on wheels, possessing everything (except perhaps a full-length bath!) which a proper house ought to have. Four people can sleep on board in two compartments and—so well has space been utilised—can stow all their belongings neatly about them.

Any car of medium power can comfortably tow a caravan of this sort, and no special skill—only a little practice—is required of the driver. There is an even more luxurious model, known as the "Road Nymph," which sells at varying prices from £240 upward.



AN ideal town carriage, providing an exceptional amount of seating space. This handsome limousine has been built by Messrs. Park Ward on a 32 h.p. Daimler chassis



A SIX-CYLINDER 3½ litre Hotchkiss Paris Nice type fitted with a drophead coupé body de grand luxe by Henri Chapron of Paris

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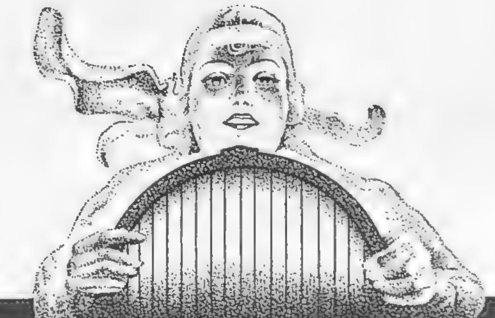

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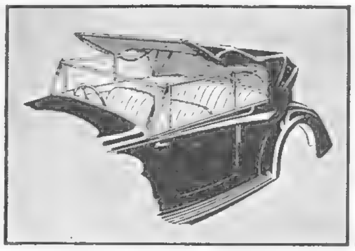

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Many people winter abroad with their Eccles Caravans. Quite apart from the saving which, of course, is very considerable, the satisfaction of taking their homes with them is immense. This, then, is as good a time as any to buy your new Eccles—especially as our 1936 models are now becoming available. Alternatively the winter is the best—and cheapest—time to let us build you an "Eccles Special" for spring delivery. Write us for information.

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What *to* See *on* *the* Gallery Stands

Concerning Those All-important Accessories

SHELL-MEX & B.P. LTD

This attractive display will be staged at Olympia by Messrs. Shell Mex and B.P. The chemical expert on duty will be delighted to explain to any motorist the exacting tests used to ensure the absolute purity of all Shell products

WHEN one has seen all the new cars which are on view at Olympia, and all the possible varieties of coachwork, it is still true to say that one has only viewed one aspect of current motoring development. There are a great many firms which manufacture neither cars nor coachwork, but which, none the less, make vital contributions, year by year, to the well-being of the whole motoring community.

For example, the latest improved grades of oil are quite essential to the satisfactory running of modern engines. A talk with an oil expert on this subject is very illuminating; and I hear that several experts will be available on the Wakefield stand in the Grand Hall Gallery. Naturally, these men will be largely concerned with explaining the merits of the new Patent Castrol engine oils; but they will be glad to discuss with any motorist any sort of lubrication problem.

BOTH petrol and oil will be featured on the stand of the Anglo-American Oil Co. It is a pity that so many people are inclined to take these commodities for granted; for actually there is a great deal to be learned about them, as the enquiring visitor will soon discover. The petrol in this case is Esso, and the oil Essolube—both of which have a firmly established reputation.

Where petroleum products are concerned, of course, no one doubts that "you can be sure of Shell." We may feel equally sure that Messrs. Shell Mex and B.P. will have a truly interesting display at Olympia; for there will be a staff of chemists on their stand, using real laboratory equipment. Demonstrations will be given of the various strict tests, whereby the absolute purity of Shell petrols and oils is ensured.

The stand of the National Benzole Co. is another which should certainly be visited. Here we shall be reminded that National Benzole is derived from British coal, and that National Benzole Mixture is the only popular fuel to be produced in this country from such a source. That it gives excellent results will be proved, if proof is needed, by a display of photographs, showing the racing and other successes gained recently by cars having this fuel in their tanks.

MESSRS. JOSEPH LUCAS will be showing accessories of all descriptions, including many useful novelties. The new Lucas Screen Spray will appeal, for instance, to a great number of drivers. This projects a jet of water against the windscreen, thereby loosening dust and dirt which the wiper alone is unable to tackle. One can well imagine a device of this nature becoming eventually a standard fitting.

Sparking plugs are items of interest to all who are concerned with motoring, and at the Lodge stand sparking plug experts will be on duty throughout the exhibition. General advice on sparking plug problems may be had for the asking, and there will be a full display of Lodge plugs, such as are fitted as standard by many well-known manufacturers. An interesting specimen will be the new Lodge radio screened plug, designed specially for those cars equipped with wireless.

A range of sparking plugs backed by wide racing and general experience will be the feature of the K.L.G. stand. Here again—and this is a pleasant feature at many of the Gallery stands at Olympia—there will be experts available who will be genuinely glad to put their special knowledge at the service of visiting motorists.

EXHIBITS of the latest type of tyres should be of great interest this year, owing to the great strides that have lately been made in tyre construction. In this connection, motorists should make a point of seeing the new India "100 per cent. Tyre," for which very striking claims are made. It is a development of the India "Speed Special" tyre, which has gained an enviable reputation in previous years, having been chosen as standard original equipment for the 3½ litre Bentley on account of its good all-round qualities.

On the Avon Stand, the chief feature will naturally be the remarkable "Duo-Tread" Avon tyre. This has a tread of exceptional thickness, which is pierced laterally by holes at regular intervals. When the tyre is first used, these holes have a cooling effect, besides increasing the tyre's resilience. Later, when the outside tread wears down, these holes appear on the surface as grooves, and provide a brand-new road-gripping pattern. Thus the "Duo-Tread" tyre never wears smooth, and can be used safely to the very end of its long life.

Messrs. David Mosely and Sons will have an interesting display, for this firm manufactures not only tyres but also the well-known Mosely "Float-on-Air" pneumatic upholstery. The latest Mosely tyre is known as the "Cresta" model, and has a deeply moulded tread which will retain its non-skid properties for many thousands of miles. The "Float-on-Air" upholstery is now of improved pattern, and is calculated to provide an exceptional degree of seating comfort.

A New Feature, drawing your attention to Reputable Advertised Products, to whose merits we are glad to give Editorial Endorsement

We Confidently Recommend...

A GOOD toilet soap is not an extravagance; it is a necessity, for the purer the soap the longer it lasts. A cheap soap can play havoc with a sensitive skin.

Yardley's soaps are well known to all who appreciate really exclusive toilet preparations, and the range includes such tried favourites as lavender, verbena, Cologne, orange blossom and oatmeal.

Now they have just produced a new one, "Fern" bath soap, which, as its name implies, has a delightfully fresh, evasive perfume reminiscent of the close-to-earth aroma of fresh ferns. It is curved to fit the palm of the hand and the price is 6s. for a box of six large bath tablets—which is cheap for such an excellent product.

Beware 'Flu

WITHOUT wishing to be pessimistic, it is almost a foregone conclusion that many of us cannot expect to get through the drab days of the coming months free from influenza, colds, tonsilitis and other winter ailments whose germs seem to flourish when we are devitalised by fogs, frosts, north winds and rain.

It is a good idea, therefore, to buoy ourselves up by taking a good tonic as a preventive measure, and when there is such a very pleasant and inexpensive one as Phosferine Tonic Wine, this is really no hardship. Its medicinal qualities enrich the blood and tone up and revitalise the whole system, and they are so well hidden as to make this wine really palatable. A large bottle costs 3s. 9d. and can be bought at most good chemists, stores and wine merchants.

A Healthy Beverage

THE value of lemon barley water, both as a refreshing drink and as a promoter of good health, is generally recognised and heartily endorsed by the medical profession. So it is small wonder that there is an ever-increasing demand for this beverage. In order to meet this demand, Foster Clark, the manufacturers of that popular favourite, Eiffel Tower Lemonade, have now marketed an Eiffel Tower Concentrated Lemon Barley.

It is quickly and easily made and an 8½d. bottle will provide 30 tumblers of delicious lemon barley water. After mixing the powder only two tablespoonfuls of syrup are necessary to make a whole tumblerful by the simple addition of cold water.

Figure Contro

DURING the summer months many of us are apt to discard any form of figure control. Consequently, when the cooler weather arrives and we try to struggle into some of last year's things, we are painfully conscious of having spread, and at once make firm resolutions to corset ourselves properly from now onwards in order to remedy this condition.

Whatever your figure you will find a Berlei that will mould you on the correct lines, for this firm has realised that every woman's proportions are true to one of five figure types, each of which has a definite beauty of its own if properly controlled.

Their free booklet, "They Move in Beauty," shows the fashion trends of the moment and illustrates the very latest Berlei models. The "Edwardian" corset, one of their very newest, is particularly interesting, for it shows how clever cutting can give just as much control and support as the uncomfortable and restricting boning of the past.

Toilet Luxuries

A GLANCE through Dubarry's new catalogue is really most demoralising. Toilet luxuries are things which few women can resist, and when they are so temptingly displayed in exquisite colour reproduction it is good-bye to pin money for many weeks to come.

The bath crystals offer endless choice and are delightfully named—"The Heart of a Rose," "A Bunch of Violets," "Golden Morn," "Rapture," "The Blue Lagoon"—if you cannot make up your mind which to select you can buy a box of "Iridessa" Bath Crystals containing six glass tubes of assorted perfumes.

Each tube contains enough for one or two baths and the box costs 3s. Bath dusting powder in the same perfumes is packed in most decorative boxes, with or without bath puffs, for 4s. and 3s. respectively.

The new Dubarry Vanity Boxes are particularly attractive both in design and price, and the "Baby-Jack" is sure to be popular, for it is a sifter box for loose powder fitted with a puff and unbreakable metal mirror—and all for 1s. 6d.

If you wish to see for yourself all the tempting toilet luxuries this firm has to offer write here for a copy of this new catalogue: it is free.

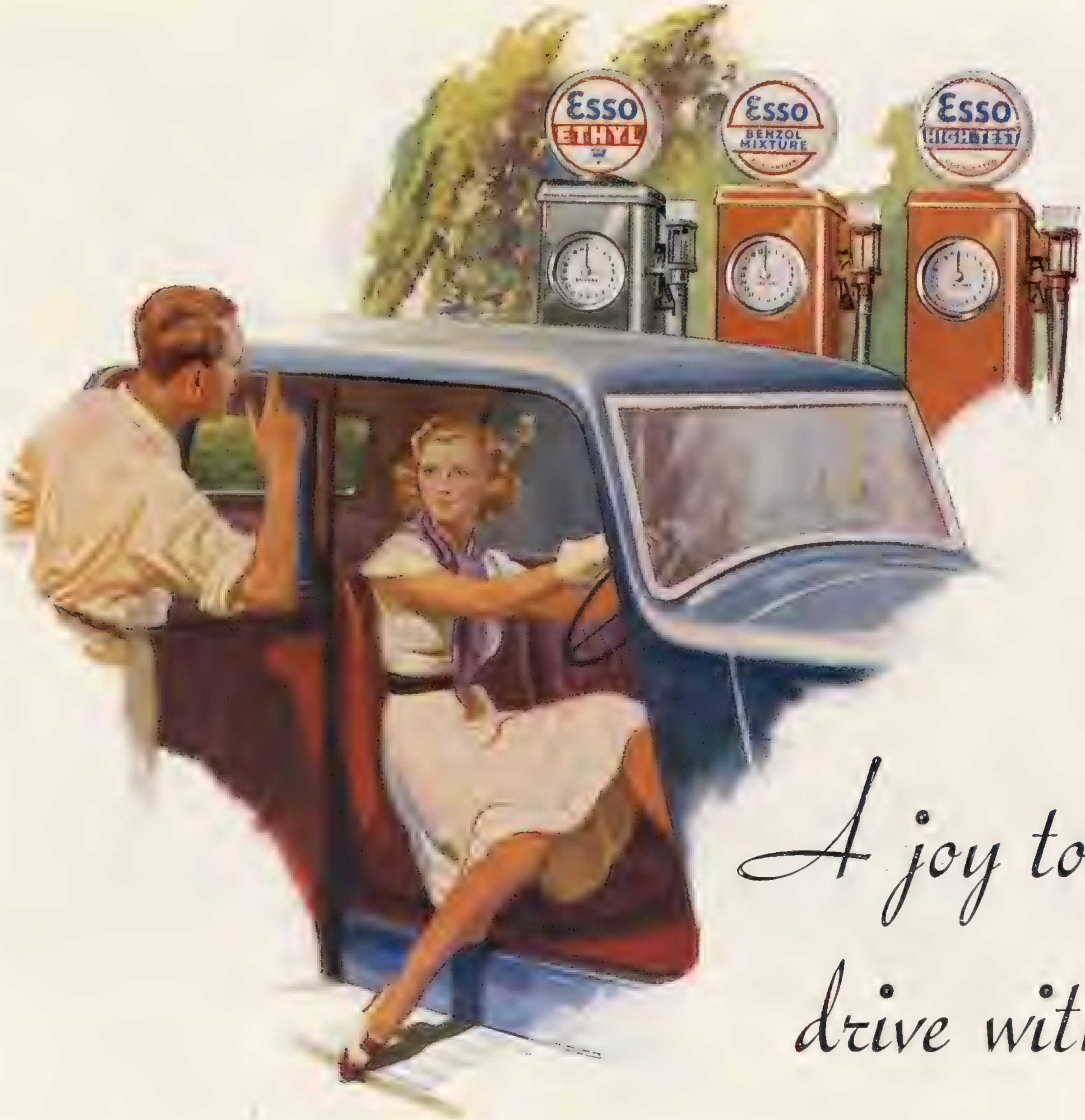
Then there is the "Extensor" Powdrette for the handbag. This contains both powder and rouge compact with two puffs. When the powder tray is drawn forward it gives access to the rouge beneath. The neat little box in gold finish metal is only two inches across. Price 2/6. The compact powder is available in rachel and naturelle with rouge in harmonising tints.

"Evening in Paris"

THOUGH, at the present time, there is an almost unending range of perfumes from which we can make our choice, most of us who are at all fastidious are agreed that we should avoid mixing our toilet preparations and adhere as closely as possible to one perfume throughout the whole range of beauty aids.

Bourjois have made this easy for us, for their popular "Evening in Paris" series comprises powder, perfume, powder cream, vanishing cream and lipstick, all redolent of the same distinctive, yet never blatant, perfume. The powder is delightfully fine, and is made in all the best shades. All the preparations are packed in attractive blue and silver containers.

"Evening in Paris," Bourjois' delightfully perfumed series of beauty aids in attractive blue and silver containers.



A joy to drive with

THE NEW ESSO PETROLS give you a new thrill in acceleration, more miles per gallon, and better climbing than ever. They are a revelation in anti-knock. Esso Ethyl, for example, gives knockless running in engines of the highest compression, and astonishing top-gear performance in all cars.

ESSO ETHYL . ESSO HIGH TEST . ESSO BENZOL MIXTURE

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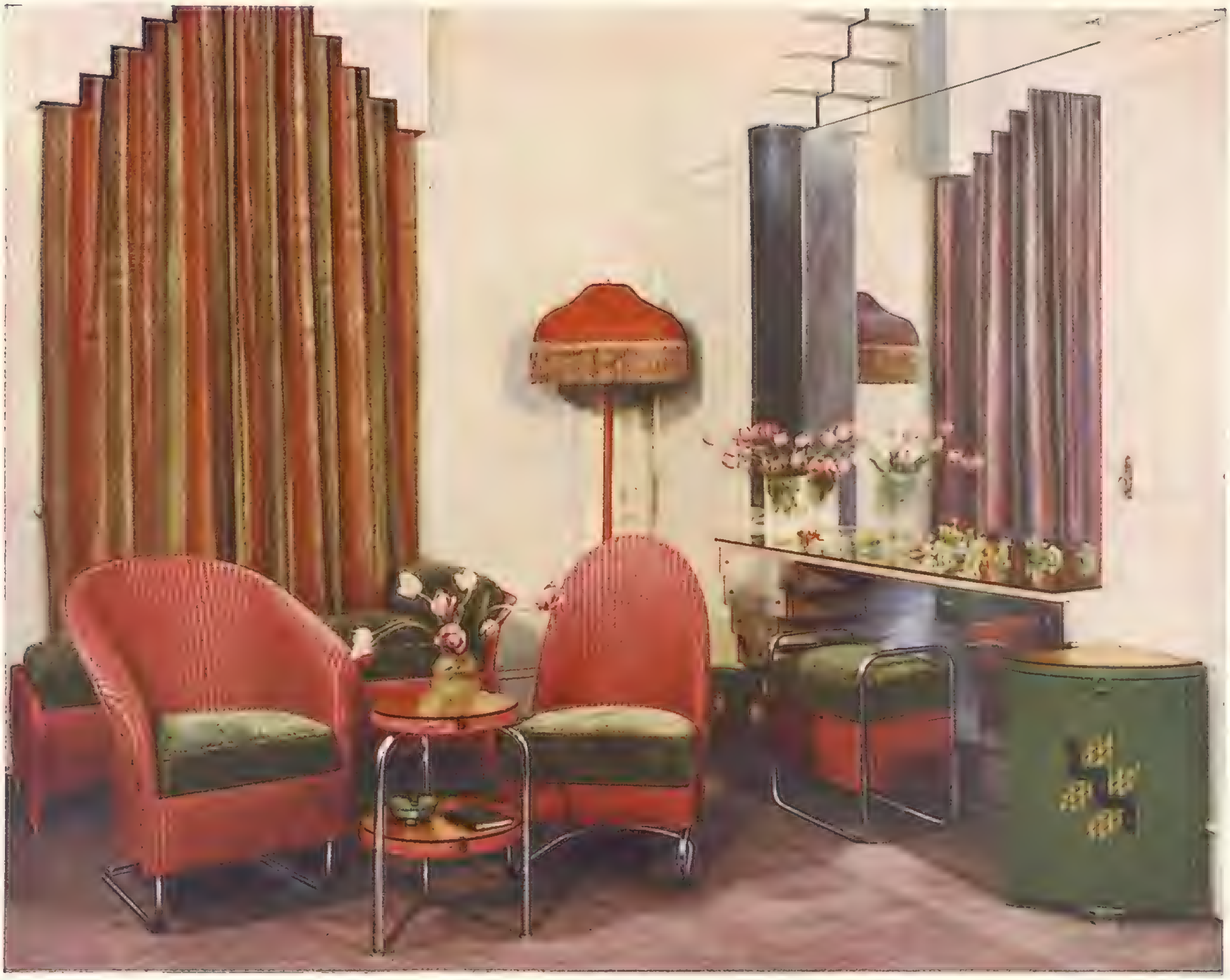

A PICTURE OF CHARM

Lloyd Loom is rightly called the fashionable furniture. It furnishes the lounges of the finest hotels, the suites of the latest luxury liners, and the rest rooms of the most exclusive clubs—in fact, it is to be found wherever furnishing is correct. Yet Lloyd Loom is not expensive. Chairs are priced as low as 25/-.

The colourful picture of the Lloyd Loom suite illustrated is taken by a natural colour process. The Lloyd Loom fibre combines beautifully with the striking simplicity of Chromium-plated Tubular Steel framing. Modernity is achieved without sacrifice of comfort and charm.

Lloyd Loom deserves a place in your home. The range includes over 400 models—all obtainable in 34 standard colours. Call at one of the 8,000 shops, or write for Free Art Catalogue to-day.

Prices of models in the foreground from left to right: Lloyd Loom Chair No. T.B. 6308, from 72/-; Lloyd Loom Table No. T.20, from 42/6; Lloyd Loom Chair No. T.B. 8319, from 56/-; Stool No. T.8 from 58/6, and the Linen Basket C.F. 12BX with K.C.7 decoration and 'Lustoid' Glass top, from 33/6. At back, Lloyd Loom Day Bed No. 8318, from 125/-; and Lamp Standard No. L.1, from 76/-.

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WOVEN FIBRE FURNITURE

W. LUSTY & SONS, LTD., BURNS WORKS, BROMLEY-BY-BOW, LONDON, E.3

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 49)

Thus runs the contemporary document prescribing penances for the leaders of the State:

"When the man fasts, let him distribute to all God's poor all the entertainment which he himself should have enjoyed, and let him lay aside all worldly business for the three days of fasting, and frequent the church night and day, as oft as possible, and watch there with alms-light, and call on God, and pray earnestly for forgiveness, with weeping and wailing, and often kneel before the sign of the cross; and sometimes prostrating himself on the ground.

"And let the man diligently learn to shed tears from the eyes, and to weep for his sins; and let him feed as many poor as possible for those three days, and on the fourth day let him bathe them all, and distribute provender and money; and in his own person make satisfaction for his sins, by washing their feet.

"And let the masses be said for him this day, as many as can possibly be procured; and at the time of the masses let absolution be given to him, and then let him go to housel, unless he be yet involved in so much guilt, as that he ought not to receive it; at least let him promise that he will always from that time forth do the will of God, and desist from the contrary, by the divine help; that he will retain Christianity, and wholly abandon all heathenism; and rectify mind and manners word and work, with all diligence; that he will advance all that is right, and destroy all that is wrong, through the help of God, as earnestly as he can. And he who performs what he promises to God does it to the best advantage in his own person.

"This is that softening of penance which belongs to wealthy men, and such as abound in friends; but one in a lower condition cannot make such dispatch; but, therefore, he must pursue it in his own person with the greater earnestness. And it is most righteous that every one revenge his own crimes on himself by diligent satisfaction, for it is written, 'Every one shall bear his own burden.'"

It is stated in the same code that "infirm men may redeem their fasting," and it is shown how this may be done: "One day's fasting may be redeemed with a penny, or with two hundred psalms. A year's fasting may be redeemed with thirty shillings, or with freeing a slave that is worth that money.

"A man for one day's fasting may sing Beati six times, and six times Pater Noster. And for one day's fasting, let a man bow down to the ground with Pater Noster sixty times. And a man may redeem one day's fasting, if he will prostrate himself on all his limbs to God in prayer, and, with sincere grief and sound faith, sing fifteen times Miserere mei Deus, and fifteen times Pater Noster; and than his penance for the whole day is forgiven him.

"A man may complete seven years' fasting in twelve months, if he sing every day a psalter of psalms, and another in the night, and fifty in the evening; with one mass twelve days' fasting may be redeemed; and with ten masses four months' fasting may be redeemed; and with thirty masses twelve months' fasting [may be redeemed] if a man will intercede for himself, and confess his sins to the shrift (with a sincere love of God), and make satisfaction as He directs, and diligently cease from them for ever."

These are the "penalties" inflicted upon one of the most vicious sensualists that ever shamed a European throne. Yet, the historians agree, the public was satisfied.

The rest of Dunstan's life shows that he was a great statesman, a clever diplomatist of the school of the unborn Machiavelli. He was a Jesuit before his time: ready to submit the means to the end. He enriched the church. He protected the country from many troubles, but the story of Edwy and Elgiva; the many instances of the cruel severity; the fantastic leniency he showed to Edgar reveal the way in which prejudice had killed in his heart any sense of humanity and justice.

If God is love, are the enemies of love enemies of God? For what does the halo of a saint stand?

Holiness, patience, kindliness, humanity? Yet Dunstan's is not the least brilliant in the host of the saints: undimmed by his history.

END

Sister Act

(*Continued from page* 35)

and Stardom, and then there had been bitterness and tears. And some acts had experienced bitterness and tears because they had not split, but gone on, long after they were old-fashioned, doing the same double turn.

Oh, the problems of the unknown acts and the small time turns! You do not know them. The public seldom hears.

WELL, Minnie fell ill one day. She had a turn. It was a strange happening that made, that very night, a London manager go into a smallish music-hall at a seaside town, and scan, almost patronisingly, the artists' names as he took a seat in a box. No, he wasn't going to be bored. To him a show was always a show, and if he wasn't in a theatre he wasn't anywhere.

He did not know that poor Minnie was feeling very bad that night, all through her Sister turn. She went through her routine, more mechanically than she had ever done. Perhaps it was for that reason that the manager noticed Binnie.

"Heavens, that girl's got Personality," he said. "She's got It." He used a word often translated into "S.A.," which does not mean South Africa but Sex Appeal.

And so it was—he was used to taking chances, and he could see further than most managers could—that he went round and, when he saw Binnie, made her an offer.

"Oh, no, I can't take it," said Binnie. She said that in her Gladys Cooper voice. "I've got a sister, you know. We're an Act," she went on, mimicking Mrs. Pat. "We're nothing without the Act, either of us." The last sentence was a Martin-Harvey bit.

And, somehow, as she changed her style, she seemed to change herself.

"Don't you do imitations on the stage?" asked the manager.

"It's only a gag," said Binnie.

"Oh, Binnie, it's marvellous," put in Minnie. "It's always a scream. You know"—and she turned to the manager—"she can do lots of things we don't put in the Act."

It was at supper that the manager repeated his offer, raised it. Binnie's personality grew on him.

"I'll give you £100 a week and an option," he said.

And it was Minnie who made her take it.

"Binnie, I want a rest," she said. "You go on your own. We'll join up again when the show is through."

Late into the night the sisters talked and argued. It was Binnie who didn't want to go. It was Minnie who forced her. And so "The Welcome Sisters" were at last split up.

I WONDER if you remember the night they put on "Fluffy Girl." Stage folk will talk of it for years. The public have shorter memories.

It was at the Pantagon, a theatre better known to the great public than the young Smart folk who now dictate the policies of West End theatres and choose the stars. The provinces all know the Pantagon. They go to it whenever they are in town. The Cocktail Set seldom do. They pass it on their way to a cabaret but scarcely look at the crowds pouring out.

Well, they are not much to look at as a rule, just ordinary folk, but the mainstay of the theatre, after all. They are the people who, until actors and (*Continued on page* 92)

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

She's found the secret of gaiety!

Once she used to be dull and depressed. Now her cheery smile and high spirits make her welcome everywhere. And the reason is—she keeps *regular*. Not by taking drugs or pills. Not she! Her secret is two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily.

How simple and pleasant it is to keep free from constipation the ALL-BRAN way! Just two tablespoonfuls of this delicious cereal daily with cold milk or cream. No cooking required. For Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies the exercise your intestines need—and purifies the blood as well. All grocers sell ALL-BRAN.

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Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION
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actresses forgot themselves and went West End, and the authors did too, were the backbone of the Theatre.

The audience saw, on the programme, the name of Glory Gleeson.

"One of those Americans, I suppose," they said. For the manager, wise in his generation, had not boomed his new artiste. He had put on a show, had counted on it, in case the star failed. He had a good supporting cast. He had spent a lot on the scenery, and it was the sort of show that, at the Pantagon, always succeeded.

It was all about—you know—a rich young man and a poor young woman. The poor young woman fell in love with the rich young man, but did not dare to tell anybody, of course. And the rich young man was afraid she loved him for his money, and so. . . . It never goes wrong, even when it is good.

Poor Glory! No, it was really poor Binnie. She had been through six weeks of rehearsals, which she had never known since her earliest days. She had been shouted at. She had been screamed at. She had been looked down on by artists whose names were known.

"Who is this Glory Gleeson, anyway?" they had said to one another.

And, every night, she had gone home to Minnie, who was always waiting up, tired though she was. She seemed to get more tired every night. But still she would wait.

"Tell me about it, Binnie," she would say.

"I'm Glory now," Binnie would answer, in her Mrs. Pat voice. "It's a far far better thing I go to do now," this in the Martin-Harvey style. "We'll soon be the Act again, old girl."

She would say that nearly every night. And Minnie would try to smile.

"It was a good Act. And it's better than the West End, anyway."

Minnie was in a box, on the first night of "Fluffy Girl," long before the theatre was full.

"You want to come, darling," Binnie had said.

And so, ill though she felt, Minnie had dressed herself and gone along, high hopes in her heart, but hopes of all kinds. How wonderful it would be if Binnie succeeded! And yet, how happy they would be if they could do their Act again.

Well, you all know Glory Gleeson now. Audiences really get tired, you know, faithful though they are, of the same old faces on the stage. They applaud a star and get excited. But it is often just their decent kindness. Really, they like something new.

And Glory, when she appeared, looked so new and so sweet and so demure. Really, it was the fear inside her all the time. But they did not know that. And from the very first moment they took her to their hearts.

It was a Glory Gleeson night. Glory made her "noises" during a song, going off into all sorts of weird burlesques of a prima donna. She did imitations of the newest film stars.

But it wasn't that, so much. She was obviously such a nice girl—and she was new. Up against the background of the same old situations, which they knew, and contrasted with the same old jokes, which they had heard before, here at least was a novelty. The music sounded the same as it did in the last show in the same theatre. But Glory was marvellous!

The excitement grew as the evening went on. And Minnie, at the back of her small box, revelled in the wonder of it. But there were tears ever in her happiness. . . .

Poor Binnie! She was happy, that night, beyond degree, and yet she hated it. She was thinking of Minnie in her box, and the Act. And—do you know?—it was the memory of the Act and the thought of Minnie that showed itself in her work.

"What shall I say to Minnie?"

That was the thought in her mind, whenever she was off, as she was changing, during the interval—yes, and when she stood in the wings.

And, in the box, the other half of the Act sat and wondered at a new Binnie, one that, in all the years of the Act, she had never seen before. While she sat there she thought of "The Welcome Sisters," the small name on the bill. And she wondered and hoped, and yet dreaded. . . .

And, as the night went on, and as, more and more, the applause grew in volume, Minnie saw the Act further and further away. It was not an Act now, but just one Sister, a great star, and the other one forgotten.

And yet she was proud, for Binnie's sake. . . .

Then, suddenly, as the curtain fell, and a great shout went up, "Glory! Glory! Glory!" everything went dark to Minnie. She just sat there, not knowing anything. . . .

BEHIND, into Glory's dressing-room, there burst a crowd. The manager rushed in, actresses from the other dressing-rooms, and the author and composer. The conductor was there, a couple of gossip writers mixing in the throng. And you heard "Glory!" "Glory!"

"My dear, you were divine." You may not know it, but that is the thing they always say. "Marvellous" is the other word. "Divine" and "Marvellous" rang in Glory's ears.

"Where's Minnie?" she asked. . . .

They didn't know who Minnie was. The manager knew, but he wasn't thinking of the Act. He saw a year's run, and a new star. . . .

"But where's Minnie?" said Glory. "Why isn't she here?"

An American manager came in.

"My dear, I'll give you a thousand dollars a week in New York when this show's through," he said.

"Where's Minnie?" said Binnie—not Glory, the star, but Binnie, the small-town Sister, thinking of the Act.

The chatter went on, and the congratulations. And someone sent for champagne. . . .

Just then, a commissionaire came in, looking awed, as though afraid. He made his way to the manager and whispered in his ear.

"Good God!" Binnie heard.

"What's wrong?" she said. "Tell me! Tell me!"

The manager led her from the dressing-room. He took her round to the box where Minnie had been sitting.

And there, in the darkness, they saw a little figure, all crumpled up . . . a little white hand leaning down . . . a programme clutched in the fingers.

It was the other half of the Act. Minnie had solved her own problem . . . and Binnie's. . . .

An Act was dead. But a New Star was born. . . .

END

Twilfit Regd.
for figure loveliness

• Made in England
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MODEL 02931BR.
A new style TWILFIT CORSELET of Tea Rose Art. Silk Broche, invisibly boned. The bust section is designed to uplift and support the pendulous bust.
Bust Sizes 36 to 42 ins. 3 gns.

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Manufacturers: Leethems (Twilfit) Ltd. Arundel Factory, Portsmouth

Let "RANEE" read your character from your Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply*.

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

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Le Parfum Idéal, Quelques Fleurs,
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and of so many other
universally appreciated perfumes

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maintain unaltered
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An easily-digested combination of rich, fresh milk, whole wheat and vital Vitamin D.

Allenburys Diet is so brimful with delicious, rich, creamy goodness that it makes the ideal food beverage for all the family. It is equally good for young and old as well as invalids because there is *nothing better* for building up health, strength and joyous vitality. It is easily made and more easily digested than milk alone. Try Allenburys Diet instead of *your* usual supper-time beverage—then change back if you can!

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The Odyssey *of the* Great White Owl

(*Continued from page* 33)

huge bear. The bears he had seen hitherto were white, and this one was black. But bears had always seemed to him the rulers of the world. He was greatly impressed, and swerved eastward to give the camp a wide berth. He found that the men were noisy folk, shouting and forever knocking loudly on the trees with axes, so he had no difficulty in avoiding them.

Another day he came across a moose family, a giant blackish-brown bull with a cow and two calves, strolling up and down their deep-trodden path in the snow. These great creatures were busy pulling down the branches of trees and feeding on the twigs. They did not look at all dangerous, so the white owl paid them small heed. On the very edge of one of their paths, he struck down a little, fat, rosy-headed pine grosbeak and bolted it whole. And the great moose only waved his ears at him.

Throughout the later stages of his journeying he had frequently seen a squat black-and-white animal either curled upon the crotch of a hemlock or gnawing with long, yellow teeth at the tender bark of the branches. He had never seen a porcupine before, and though he was not hungry, he was curious. When he flapped lazily near to investigate, he saw that the porcupine seemed quite unconcerned and went on eating, merely glancing at him out of two little twinkling dark eyes. But at the same time it seemed to grow suddenly to twice its former dimensions; and what had appeared to be its fur revealed itself as an alarming array of sharp spears. The great owl concluded that the porcupine was a formidable animal and obviously not designed to furnish him with a meal.

One day, however, a porcupine afforded him a stimulating adventure. A big fellow was just ambling across an open glade, where the snow lay deep and smooth. The owl, sitting on a pine branch just above, saw a slim, gold-brown shape of menace slip from the underbrush and dart straight for the porcupine. The latter stopped instantly, crouched with its head tucked in between its forepaws, erected all its needle-pointed spears, and began lashing out savagely with its stubby, well-armed tail, which was just a bunch of needles. But the fisher is the only hunting-beast that has no fear of a porcupine. This fisher was no exception. He darted up alongside of his intended victim, keeping beyond reach of that lashing tail, and started burrowing into the snow so as to come up beneath its unprotected belly.

Now the great white owl was no altruist, and he cared not a whit for the fate of the porcupine. But he loathed—and feared the fisher. Here was too good a chance to be missed. He swept from his branch. Only the fisher's hindquarters were in view. Into these he sank his knife-edged talons murderously, dragged the yellow killer forth in his onward swoop, and dropped him, screeching with rage and anguish, fairly on top of all those dagger points. Then he soared back to his perch, well pleased with himself. The fisher, stuck full of quills as a pincushion with pins, limped away into the under brush to rid himself of the torturing barbs as best he could. And the porcupine, grunting and squeaking with relief, made all haste to climb into the tallest tree, trembling at his narrow escape.

Shortly after this very satisfactory adventure, the great owl arrived at the shores of the St. Lawrence. He struck it at a steep and desolate spot some distance east of Tadousac. Far away to the south, across a waste of turbulent waves and plunging ice-floes, he could just make out the low line of the southern shore, coppery red in the last of the sunset. That shore, he felt at once, was just where he longed to be. He pounced upon an unwary cock partridge, hurriedly dismembered and bolted it, feathers and all, and set forth across the flood.

It was a wide, flat shore where he landed, with gradual hills far in the background, some of them well covered with forest, others almost bare. Here and there, along between the line of high tide and the uplands, were scattered cottages with lights beginning to shine in their windows. These cottages the white owl intended to avoid, and to make for the wooded uplands away from the works of men. But first of all he was hungry. The tide was out, far out across the flats. He flew low over the bare rocks and stranded ice-cakes, foraging eagerly. There were doubtless a few fish stranded in the pools, but the pools were frozen over. At last he caught sight of a lean rat poking about among the ice-cakes, scavenging for scraps and dead fish. The great owl scorned to eat carrion, but he did not scorn to eat the eater of carrion. He pounced upon the rat, strangled it quickly, settled down on a flat rock and made a leisurely meal. Then he flapped into the air and made off inland for those wooded hills.

These woods, when he reached them, he found to be rather open, consisting partly of fir and spruce, which he knew, and partly of naked trees wearing no foliage and affording no seclusion, which puzzled him for the moment. However, there was good hunting, and he speedily captured a fat rabbit. Having gorged himself to satiety, he lazily betook himself to a dense spruce-top for a much needed rest. Far off, resonant across the stillness, he heard a strange *Whoo-hoo, Whoo-hoo-oo-oo*, and straightened up alertly to listen. The voice sounded dimly familiar to him, as if from the throat of some distant kinsman. He presently dismissed the matter from his mind and went to sleep. He had no reason to dread the claws of any other owl that flew. But, after a few hours' rest, he seemed to decide that this, after all, was not quite the place of his dreams. He set off again resolutely toward the south.

Flying by easy stages now, for he was no longer so sharply urged by his uncomprehended restlessness, the white owl crossed the Height of Land dividing the rivers that flow into the St. Lawrence from those of the New Brunswick river systems. Coming to the Restigouche, he turned eastward and followed its snow-blanketed course to its mouth. Here he was confronted by the busy little town of Campbellton, with its chimneys and its mills; so he turned back a little way, and found in the forested wilderness behind Sugar Loaf Mountain, which overlooked the town, both good hunting and the seclusion he desired.

And here, for some mysterious reason, he felt for the time content. The *Wanderlust* which had driven him so far seemed to pass from him. The south no longer called to him. The woods were full of small game—juncos, grosbeaks, woodpeckers, chickadees, mice, rabbits and a few partridges. On the other side of Sugar Loaf, the sea, an arm of Bay Chaleur kept partly open by its tides, came right up to the wharves of the town; and by flying high above the roofs, he could reach the more remote and unfrequented shores and indulge his unowlish propensity for fishing. Furthermore, strung out along the highway from the town were many scattered farmsteads with their varied life, in which he was beginning to take an interest. The menfolk and the large animals which appeared to be associated with these places were by no means always in evidence; but there were strange-looking birds in abundance, and he thought that in case of need he might find many a good meal there.

On one of these exploring expeditions, in the daytime, he hid himself in a thicket of firs to watch the ducks and hens in a farmyard close by. Here he was espied by a crow flying up from his scavenging along the shore. The crow at once set up a wildly excited cawing which speedily summoned to his aid a flock of his fellows. With harsh clamour they thronged about the thicket, squawking the equivalent of " An Owl! An Owl! He can't see in the daylight!" And presently they began crowding into the thicket to

(*Continued on page* 96)

The Blanket with the
TRIPLE GUARANTEE

Here, at last, is the Blanket for which every home-proud woman has been waiting

'MODERNA' ALL PURE LAMB'S WOOL and

1 Won't Shrink

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We have given *five years of experiment and research* to the perfecting of a Blanket which will answer all the requirements of the most knowledgable housewife, and now—at last—we offer it so confidently that **every Blanket carries a 3-year GUARANTEE.**

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60" x 80" or 54" x 86" single bed size, 6 lbs. the pair, 17/6. 62" x 88", 7¼ lbs., 22/6 per pair. 72" x 90", medium bed, 8¼ lbs., 25/9. 84" x 92", large double-bed, 9¾ lbs., 30/-. White, Pink, Rose, Sky-Blue, Saxe-Blue, Nil-Green, Reseda, Fawn, Gold. Also in Single Blankets.

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peck at him and mob him. But they soon found that this was another kind of owl from those they knew. Suddenly, in a blazing rage, he shot forth among them, darting and slashing this way and that like a sparrowhawk till he had struck down half a dozen of his mockers. The rest scattered in horrified dismay. He quickly soothed his ruffled spirit by gorging himself with crow. Then he flew heavily back to his retreat behind the mountain.

A few days later he visited the same farmyard again. By this time he had learned that the ducks and hens of these places only showed themselves in broad daylight. Long before dark they were all safely hidden away. He paid this visit, a purposeful one, about midmorning of a windless, sunny day. He perched in a nearby tree at first, warily to survey the situation. A couple of red cows were standing idly in the yard, near the watering-trough. Some hens were basking on the strawy manure-pile. A couple of ducks were guzzling at some scraps beside the kitchen door. Near the other side of the yard a big grey hen was scratching in some straw. There were none of the dangerous menfolk in sight, and instinct told him the cows were harmless. He marked the grey hen for his own.

As he winnowed noiselessly above the yard a harsh *Kee-ce-ee Kee-eek* of warning broke from the ever-watchful red cock on the manure pile. The next moment the fat grey hen, with one squawk of panic, was flattened to the ground, throttled, and her dying struggle held down firmly as her captor proceeded to rend her limb from limb. A wild outcry arose from the hens on the manure pile; the ducks gabbled in dismay; the cows stared stupidly; and the red cock, launching himself like an avenging fury across the yard, struck the white assassin a blow which hurled him clean off his victim. Considerably startled and very indignant, the white owl righted himself and turned, with one great claw uplifted, to give battle to this puny but fierce-eyed assailant, who was now, with his beak to the ground and wings half raised, presuming to challenge him to combat. He spread his broad pinions for a pounce which was to have annihilated the presumptuous little cock. But at the same instant he heard a furious shouting behind him. He whirled and soared into the air. He saw a man rushing from the barn, waving his arms. This was something he had not bargained for. With rage in his heart he fled from that farmyard as fast as his wings could carry him. The man dashed into the kitchen, to emerge at once with a shot gun. The next moment there was a thundering report, a burst of flame and smoke. But the gun was loaded only with duck shot, and the fugitive was already almost out of range. He felt a burning stab in the tip of his last wing-joint, and faltered for a second on his flight.

Two or three bloody feathers floated away behind him. It was just a graze; but with that dreadful sound ringing in his ears it shook him with such terror as his hardy heart had never known before. He paused not in his flight till he had put many miles between himself and that incomprehensible terror, and could bury his shaken spirit in the depths of his spruce thicket behind the mountain. After that experience, he always, in his explorings, gave a wide berth to the dwellings and all the works of man.

It was a week or two after this discomfiture that an event occurred which quite reinstated him in his good opinion of himself, badly jarred by the successful defiance of the little red rooster. Frequently he had heard that hollow *Too-whoo-hoo Whoo-hoo-o-o*, at night, in the dark distance, but he had paid no attention to it, judging it to be the voice of someone of his smaller, purely nocturnal cousins. Of the great horned owl, undisputed tyrant of the night in these mid-northern woods, he had never guessed the existence. Then one brilliant day at noon, as he winnowed lazily past a dense cedar thicket, he glimpsed in the depths of it another owl, as large as himself. He flew back again to have another look. The big fellow was all hunched up, sound asleep. He was of a dark mottled grey and rusty brown, and two tall tufts of feathers stood up on top of his head like menacing horns. The great white owl took note of the horned and formidable stranger as possibly, at least by night, a foeman worthy of his steel; then he winnowed soundlessly off about his business, which for the moment was hunting partridges.

Two or three nights later, under the silver glimmer of a half-moon, he was chasing a frantic rabbit across an open space of snow. He was within ten feet of his quarry when the top of a brown stump which the rabbit was just passing came to life, shot down on wide wings, and snatched the prize from under the very talons of its pursuer.

Such was the horned tyrant's confidence in his supremacy that he never dreamed of any bird bold enough to resent this barefaced theft. But neither had he ever dreamed of the existence of the great white Arctic owl. He had just sunk his talons into the rabbit's shoulders when he was himself smothered down by buffeting wings, into his back clutched iron talons, and he was rudely torn from his prey. Those keen talons did not penetrate deeply enough through his dense armour of feathers to inflict a vital wound, but the anguish of it was bitter. As he struggled mightily to shake off his assailant a rending beak tore at one of his wing joints, partially disabling it. Convulsively he threw himself over on his back, raking upward with his claws at his adversary's belly. Instantly the white owl sprang free, hovered for a second; and while the brown bird strove to right himself, pounced again and secured a stranglehold upon the other's throat. This time there was no escaping that deadly clutch. For perhaps a minute there was a violent but futile flapping of great wings—while the wounded rabbit picked himself up and hopped feebly into the underbrush. Then the horned brown bird lay still, with his wings spread abroad on the snow. The white victor tore savagely at his throat for a second or two, to make sure of his victory. Then, scorning to feast upon a kinsman's flesh, he sat up, pruned and rearranged his ruffled feathers, and flew off to seek a meal elsewhere. No more would that intriguing *Whoo-hoo-hoo Whoo-hoo-oo-oo* haunt him in the night.

Winter had gone by, and now began to stir in the frost-bound woods a something which was not spring, but a far foretelling of spring. And a certain unease, not altogether disagreeable, began to stir in the veins of the great white owl. Visions of a flat, treeless, desolate land lit by a low moon flashed across his memory. Then one glimmering night as he winnowed the glades, hunting without much zest, he caught sight of another owl, even bigger than himself, sitting erect and motionless on the outflung branch of a pine tree, with the half-eaten body of a partridge under her claws. She was white, like himself, but heavily barred with dark grey on her head and wings. And she was hornless like himself. Her enormous moon-like eyes were fixed, and seemed to be staring beyond him as if she too had visions of a far country. He flapped slowly two or three times back and forth before her, striving to catch her attention, but she did not seem to see him.

Presently he alighted on the branch at a respectful distance from her, and bobbed his head up and down, jerkily, uttering low, choky noises in his throat. As she still paid no heed to him, lost in her dreams, he redoubled his choky chucklings and began a kind of stiff, ecstatic dance, lifting high first one claw then the other, half spreading his wings and bowing exaggeratedly. It was a most grotesque performance, but at last it seemed to melt the fair one's heart. Slowly she turned her head, and the fierce pale orbs that were her eyes flamed straight into his. This was invitation enough for him. Still bowing and chuckling he sidled along the branch till he was close against her—till in fact he almost

(*Continued on page* 98)

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about them that will
intrigue you

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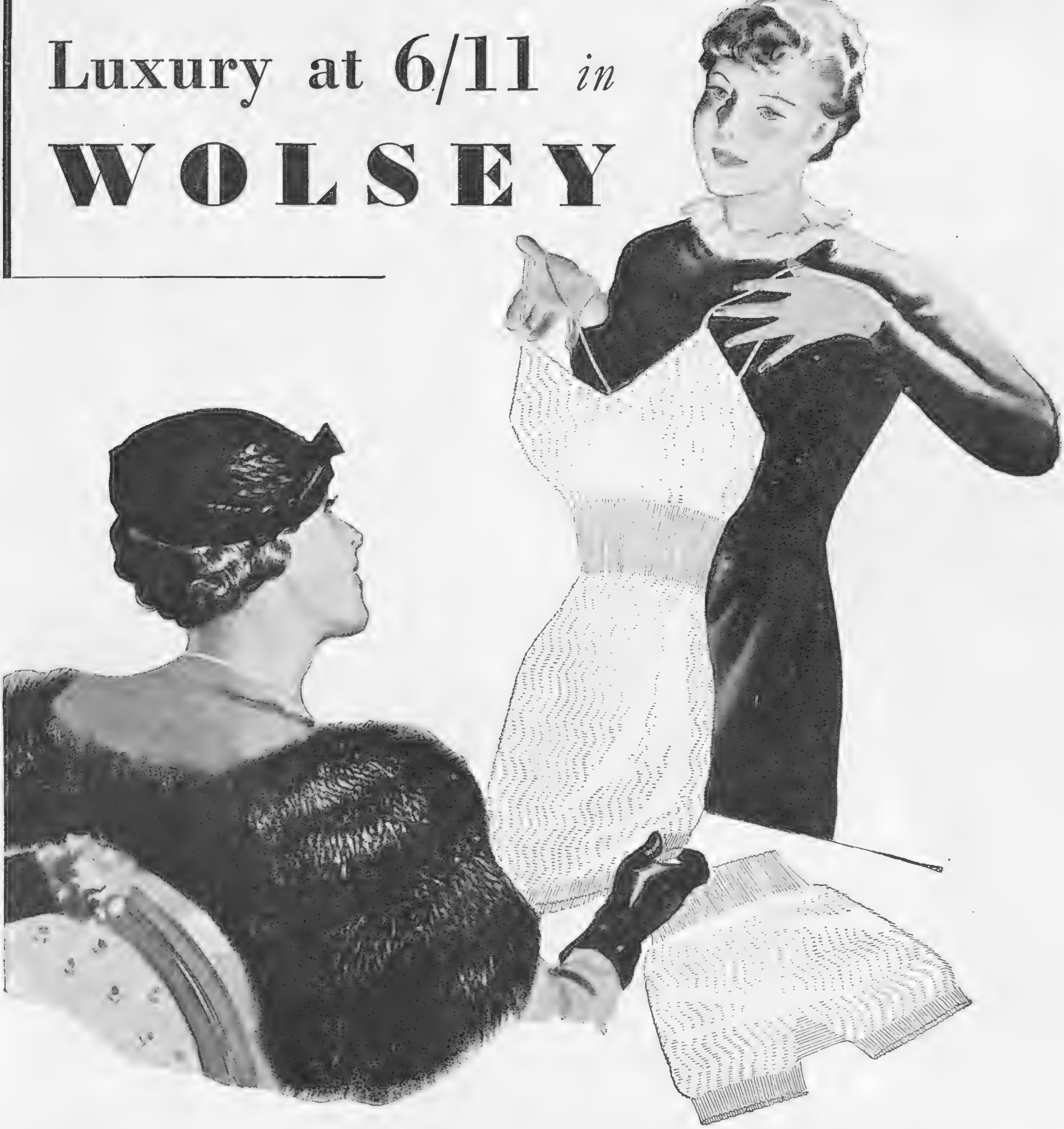

Yes, luxury. Luxury in the fine knitting, in the fit, in the feel of these sleek vest and pantie sets. Even a year ago you'd have had to pay shillings more for such quality. Pure wool, or artificial silk and wool, they show you what value *can* be got if you remember to ask for Wolsey ! There is snug ribbing at vest waist, at pantie yoke and legs. In shell, peach or white. ***And there are other sets at 3/11, 4/11, 8/11 and 10/11 a garment.***

'WYE' vest and pantie in botany wool and artificial silk. Fully-fashioned. Slenders and w. sizes.
6/11 *a garment*

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All young matron's sizes extra.

★ 'GRETA' lace-patterned soft wool combie with opera top and ribbed waist. Shell, peach or white. Slenders and w. sizes 6/11 a garment. Young matron's size extra.

You can get what you want in WOLSEY

If your usual shop cannot show you these Wolsey ranges, write to:

WOLSEY LIMITED, LEICESTER

Your lips Must Not look PAINTED!

WHERE THE SMARTEST SOCIETY WOMEN MEET YOU SEE A DEFINITE TREND TOWARD NATURAL MAKE-UP THIS YEAR

● At all Society gatherings, in the smart Restaurants, and at the Theatre you will be impressed with the fact that most women's lips have taken on a more natural appearance. That painted look is fast disappearing. It's hard to say how this trend started, but we like to think it's because more and more women are finding out about Tangee.

Tangee is that amazing new idea in lipsticks—that colours your lips without painting them, that makes you look sweet and appealing. Tangee can't give your lips that coarse "painted look" because it isn't paint! Instead it contains the magic Tangee colour-change principle that makes it change, as you use it, to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to you. No other lipstick has this Tangee colour-change principle—no other can make your lips look as lovely and natural.

Try Tangee! Two sizes 2/6 and 4/6.

For those who prefer a more vivid colour there is Tangee Theatrical, specially suitable for evening use.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New
FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee colour principle

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crowded her off her perch. The two sat or some minutes, muttering softly and clacking their black beaks together till there was a perfect understanding between them. Then, having finished together the remnants of the partridge, they swooped from the branch and sailed off into the coverts.

The following evening, about dusk, saw the two great white owls heading north. They travelled mostly at night, the female in her more southerly wanderings having learned much about men and guns. By day they hunted and rested. There was no hurry. They traversed Labrador, with adventures enough by the way to keep them interested. They crossed, once again, the grey, tossing waters of Hudson Strait. Here they were more or less at home; but they winged on, at their leisure, till at last they reached the very northernmost tip of Baffin Land; and their hunger for the north was satisfied.

Up here it was mostly daylight now, and under the long hours of sun the Arctic wastes were beginning to surge into their brief, hot life. Tender greens and tiny white and yellow and pink blossoms fringed the edges of the rocks, and the lemming-mice, food of fox and owl, squeaked about the tundra. In a shallow basin on top of a hummock which commanded a view of all the surrounding waste the two great birds established their nest, lining it, sparsely enough, with moss and dead grass and a few feathers from the female's breast. Here was laid a large white egg, much like a hen's egg, though more rounded in form, which the female at once began to brood assiduously. From time to time she would lay another egg, all the time continuing her brooding, till before the first was hatched she had eight of them in the nest. Her duties and her responsibilities increased exceedingly.

But her mate foraged for her, since she was too busy to forage for herself. He was always on guard over the nest, or within easy summons of it. His ferocity at this time was such as even the biggest fox would not care to face. But in his wild heart was no more restlessness, for he had achieved a happy ending to his quest.

End

Suspender

(*Continued from page* 39)

The drink was produced.

"Thanks! I know I was mad, but the little devil had got me guessing—aching—and she wouldn't see me, unless I wrote to her—a love letter—a real thriller, she said it must be, so I did. I had to promise that I would marry her if and when I was divorced—from my wife. I was mad—but there it is."

"When did you see her last?"

"Over a fortnight ago."

"Over a fortnight ago?" asked the lawyer, startled. "How? Why? The patchouli—the lipstick?"

"Oh!" said his client wearily, "that wasn't Fluffy—that was another one."

Something approximating to the club waiter's contempt touched the clever little Jew lawyer.

"Now listen to me," he said. "I've no illusions about you—you've been a dirty dog to your lady wife, but I'll see you through—only—mind—implicit obedience—you must do what I tell you or I'll drop the case."

"All right, I promise," said the subdued client.

"Very well! You must go away at once, for at least a month. Where can you go?"

"To Ireland—I know a few men there—and get some fishin'."

"When?"

"I'll go to-night. I'll wire one of them."

"Good!" said Izzy, "and do it openly—leave your wife a note and your address, and mention how long and everything."

"The next thing—this must be your last drink—for a month—and you mustn't indulge in your other favourite pastime either. No women, mind! I warn you. She'll have you watched day and night. She's her father's daughter. To-morrow's the end of the month. Off you go and be back on the 28th of the next. Tell her that, and telegraph to her when you are returning to London. Time of arrival—everything above board, for once."

"The 28th is a Saturday—that will give you the Sunday to see how the land lies, and you can come here on Monday morning, the 30th."

"Who knows?" Izzy concluded as a germ of hope. "*If* you can pull yourself together and behave, *if* the 'tecs can't find any evidence against you during your 'retreat,' she *might* take you back. Who knows? Good-bye and good luck."

Who knew indeed? Gwen did. She hadn't her father's chin for nothing.

While the weeks passed, and Dick was getting nearer daily to his beloved "other two," reports from the enquiry agents came with news monotonously devoid of incident, "Behaviour normal—no complications." Harry, for once, was keeping a promise.

Gwen, who saw her mother every evening, began to wonder. And when Frank was there—he dropped in now and again to "hold their hands," she said, "Was I wrong, do you think?"

"No!" said Frank. "A rotter like him is too far gone to change. He's 'foxing,' under good legal advice. He's fighting for his only visible means of support."

"Oh!" he continued, "if only we could get evidence. I've done everything but advertise for the woman or women—we can't do that. If only they would write to each other, but I suppose he's been too cunning for that. Never mind, my dears, we'll get him. We'll get him. By'ee." He shook little mother's hand, pecked Gwen on the cheek and went back to work.

An anticyclone moved north-west, in the shape of a radiogram.

"Thanks wire, coming overland arrive Victoria 19.15 Friday 27th love both. Dick."

"Ha! Now we're off! Bless him!" said Gwen, and hugged the paper to her heart.

Friday came. Gwen had been counting the days. There had been sittings of a committee of three—Frank presiding—to discuss the procedure to be followed when, on Saturday, the 28th, a prodigal husband, according to his note, was due to return, in the hope of a fatted calf. "It won't be mine!" said Gwen grinning, with her eyes as hard as her father's could be when dealing with a wife beater.

"What you've got to do when he arrives," said Frank, "is to be in your own room—and yet not at home."

"But he knows I'm 'not at home' to him."

"Don't be silly, Gwen. I know that," said he patiently. "I mean—Murphy and your Emilie must lie."

"I don't lie! I can't."

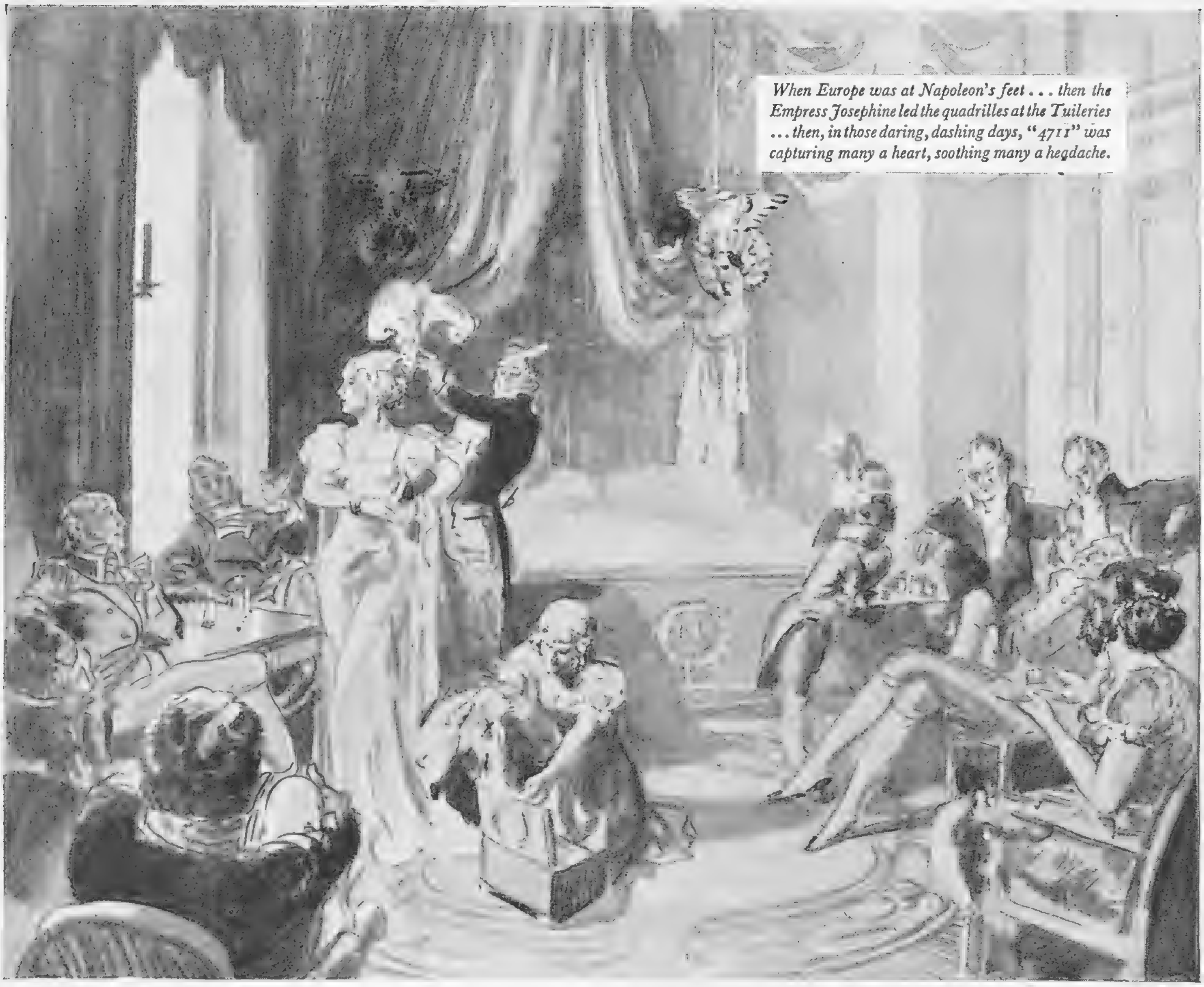
"But they can and they must," said Frank. "You keep out of it. I'll tell them. And we won't have mummie in this—come with me, Gwen." They went into another room.

"What you've got to do," he continued, "is——" It took five minutes to tell her, and at the end she said, "I get you. Oh! bless you—trust me to follow every bit," and nearly choked the good chap with a stranglehold on his neck.

Victoria at 19.15 brought big brother Richard—to be greeted with pecks on the cheek on the platform—no sob stuff—and caressed in the car by mother and Gwen as he sat between them.

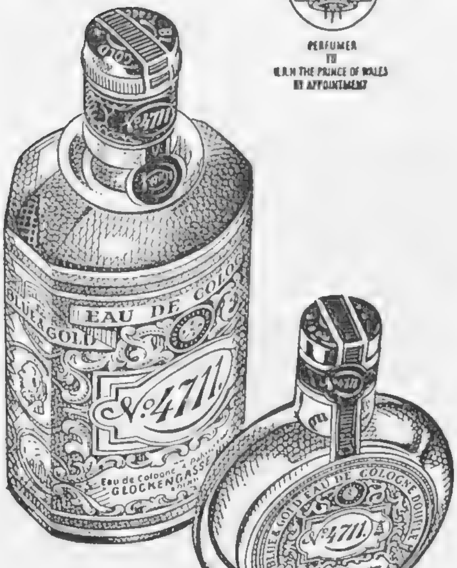
Over dinner they told him all about it—but—not all. Frank's plan was confidential for the time being. What Dick said doesn't matter, but he insisted that he should be with Gwen if and when Harry came home.

(*Continued on page* 100)



When Europe was at Napoleon's feet . . . then the Empress Josephine led the quadrilles at the Tuileries . . . then, in those daring, dashing days, "4711" was capturing many a heart, soothing many a headache.

PERFUMER
TO
H.R.H THE PRINCE OF WALES
BY APPOINTMENT



PARIS had forgotten the terror, learnt to laugh again . . . beauty returned to her throne and frivolity ruled once more . . . they took their pleasure gladly — they lived life to the full. We may not remember nowadays just what *coquetterie* may mean . . . but in "*4711*" its enchantment lingers still. As endearing as in days long past—as cooling to beauty's brow—locked in each pure drop of "*4711*" Genuine Eau de Cologne is more fragrance and sweet solace than in a spoonful of any cheap, synthetic counterfeit. Empires have passed . . . and survived . . . "*4711*" keeps its secret still.

A HINT. *After a hot bath, massage gently with "4711." It closes the pores, prevents colds.*

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gilt screw cap, 8/9 :
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By Appointment to
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

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The Spirit of Distinctive Quality

The Perfect Blend of Fine Old Scotch Whisky

"BLACK & WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY

SATURDAY brought Gwen the telegram advised by the clever little lawyer.

"Arrive Euston seven fifteen p.m. Coming straight home. Love. Harry."

"Love! What does he know about love!" said Gwen with contempt, then telephoned the news to the other "three"—that is, including Frank.

Gwen lunched and had tea at her mother's, and then about seven o'clock she and Dick went back. Emilie, the faithful and efficient Swiss maid, who adored her mistress, and was privileged to call her Madam, instead of the more formal method of address, received them. She was excited.

"Oh! Madam!" she said. "I have something to tell you! Someone rang up at half-past six and asked for—for 'him.' It was a woman's voice."

"Gee!" said Dick, "That may be ——"

"Quiet! old man. Now, Emilie, let me have the story, and take your time—let's all sit down."

Emilie gladly sat down, and continued.

"She asked, 'Is that Sir Henry ——'s house?' and I said 'No! but he lives here.' Was that right, Madam?"

"Fine!" laughed Gwen. "I couldn't have made a better reply myself. Go on."

"And then she said, 'Can I speak to him, please?' and I said 'No, he's not at home,' and she seemed to choke at the 'phone, and then I said, 'Will you give me your name, please, and your telephone number, and then I will ask Sir Henry to telephone to you.'"

Emilie paused for breath.

"And then she said, 'Oh! he *is* in town!' and something seemed to tell me to take what you call a chance, and I said, 'Sir Henry is on his way home, and he should be here at half-past seven, or a quarter-to-eight. You can ring up then if you like, and I will tell him,' and she said 'Oh! thank you, thank you, but don't tell him.' 'Very well then,' I said, 'I won't. Goodbye!'"

Emilie looked anxiously at Gwen. Had she done wrong? She soon knew, because Gwen started up and kissed her warmly. "You dear! Possibly you've done me an immense service. I don't know yet, but—you dear!"

Emilie beamed.

"Now, Dick!" said Gwen, "Get Frank on the 'phone, he's sure to be in his office—he only goes home to sleep." That was done. Story told. "Good!" said Frank, "Don't forget my advice. What you've got to do!" But Gwen blew him a kiss through the 'phone and rang off. Time was getting short.

Under the "divided house" scheme Gwen's morning room had been allotted to "him," after clearing out everything intimate or remindful of herself. The telephone was installed there, and a second instrument off the same line functioned at Gwen's bedside.

"Wise old Frank, to think of that," also—perhaps unkindly but quite fairly—to suggest a decanter and siphons in readiness for "him," just in case of need.

At 7.35 a cab drew up and shed Harry and his luggage. Murphy and another received him with stony politeness.

"Her Ladyship in? Oh! I know she's not at home to *me*, Murphy, but is she in?"

"Her Ladyship left the house this morning, sir, and I haven't seen her since."

Pats on the back for Murphy. A lie and yet not quite.

"Oh!" Harry took it in, and in fact felt rather relieved. He had been dreading this "home" coming, and wasn't at all eager for an interview.

"If you'll kindly go into the morning room, sir, we will see to your things."

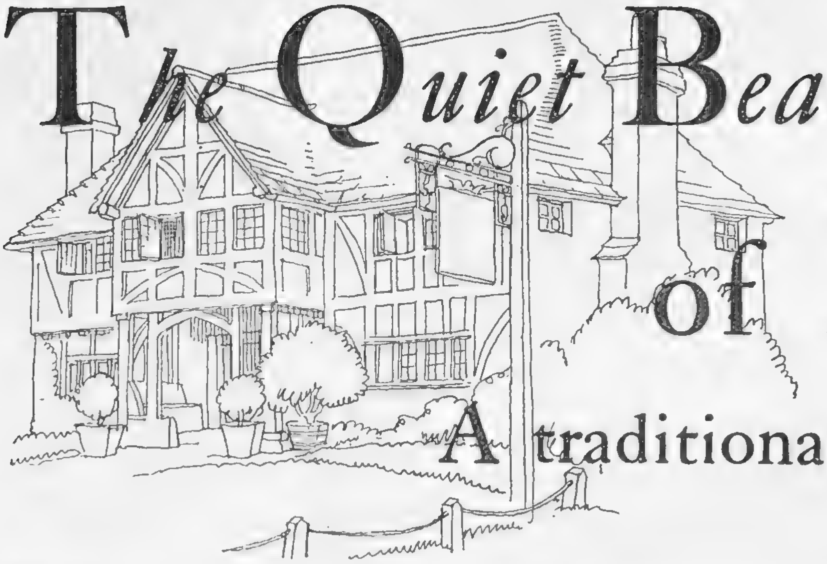
Harry went in—saw the decanter and siphons and glasses, and ran his tongue longingly over the roof of his mouth.

"Damn it all. Izzy said a month. I've done a month's hard labour and it's up. Just one." He walked across. The telephone bell rang.

It was heard in both rooms. "Now for it," thought Gwen, and lifted her receiver. Dick and Emilie sat down where she could see them both. Harry answered the ring.

"Hullo!"

(*Continued on page* 102)



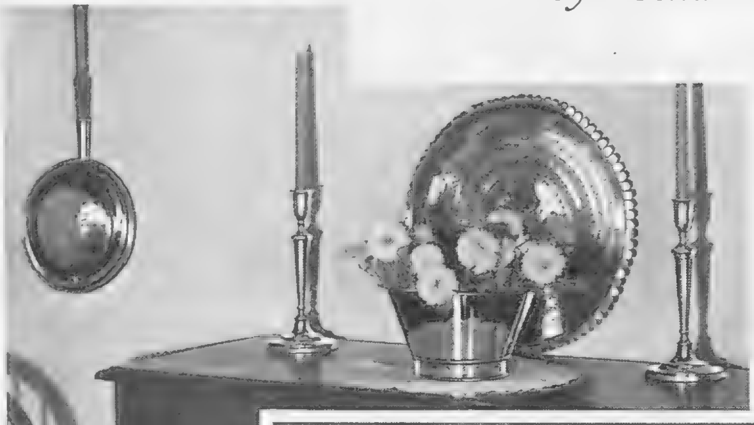
The Quiet Beauty of BRASS

A traditional old English Metal

By Celia Shane

THE old inn stands sleeping in the sunshine, and as you step from the blinding white road into the cool dark of the parlour you are greeted by sunny smiles—the gleam of a polished copper warming-pan against the black oak panelling, a pool of brightness where the light is reflected from a shining brass coal-scuttle in the capacious chimney corner. And here and there about the long, low-ceilinged room the eye is caught by the cheery gleam of brass bowls and trays, ashtrays and tall candlesticks.

These mellow metals are true to the English tradition of making the home a cheery place to live in, a haven of rest which strikes a note of restrained brightness. They bring back more surely than anything else the restful atmosphere of homesteads of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Copper and brass have grace and kindliness in their warmth and lustre. That is why so many women to-day are finding a place in their rooms for bright pieces in these sunny metals. You will find brass fenders, pierced to a myriad fantastic designs, coal boxes and scuttles, fire tongs, shovels, brass-headed pokers, candlesticks, sconces, kettles, pans and pails and dishes, bowls, vases, trays of all sizes—each piece beautiful in its own way, and each just asking for a corner of your own lounge or hall or bedroom.



THE friendly glow of brass and copper bring a sense of peace and tranquillity to modern rooms

Never fear that this hobby will run you into needless expense and trouble. All these things can be bought very cheaply, and can be acquired just as and when you find them and feel you can afford a few shillings. All they need from you is a good first cleaning with one of the good liquid metal polishes—Bluebell, Shinio or Brasso — and after that they can be kept glowing happily with a quick rub over with polish and rag once a week or so.

BRASS "goes with" everything. This country hearth is made cheerful by a brass-and-copper milking pail

If you begin to take an interest in collecting further pieces, please do not hesitate to write to me for any information you require, addressing your letter c/o "Britannia & Eve." I am always pleased to help newcomers to this hobby, and now that the most fashionable houses are bringing back brass to mantelshelf, sideboard and hearth, it is delightful to think that something truly characteristic of the Old England is in evidence in British homes once again.

PLEASANT sunny touches of old metal bring out the beauty of an Elizabethan room

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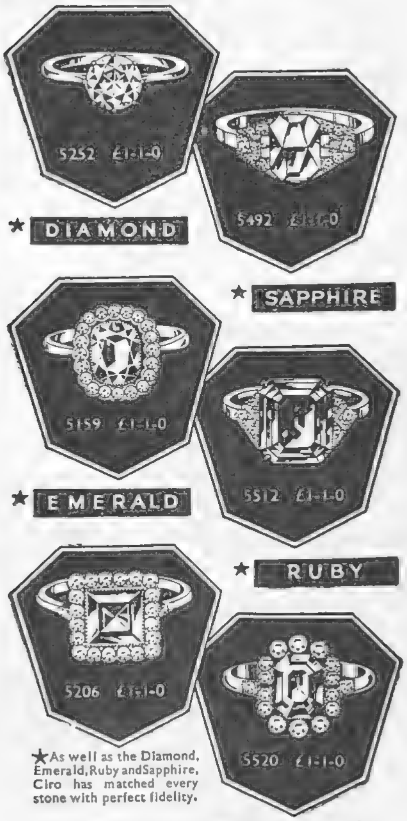

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he said. "Who's that speaking?" and quivered at the sound of the voice. He was more pleased than sorry. "What luck that Gwen's out" he thought.

"Harry, it's me. Fluffy! Oh! where have you been all this time. I've been nearly mad with anxiety—it's cruel—I've written three letters to you in the last month."

"Where to?"

"To your club, of course—you told me not to write to your house."

Gwen made a sign to Emilie, and wrote on a pad—"Go morning room—turn key in lock."

Emilie went, quickly and quietly, to return and signal "Done."

Meanwhile, the woman's voice continued.

"Why didn't you write. I'm in dreadful trouble—I'm afraid I'm expecting—Oh! Harry! I must see you! I must!"

The voice grew more insistent. "Why don't you answer? If you don't come to see me to-morrow, I'll come to your house and ask for you."

"Fluffy! Don't be silly!" said Harry. "Of course, I'll come—to the usual place?"

"No! I've moved. I had to. I've put my new address on the last letter. What time will you come?" (Ha! thought Gwen, 'her address—just what we want.')

"At noon! Now, dear! don't worry! It will be all right. You know I love you, but I'm very tired. I've come all the way from Ireland. You trust me, don't you." "Handsome" Harry worked his old game of soft soap.

"Yes! I—think—I do!"

"And, by the way, my letter, have you kept it?"

"Yes! It's quite safe!" she said.

"Damn! that is—good! Nighty night, dear—don't worry—don't worry—Harry's back! See you to-morrow—at noon. Good-bye, darling! Ugh!"

"That settles it," said Harry to himself. "I've got to have a drink, and then go to the club, collect correspondence—and burn it. But—drink first."

He had three.

"THAT settles it!" also said Gwen. "Now, Dick! Coats on—we slip quietly down—not a sound—into the street—get a taxi round the corner and—to the club. Ha!"

She patted Emilie on the cheek. "My dear, tell Murphy all this, and don't unlock the morning-room door for at least a quarter of an hour—the longer the better. That's Murphy's job, not yours. You stay here, safe, and I'll ring you up from wherever we may be, with whatever news I may have—and I hope it will be good. Bless you both!" And away they went.

SATURDAY evenings at the Euphonium were slack. Married members were at home, or somewhere with their families—single ones week-ending; still, there was always a nebulous minority to be catered for.

The porters were faithful guardians of the door, and rendered varied services, notably among which was telling fibs to inquisitive callers. "Is Mr. So-and-so in?"—"I don't know, sir," or sometimes "Madam," "but if you will kindly give me your name, I will go and inquire"; and after a short interval, "Sorry, sir (or madam), he hasn't been in the club to-day."

Eight o'clock was zero hour, when Ferris, night porter, would take over from Fox, the day and head porter—famous in Clubland—doyen of his difficult profession.

On this fateful evening, Ferris had an extra hour's grace—he had not to report until 8.45. He loved pictures, and there was a wonderful new one on somewhere near, so Fox remained on duty. The floor staff was thinned, and the majestic entrance hall had an air of, if possible, extra calm. It was always calm.

Just inside the second swing doors on the left was the enquiry lodge—it had a small sash window for strangers and messages, and then a cubby hole with pigeon-holes for members' letters, a telephone, and a waist-high swing door, with a narrow shelf. That little door was almost as busy as the other big ones. A club porter's job is not a sedentary one; it deserves a story to itself, and Fox could tell it. Tactful Fox! He had never let a member down—never given one away in all his twenty years. No—sir!

At ten minutes past eight a taxi drew up at the kerb. Gwen got out by herself. She had restrained Dick. "No, old man! You stay in the cab, and be ready to leap out and help me in when I appear. Don't take your eyes off the entrance—this is a smash and grab." She blew him a kiss and walked slowly up the stone steps.

Fox was busy with the pigeon-holes when she said, in her sweetest way, "Please, I've come for my husband! Will you kindly let him know I'm here."

Fox had a weakness for beauty, and her smile made him her slave.

"Certainly, madam! May I ask his name?" He smiled back, and thought—"This is what Ferris misses for being off duty. We don't often get treats like this."

"Sir Henry ——"

Fox's smile vanished—for once he was nonplussed. "Good Lord! This is his missis—the blighter! Leaving a beauty like her for that other crowd." Fox knew most things.

"I'm sorry, madam!" He hemmed, and forced a smile. "Milady, begging your pardon, but Sir Henry isn't in the club."

"But that's impossible. I've come for him. I shouldn't if I didn't know he was here, should I, now?" She pouted enticingly, and looked beyond Fox to the pigeon-holes—A, B, D? Yes—some letters there. Oh!

Fox fidgeted at his collar, rather perturbed.

"I assure you, milady, he's not in the club—he hasn't been here for a month—he hasn't even had his letters."

The impeccable Fox bit his tongue—he had made a slip.

Gwen, like her great father in his days at the Bar, switched over to a lighter topic.

"Oh! Isn't your name Fox? It is? Really! I'm so glad! I've heard about you from my husband. Why, do you know, you've often put my bets on for me, when Sir Henry 'phoned you. He rang you up to put a pound each way on Reynoldstown for the 'National'—and it won—it was for me. Yes! and it was I who sent you a pound to celebrate my luck—don't you remember? Why, we know each other." She prayed as she smiled at him. Time was flying. If Harry were to get out of that room and be here before she could—Oh, no no! It mustn't be!

"Yes, milady!" said the gratified Fox, "and thank you, but in spite of that Sir Henry's not in the club."

"Now, Mr. Fox, you won't be so definite as that. I know he—he—ought to be here"—hope that isn't a lie, she thought, and tried again.

"He might have gone upstairs to the card room when your back was turned. Will you go and see? Just to please me. I'll mind the door for you."

"Good Lord!" thought poor Fox, "I'm in for it—leaving my post unguarded, but—oh, damn it!—I'll take a chance!"

Just then Fox was saved from conduct unbecoming that of a head porter, and breathed with relief. A page appeared from the south smoking room.

"Here, sonny, quick! I'm going upstairs for this lady—stand here and mind the door." He winked at the bright little cockney, jerked with his head a message, "Eyes on my box as well," bowed to Gwen, and went quickly up the great staircase; he would not trust the lift.

"Oh, Daddy!" thought Gwen, "what shall I do? What shall I do?"

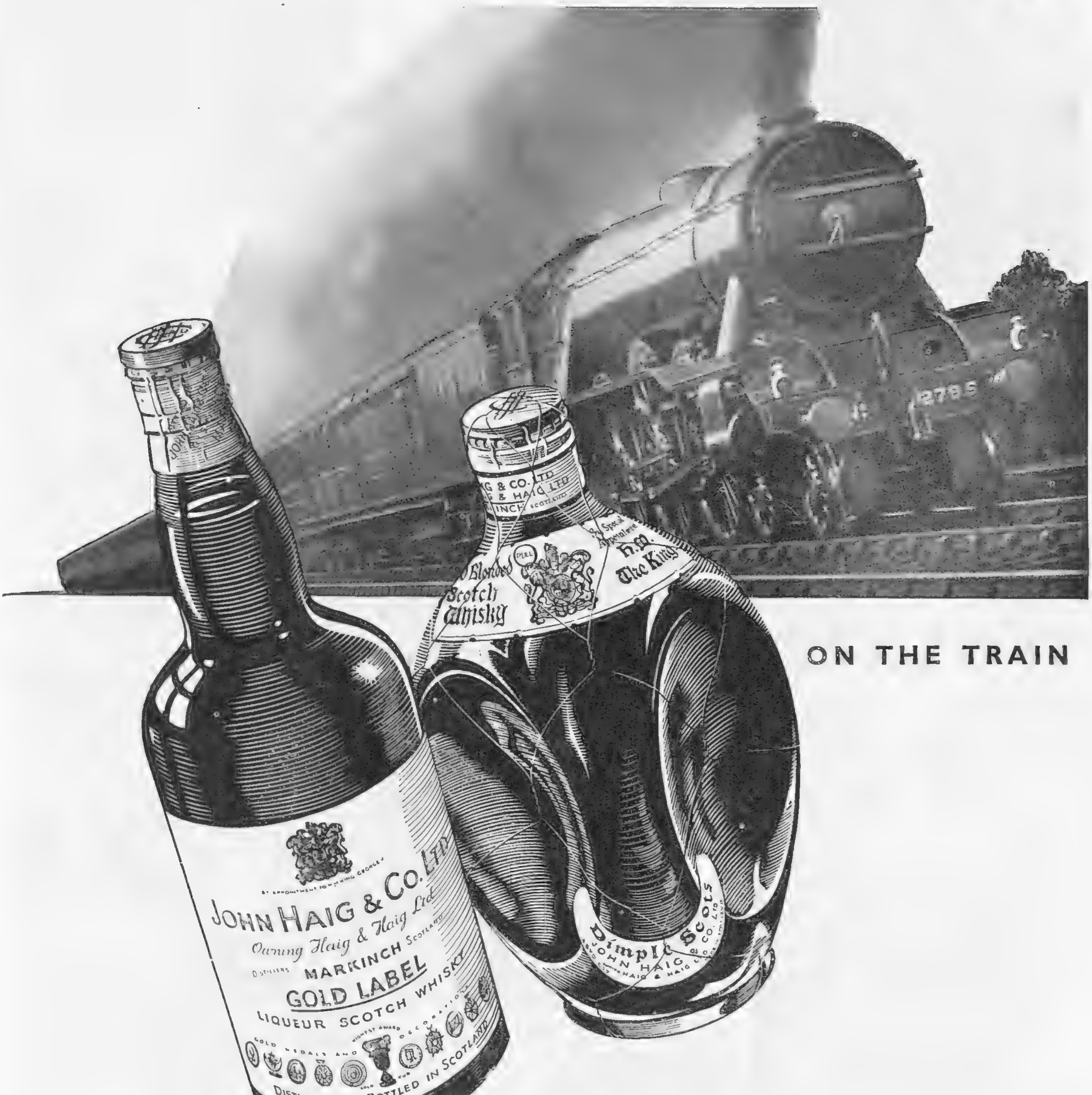
Like lightning from the sky the answer came "Oh!" She clutched her right leg, did something, and bewitched the little chap with a smile. "My suspender has come unfastened—my stocking will come down. Please, page, like a little gentleman, turn your back and shut your eyes while I put it right. I'll tell you when it is."

Obediently,

(*Continued on page 104*)

DON'T BE VAGUE—

ASK FOR Haig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Suspender

the page behaved like a little gentleman—he would long remember what she called him—the beautiful thing !

Gwen made the necessary adjustment, and then slipped through the small swing door to the pigeon-holes. D—here it was. "Pull them out—not many. Ha ! three for Sir Henry ——." She took them, hurried the others back, and slipped out.

"Thank you, page ! Good-bye. Thank you."

Fox was coming down—he was on the top of the main staircase. He saw page opening the swing door and bowing. He saw—good Lord !—envelopes in her hand. He took the stairs in four bounds, risking a fracture.

"I say ! Madam ! Milady ! That's stealing !" he almost shouted, a thing unheard of in the Euphonium.

But Gwen was outside, down the stone steps, and into the taxi—helped by the watchful Richard.

Fox got to the door. The taxi moved off. "Well," he thought, "I've done my best, and serve the blighter right." He smiled and went back to his box. "What a thoroughbred, bless her heart !"

"I've got 'em !" said Gwen breathlessly. "Oh, hurry ! Go on, taxi ! Oh ! Why are we stopping ?" She was nearly at breaking point.

"Traffic signals against us ! Now, old girl !" said Dick, "don't forget, I'm with you."

"Sorry, old man. I know what that means." Gwen cuddled against him.

The signals changed to green, and the taxi drove on.

Suddenly, Dick pushed her into her corner, and effaced himself in his. Then he laughed. "Oh ! what a joke ! H—H—Harry's just passed, in a taxi—to the Club, of course. He didn't see us. Oh ! if we could see *his* face when he asks for his letters, and there aren't any. Ha, Ha !"

"And I've not had to tell a lie to Fox," cried Gwen. "I'm so thankful, old man." And she squeezed his hand while she explained.

She tore open the three envelopes, and hurriedly scanned the contents. "It seems as if there's as much here as dear old Franky wants—even he. And oh ! we've got her address—we've got it ! and Harry hasn't !" said Gwen. "He'll find it, of course, or his lawyer will, but never mind, while there's whisky there's hope—for us. We're going straight to Frank's office—he's waiting there. Now tell the driver."

Marshalling her facts, Gwen continued. "We've enough evidence, with the Patchouli and lipstick, Emilie's conversation with an unknown woman ringing up my house, obviously distressed. Emilie will go into the witness box, of course. And then, I, who listened in. Some unknown woman, calls him Harry, dears and darlings exchanged, inference of illicit connection, fear of pregnancy, and the letters which bear it all out. And that's my case ; may it please your Lordship ?—Ha !"

"You ought to have gone to the Bar, like father. You'd have made a fortune," said Dick admiringly.

"Thank you, dear !" She was still clutching the letters. "I can't relax until these are safe in Frank's keeping. Then we'll 'phone Mummie and Emilie the good news. I'm so glad. I feel I *could* cry—now, but I won't !" She smiled instead.

"Shall I put the 'swag' in my pocket ?" asked Dick.

"Oh, no ! Not a bit of it ! I've pulled off my smash and grab, and I'll see it through. Daddy would !" Her lip trembled. "Thank you ! old man ! You're sweet. Now ! where shall I put them ?" she pondered.

"In the bosom of my dress ? that's how they do it in plays ; but—faugh ! the very thought of them being near my breast makes me feel sick."

"Ha ! I have it ! Be a little gentleman, Dick, like the page was, and close your eyes. No, dear ! that's only a joke ! I don't mind you "—but Dick obeyed.

Ten seconds—"There !"—cried Gwen—"Open !"

"Where are they ?" smiled Dick.

She patted her right thigh. "They're where the type of poor creature my husband prefers to me puts her earnings—in my stocking—*UNDER THE SUSPENDER.*"

Quick Loveliness

(*Continued from page 51*)

afternoon, after any unpleasant, worrying occasion.

If there is a little more time, a herbal mask is an excellent quick face lift. Spread the jelly-like substance over the skin, pat it in, and when it is dry pat on another coat. This should remain on for a quarter to half an hour, and if you can squeeze in a little rest meanwhile, so much the better.

This particular mask does not stretch or dry the skin, but leaves it smooth and soft and helps to eradicate and prevent superficial lines.

The mask is removed with warm water, and an emollient cream smoothed over the skin and, *voilà !*—here is another new face. It is particularly useful if you feel haggard and droopy.

For women who cannot be bothered to do a lot of massage and patting, the new hormone creams are valuable (two of them, one for day and one for night) since they penetrate the pores and feed the underlying tissues all by themselves, with a minimum of application formula.

THERE are numerous other lightning cures for tired faces, such as a gin tonic lotion which tones up flaccid or oily skins, and there are specialists who give special twenty-minute treatments at very moderate rates, devised for busy and business women ; one of these actually keeps open until eight o'clock for this very purpose.

So please be convinced that you can and must be as lovely and well-cared-for as your more leisured sisters, and the animation of expression born of an active mind adds to your interest—which *is* a facet of beauty. So let there be no more *tired* business women !

Nursery Meals

(*Continued from page 56*)

nursery days, the food must not be made soft and sloppy with it.

A baked apple or a dish of stewed fruit served with Bird's (or Foster Clark's) custard is a dish which children all love. The sweet course is easy to vary, and milky puddings can always be made to look tempting with a meringue piled on top. During winter a wholesome well-made Atora shredded suet pudding is invaluable, as suet helps a child to resist cold and other infections.

The third and last meal of the day is supper, and an over-anxious mother is very often tempted to overdo this. If the child has had a substantial mid-day meal, then supper served about five o'clock must be simple.

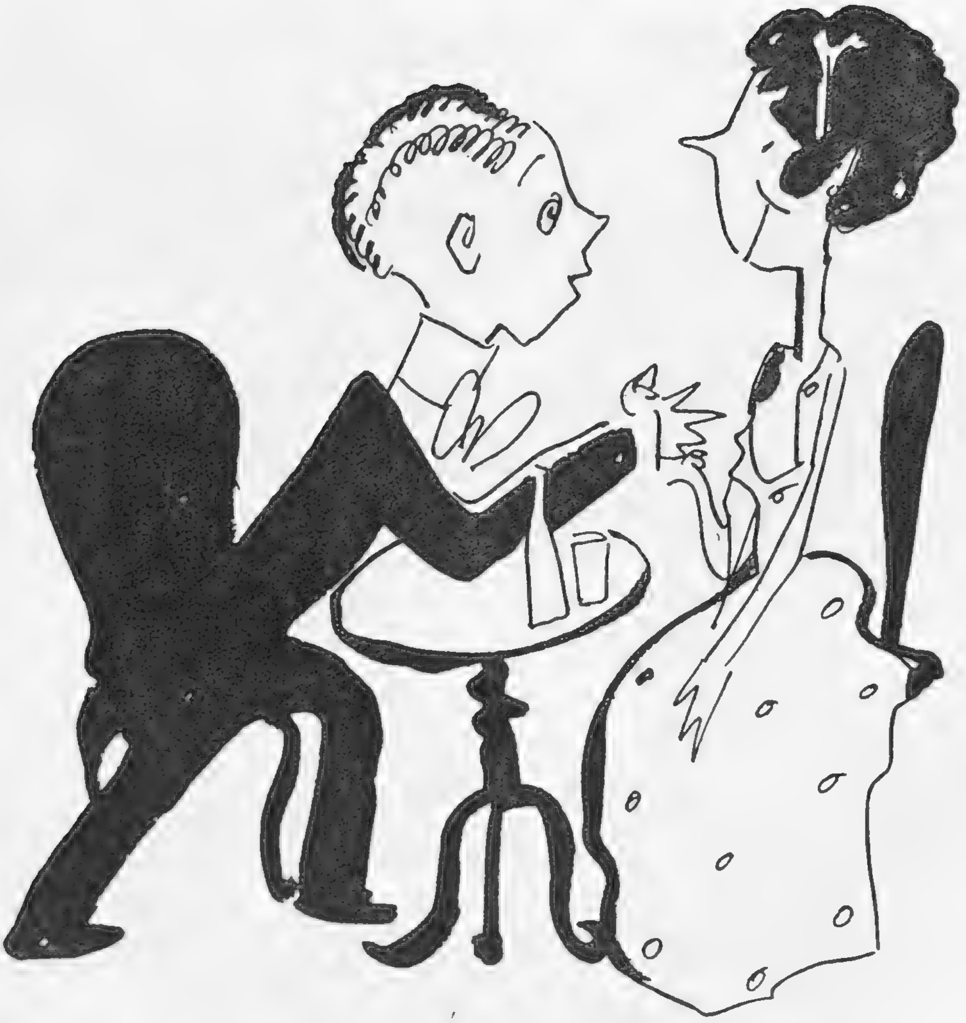
Bread and butter, or perhaps a tomato or banana sandwich is excellent. If followed by some light wholesome cake and a glass of milk it is generally sufficient for any normal child.

There is no harm, however, in offering a little milk and a biscuit before retiring, provided the teeth are thoroughly brushed afterwards.

At this period of development, a mother will do well to devote a certain amount of thought to the selection of nursery dishes. Children respond readily to variety and delicacy in serving.

Individual nursery dishes are ideal for this purpose, while a subtle touch of colour will work wonders.

A sufficient quota of milk to drink, besides what is used in cooking, must be included in the daily menu, as it is essential for the growth and health of the child, while crisp hard foods are also necessary for the correct development of sound teeth.



I met a boy friend down at Beaulieu
Whose conduct was coarse and unreaulieu,
But Schweppes Tonic each meal
Soon brought him to heel
And he deaulieu proposed to Yours Treaulieu.

Schweppes
TONIC WATER
-does you Good

Instructions to Crash

(Continued from page 17)

"Stall her and see what she does in a spin," someone said as he raced the engine on the ground. A thousand feet up Budd straightened out, became suddenly conscious of the great glory of that spring morning, breathed deeply of sweet clean air, sighed for some rustic seclusion safe below, and turned his eyes again to the moving gauges in the instrument board.

He jotted down a note on his pad. So far the controls had answered beautifully. Now for it. Just pull that body-belt a fraction tighter. Spins always played hell with a man's stomach. . . . Joystick right back, throttle lever open wide. The machine went mad. With a maniacal howl it reared up straight for the sky, roared on and on, gradually forcing itself towards perpendicular flight, until, reaching the limit, with its tail at right angles to the ground, it shuddered, rolled and fell in a terrible spin.

Tensed over the controls Budd lets the spin take charge. The world is transformed into distorted fragments of sky, sun and earth, shot athwart with flashes of wings, struts and propellers. His stomach heaves and reels under the strain. A few more seconds? Yes, just a few, and then this drunken dance must stop—if it will. Supposing there is no response to the controls? It has happened before.

Now—now. The rudder bar hard over, the joystick across, and the throttle. Ah! She's steadying and straightening out. Have the struts suffered? Good Lord! What's wrong with that wing? Something queer? My God, she's dropping! Dropping! Steady now. Push her nose hard down. No response. Still dropping. Too low to jump—eight hundred, five hundred, two hundred feet. What's that? Pylons—high-tension wires. Heading straight for them. Hell, shall hit 'em—yes. Budd waited for the shock. It did not come. He passed *underneath* those high-tension wires and brought up in the field beyond.

The old-world town of Bristol simmering in the heat of a midsummer day. Something silver in the sky holds the attention of watching thousands. It dwindles. Becomes a merest mote of silver hovering in the sun's broad rays. A final flash and it is gone, as though drawn suddenly away by some heavenly hand. Captain Uwins is testing at unusual heights. A sight miraculous and a little uncanny this, to see a 'plane one moment nosing skywards, and the next vanishing from sight, with only a cloud from its exhaust to mark its going.

Apart from the manœuvres I have already described, with warplanes all manner of aerobatics are executed by the test pilot, from slow and upward rolls to half looping and complete looping, from half rolls and flick rolls to terminal velocity dives. Yet hardened nerves of chilled steel and an outlook as detached as it is dispassionate do not prevent some test pilots from still getting a thrill out of a simple loop.

Joystick hard back, throttle open wide and up she roars in a sweeping curve, puts the pilot's feet to the skies, the blood in his head, begins to drop, completes the circle and gracefully flattens out. Somersaulting in the air can be an exciting business.

For civil aviation the tests are not nearly so exacting as for the R.A.F. Passenger 'planes, of course, are subjected to very exhaustive trials, but they are less varied than those applied to warplanes, for the simple reason that passenger 'planes are not expected to execute the aerobatics of a fighting machine.

Two thousand feet up with a passenger 'plane, the test pilot runs his eye across the dashboard from altimeter, oil pressure and clock, to turn indicator, fore and aft level, and rev. indicator. He notes the engine speed, rate of climb, oil pressure and temperature, watches the engine warming up and feels the response each control brings. Has the designer hit the right pitch for that propeller? Well, she doesn't seem to answer quite so well as she should. Suggest an alteration to the old boy and he'll probably think it an awful presumption.

However, the "old boy" takes it quite nicely, another propeller is duly fashioned or the set of the old one corrected, and once more responses and speeds are recorded on the test pilot's pad.

The late Flight-Lieutenant E. R. C. Scholefield was all against the use of parachutes in flying, but the company whose 'planes he tested insisted that he carried one with him. It proved a fortunate provision on one occasion.

He was putting a 'plane through preliminary tests, when suddenly it went completely out of control and locked itself in an inverted spin. Dropping earthwards by terrifying spirals, flung viciously about in his tiny cockpit, Scholefield fought fiercely to get the 'plane's nose down. There was no response. A dizzy sickness suddenly seized him, and the temptation to do something crazy became terrible. Then, as the spin gradually increased in velocity, a turn more vicious than before suddenly hurled him completely out of the cockpit into space. The parachute which he so despised was firmly attached to his body, and, putting aside his personal prejudices, he pulled the rip cord and sailed leisurely to earth.

TESTING 'planes for the Schneider Trophy Race of 1931 nearly put an end to the adventurous career of Wing-Commander Orlebar. You may remember that Britain decided to enter the race very late in the day, and for this particular year the rules had been revised. Consequently, when it was found necessary to make some adjustments to our fuel tanks, there was very little time to spare.

Commander Orlebar first took the air in the newly adjusted machine. Watching from the ground, his colleagues saw him open her out to three hundred miles an hour when she was scarcely two hundred feet in the air. A silver spear of the skies, she answered superbly, but then, suddenly, something happened to the tail plane. It shivered; was still; shivered again.

They knew what that meant. Disaster. Orlebar was finished. . . .

In those few seconds Orlebar decided otherwise. The first tremors of that flutter had struck him cold. Then in a flash he had headed the plane for the open sea and was throttling her down. Could he find a clear stretch of water, or . . . ? Yes! Look! There . . .

Pursuing speed boats found him miles away from Calshott sitting comfortably in the water.

Squadron-Leader Jack Noakes, A.F.C., M.M., was not so fortunate. He had put the machine he was testing into a fast downward glide, and almost immediately heard something snap. The tail plane had partly crumpled.

Noakes tried the controls and was surprised to find that they still responded. Too low to use his parachute, he decided to risk a landing. Approaching the ground at a hundred and twenty miles an hour, he carefully judged the right moment and pulled back the stick. Nothing happened. A few seconds later the machine dived into the earth. Rearing up, it somersaulted and flung Noakes clear, but he landed on his back. His spine was badly injured.

When he had tried the controls immediately after the tail crumpled, Noakes had mistaken the tightening of tangled wires for normal response.

Squadron-Leader Pope—popularly known as Poppy—was testing out a new rudder at high speed one day, when it suddenly broke and his machine rolled over on its back thousands of feet in the air. For a moment he hung there, his feet to the skies. Then he pulled his ripcord, and floated out into space. Descending leisurely, he watched his 'plane spinning earthwards. It finally crashed several fields away.

CAPTAIN NORMAN MACMILLAN, President of the National League of Airmen, had a terrible experience some fifteen years ago. He was testing a new amphibian machine, full of novel features. Immediately he had her off the water he sensed her sag and drop. He put the stick hard back and just managed to pull her up in time, but could climb no higher than three hundred feet. Then, glancing out of the window, he suddenly saw the leading edge of the wing strip off before his eyes and disappear into space. As it went the machine yawed right round and tried to throw herself into a spin, but by kicking hard at the rudder bar he straightened her out. Next minute his mechanic gripped his arm.

"My God! Look," he muttered.

The leading was stripping from the opposite wing. The mechanic's breathing seemed difficult and his lips were bloodless. He read death in those stripped wings.

Captain Macmillan read differently. By masterly manipulation of the controls he finally brought the 'plane safely to water scarcely ten feet from a very dangerous reef.

His mechanic never flew again.

END

A Place in the Sun for Music

(Continued from page 29)

it is at least possible that a permanent *fortissimo* from one of the many varieties of soundbox makes the guests careless of the paucity of gin in the Bronx.

What, then, is the effect on a nation of this music in the mass? For massive indeed is this Muse to-day. Music was long described as "the Cinderella of the arts," a lass, moreover, who had no prospect of marrying Prince Charming and going to the ball. To-day music is not only the successful Cinderella, but Prince Charming, the Fairy Godmother, the Golden Coach, the White Ponies, the Crystal Slipper and the highly paid comedian all in one. And there are times when I would include the Ugly Sisters.

No people, musical or unmusical, can be in the presence of mechanical music for many hours out of the twenty-four every day of their lives and remain as they would have been without it. The true music lovers we may, to a large extent, leave out of the reckoning. It is partly a case here of preaching to the converted, for the considerable amount of serious music thus mechanically purveyed must be taken into account. And I have no doubt that the greater portion of the converted do not wish to be preached at in this way at all, and that such preaching, when they cannot avoid it (and the ubiquitous loudspeaker is apt to make life rather difficult), exasperates and maddens them. If so, they are unwilling martyrs in a good cause.

The incongruities, the frequent absurdities and (to the musically sensitive) irritations of what I admit is the over-production of music at present are to be deplored—the more since it is difficult to see how time can correct them. Yet the good outweighs the ill. It may seem preposterous that Bach, Beethoven and Brahms should pervade at times the country pub and the London gin-palace. It is certainly true that the average patron of these places is utterly without interest in such composers, and consumes his beer in the four-ale bar with the same indifference to their music as those in a different sphere drink their cocktails. All of the beer sinks in and all of the cocktails. But does not some of the music sink in too? It may be but the minutest (Continued on page 109)

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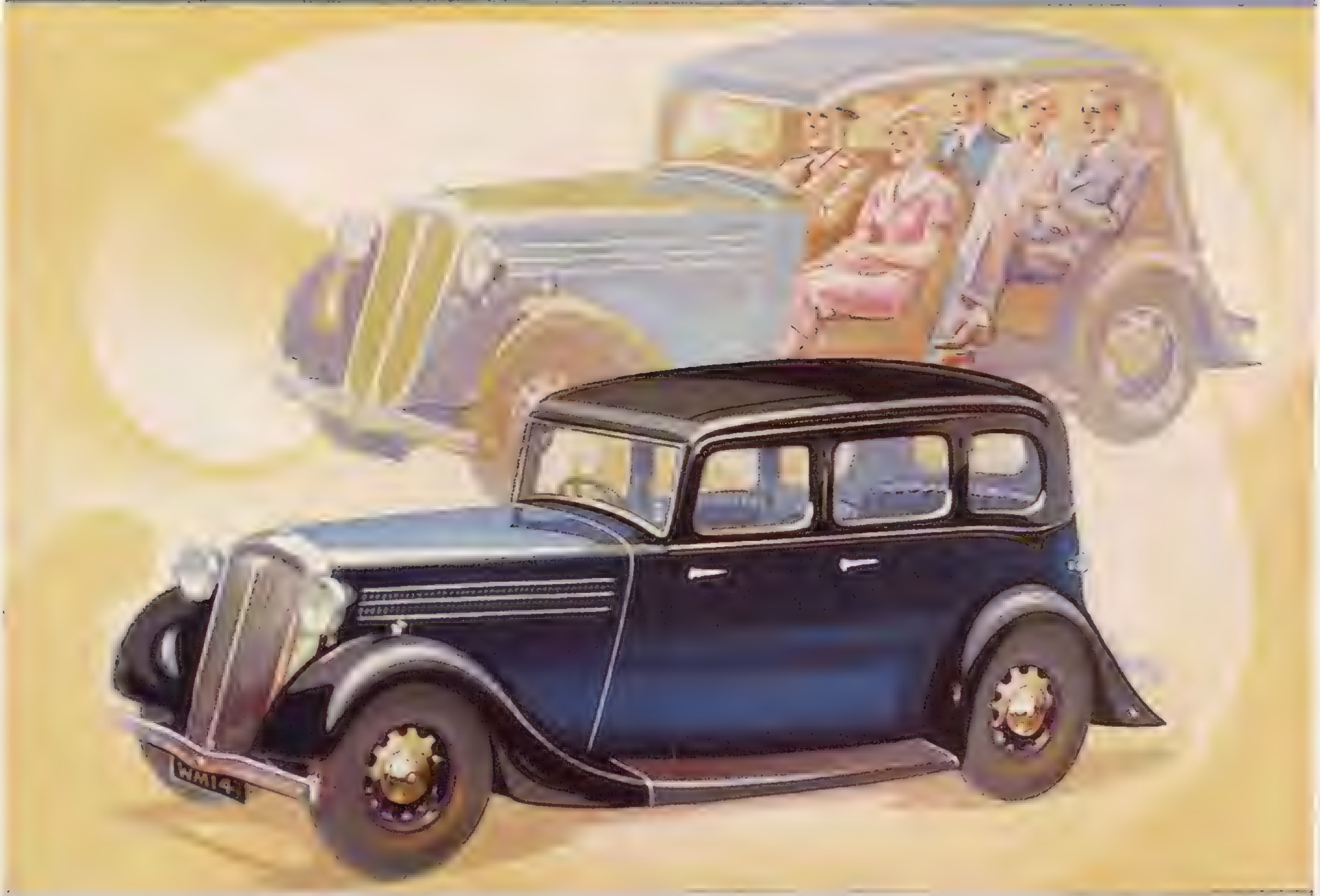

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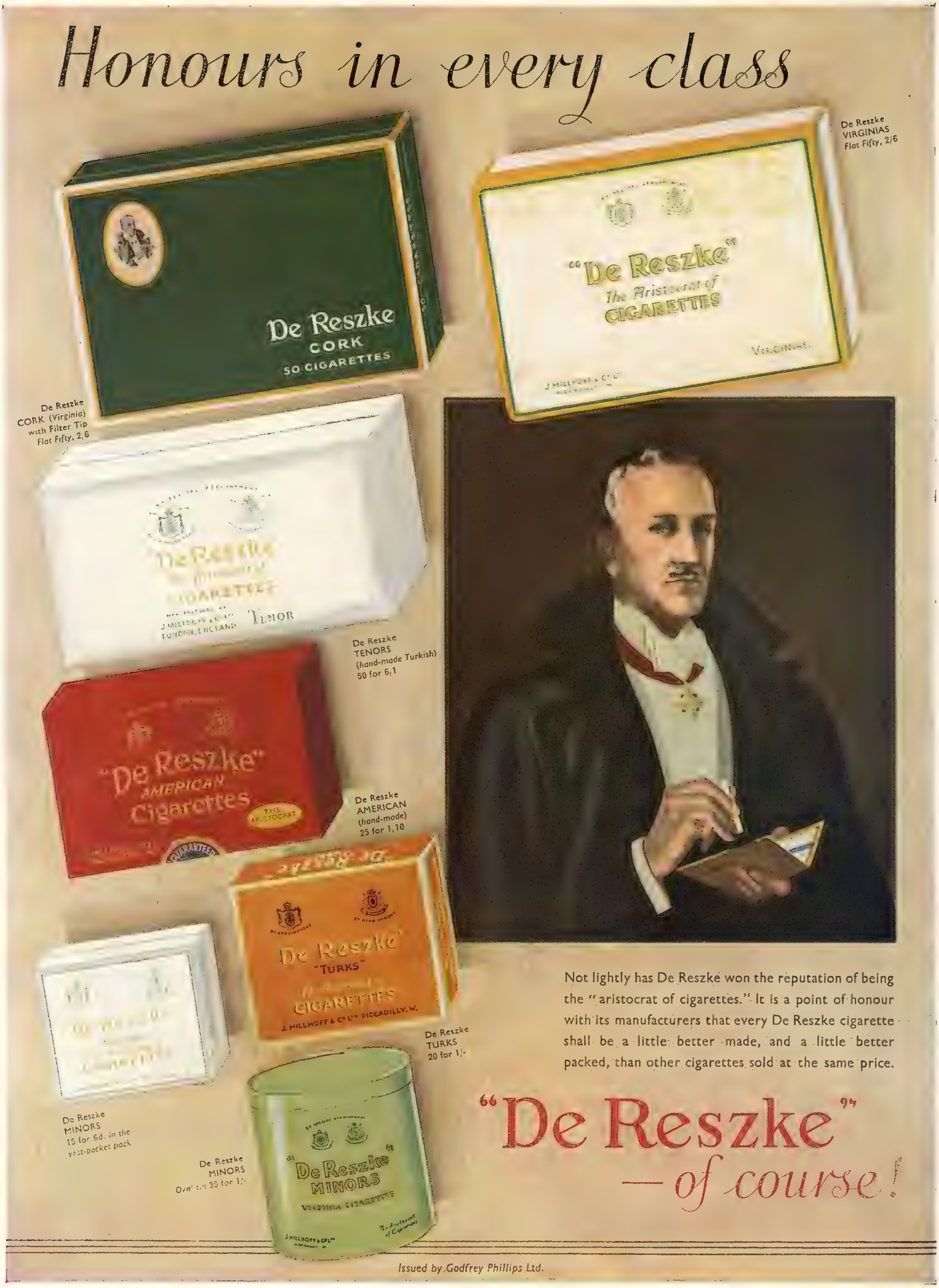
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fraction among a tiny percentage of each gathering. But it is there and it is not negligible, and it grows in importance each year.

The more music that is heard—good, bad or indifferent—the more numerous grow the *music-minded.* Music is becoming more and more talked about. There are, of course, those on whom music, in whatever form, has no effect at all. Others, who would, if you asked them, probably reply that they are quite musical, listen *subconsciously;* but it is likely that a time will come when these will listen *consciously.* A third section is formed by the mildly musical, the people who are fond of whipping out that *cliché*, I-don't-pretend-to-know-much-about-music but-I-know-what-I-like; they are, on the whole, favourable ground, more likely to be improved by the serious music hurled at them by the B.B.C. and the gramophones than harmed by the light stuff. Real light music, by the way, can never harm anybody, though overdoses of crooner-sentimentalism may have a dire effect on romantic youths and maidens unless they are willing to follow the advice of David Copperfield's landlady and take up skittles "vich is 'ealthy and diwerts the mind."

ALL types of music-lovers, even the most ardent and bred-in-the-bone enthusiasts, can learn much from the music of the cinema, though that, in the truest sense, is as yet in its infancy. But just as that genius, Mr. Walt Disney, has blazed new trails of pictorial ingenuity, so has the musical accompaniment of his amazing "Silly Symphonies" shown what a new mechanical technique can achieve, not only in humour, but in a quaint and original beauty. The cinema, indeed, is, with its appeal to millions, the third great department of musical display and musical propaganda.

It is impossible to-day—and it is good that this is so—to cut up appreciation of the art of music into water-tight compartments. The now flourishing condition of what is apt to be called "high-brow" music, and what used to be termed merely music, is due very largely to the aforesaid "appalling popularity" of the art in that it greets one always and everywhere.

Here again facts speak for themselves. This year's summer opera season at Covent Garden was extremely successful, not only artistically but financially, though when the financial aspects of any opera season at Covent Garden are under discussion, the point must be considered that the running expenses, overhead charges, etc., of a large theatre for a whole year have to accrue from the comparatively small part of the year during which it is open. Sir Thomas Beecham, who spent a fortune in endeavouring to put grand opera on its feet in this country, is at last seeing the return of the bread which he cast upon the waters many years ago, though, unfortunately for that great musician and public-spirited man, this does not mean that he is getting his money back.

BUT it does mean that opera is showing signs of freeing itself from patronage in the charitable sense and of existing by means of the support of the many who like it and are ready to pay for what they like, rather than by the liberality of the millionaire Mæcenas. It is doubtful whether music in general, and opera in particular, will ever be wholly divorced from aristocratic patronage in the more practical form, nor, for obvious reasons, is it desirable that it should be. In the eighteenth century such patronage was at its height, and the great masters of music of that period would have found their considerable anxieties even greater had it not been for the Dukes, Electors, and other German princelings.

England followed the same plan, in, perhaps, a lesser degree; I quote a picture of an exclusive section of musical society in the days of the Regency :—

A Place in the Sun for Music

"The Duke of Queensberry, Lords Buckingham, Boyle, and Hampden, and many others of *ton* and fashion, were in the habit of giving concerts at their houses, at which the best music was performed. The Duchess of Devonshire united this to her other graces, and Sheridan's well-known song, introduced in 'The Stranger'—'I have a silent sorrow here'—was set to a plaintive melody by her. The well-known taste of the Prince of Wales no doubt encouraged this pleasing accomplishment. The opera was then an exclusively aristocratic pastime . . . a costly and exclusive enjoyment. When it was installed in the handsome Pantheon in the year 1791, the list of patrons filling the tiers of boxes was truly imposing. There the King and Queen, the royal Princes and Dukes regularly attended. The staff was on a handsome scale. For 'serious opera' there were six leading singers; for 'comic opera' eight. The ballet consisted of nearly fifty leading 'subjects.'"

Opera-lovers and "balletomanes" will find here several points of interesting comparison. But more general observations may be deduced. One is, perhaps, regrettable, though there are those who see in it cause for rejoicing.

I refer to the almost total disappearance of the amateur musician.

THE process of giving music, in the twentieth century, a place in the sun has meant that the amateur has been scorched out of existence. The Duchess of Devonshire above (the famous "Gainsborough Duchess," by the way), wrote a song. Where are our song-writing Duchesses to-day? Lord Berners is a serious composer—with a sense of humour—but he is alone among his kind. But throughout all classes of society the amateur composer and, in particular, the amateur performer (except as a member of a choral, operatic, or orchestral society) is now a *rara avis.* Where is given a dinner party where in the drawing-room later a guest "obliges"? Yet not so very far distant are the times when the musical brought a little bundle of songs when they were asked to dinner, and expected to be called upon to perform, and when they were called upon did not, perhaps, give such a very bad account of themselves. Fun was poked at the musical amateur by Gilbert and before Gilbert; to-day he and she have come to be regarded among the more ridiculous of Victorian absurdities. They doubtless made some nasty noises at times; yet they extracted a good deal of pleasure out of music, and I venture to say that some of them gave a good deal of pleasure too. I, for one, think the musical world the poorer for their passing. . . .'

FASHIONABLE patronage, for both opera and concerts, is, fortunately for music in general, not lacking. If the present King is less musically inclined than King George III and King George IV, this year has seen his Majesty's attendance at the Jubilee concert of British music at the Albert Hall. The Queen has been to the opera. The Prince of Wales has paid several visits to the Russian Ballet, a season so stupendously popular and so well supported by all classes that, originally arranged for a few weeks only, it lasted from the close of the opera season in June right up to the end of August. Not for generations had Covent Garden been open in the holiday period, and filled, too, with as well dressed a crowd as one finds in the height of the London season, when it is as true as it was a century and a half ago to say that "the list of patrons filling the tiers of boxes was truly imposing." If the detailing of such a list smacks too much of the gossip column, one can at least be glad that opera is a fashionable diversion, for grand opera that is truly grand needs some such aid.

Yet it is both unnecessary and unjust to indulge in the familiar sneer that the stalls and boxes of Covent (*Continued on page* 110)

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Garden and the more expensive seats at the Queen's Hall are occupied by people who know and care nothing about music. That is wholly untrue. It is also very silly, since it is based on the patent fallacy that a good education and cultured surroundings preclude any appreciation of music, and that such appreciation is the monopoly of the cheaper parts of the house. A peculiarly irritating form of inverted snobbery.

THE Æolus Society, which meets to hear chamber music, etc., in some of the private houses of London, is another fashionable development of recent years, fostered by, among others, Lord and Lady Howard de Walden and the late Duke of Marlborough. England even has its local Salzburg in the Mozart Festival among the rural surroundings of Glyndebourne.

If fashionable patronage is a useful ally, it is by no means essential. There could be opera in London, and good opera, without lists of social celebrities. The Promenade Concerts are as democratic as they are admirable; they have existed democratically for over forty years, and are now better than ever they were and are even expanding in scope, for we now have "Proms" at Christmas time. The work Sir Henry Wood has done for music is of incalculable value.

The veteran Royal Philharmonic Society has passed through some stormy periods during the 130 years of its existence, but has weathered them all and is now safe if not flourishing. The B.B.C., with its limitless resources, is the great standby for, in particular, symphonic music. I have not space here to recount all its activities, among the chief of them being its organisation and support of a fine orchestra. The B.B.C. can, incidentally, afford to pay the enormous fees of Toscanini and of such lesser (though very great) conductors as Weingartner, Fürtwangler, Bruno Walter and many more.

A Place in the Sun for Music

Mr. Harold Holt and his "celebrity concerts" are the means of world-famous soloists—Yehudi Menuhin, John MacCormack, Kreisler—appearing in London with fair regularity.

LONDON is, indeed, the Mecca to-day of all the great executant musicians. What is even more important, it is by far the most musical of the world's capitals in the widest and most genuine sense. Music of the best type can now be heard all the year round with hardly a break, from the symphony concert to the individual recital. There is now no "close time" for music, publicly performed. This could not occur, were it not that music had come to take a part in the life of the people to an extent undreamed of a few years ago. It is a genuine renaissance. It is also a solid and businesslike commercial development. Concerts, opera, ballet—all of the best—are not nowadays given by the benevolent wealthy, eager to thrust upon the public something the public does not want. Even the B.B.C. is not a philanthropic institution—far from it. It is a matter of enjoyment, not of duty or education. The music is there because the public wants it and pays for it. And that, in turn, is because a vaster public than ever before has been, and is being, schooled into realising music, thinking music, and loving music, by means of the mechanical media—radio, gramophone, cinema—which the "serious musician" affects to despise.

Great music would continue to be composed and to be performed had none of these devices been invented. But without them music would not be enjoying its present sunshine, with the barometer "set fair." It would be permanently in a shade that is neither grateful nor comforting.

END

Delayed Honeymoon

(*Continued from page 27*)

lovely time when she didn't have to go to work the next day, and Link had told her she could have to-morrow off.

Eddy had a good time because he made it a rule always to have a good time, and because he was fundamentally goofy, even though he was the best assistant director on the lot. He was also, however, a lad that knew when to fade and when to blossom, and about eleven he gathered Ruth together and they said good-night.

"He's sort of in a fog," he told Ruth as they went down the hall toward the elevator. "Something—I don't know just what."

Ruth nodded. Then she brightened. "But I'm not, darling," she said, "and the night is still in rompers."

LINK got up and went to the kitchenette and fixed himself a highball and came back in and sat down. He hadn't talked much this evening, and when he had there had been a faintly cynical edge to the things he had said. His lean face had a slightly sombre look.

Jane was sitting on one end of the sofa, across the room from him. She didn't know whether he was always like this just after a picture, or whether there was more to it than that.

For about five minutes they chatted desultorily of nothing at all. Then she stood up. She lifted her highball from the table by the sofa and finished it in two long swallows.

She put the empty glass down. "This evening seems to be dying on its feet," she said.

After a moment Link said, "Yeah," and stood up too.

"Do we have to sit and listen to the death rattle?" Her voice was a little desperate and didn't sound much like her voice. "Why don't we go to bed?"

Link said, "Yeah," again and walked over to a door and opened it. "Here's the bedroom," he said.

She came in and looked around and didn't look at him, and then went over to her little valise which was on the bed and opened it and began taking some things out.

Link stood leaning against the door.

He said, "Good-night," and pulled the door shut and went back and lay down on the sofa.

ABOUT an hour and a half later the door opened and she came out and crossed the room and sat on the edge of the sofa. She had a night-gown on, instead of pyjamas.

"I haven't been asleep," she said. "I think—we might get this straight. I'd like to know whether I'm . . . waiting for you or not."

After a moment Link said listlessly: "You're not." He started to say something else and then didn't. He looked a little tired.

When it was plain he wasn't going on, she said: "Why did you . . . ask me to come over and——"

Link shrugged. He took a long breath and said without looking at her: "It's like this, kid. You'll run into a lot of heels in this business. You're in it, now, you know. And well, they can be a lot of bother if they want to. But if you spend the night here—well, you see, it sort of puts a ticket on you. It won't keep anyone from making passes; but they won't get sore at you. They—well, if you spend the night over here now and then it just makes it different than if you were a . . . sort of free agent. See? I'm just talking about a few people—there's a lot of swell guys in this racket—but those few are enough. Oh, they'll try to make you. But this way—well, it just gives you a sort of independence. You don't have anything to keep you from getting ahead. You don't have to—well, you don't have to play ball unless . . . you want to. You see?"

"I—I think so," she said softly.

Presently Link said, "Well . . .?" Then he turned abruptly (*Continued on page 112*)

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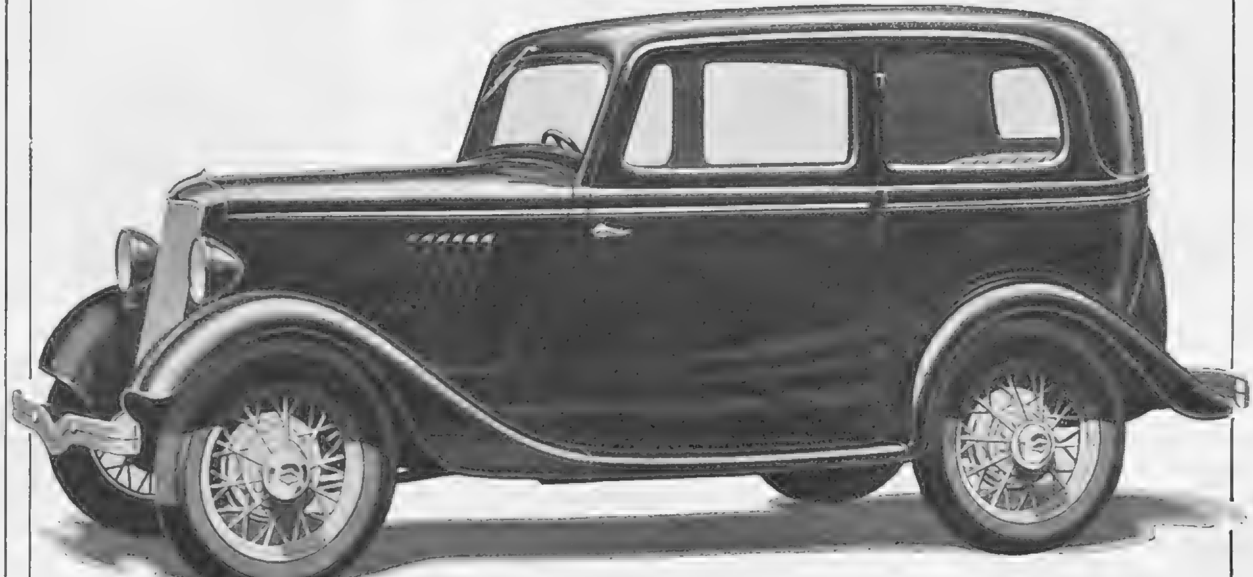

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over on the couch with his face toward its back. "Good-night," he said.

She sat there a long thirty seconds and neither of them breathed and then she got up and went into the bedroom.

The next day Link had a daybed moved into the living room and for a while after that they had dinner together once or twice a week, where they would be seen, and Jane spent the night in his apartment. They chatted about this and that, on these occasions: but they didn't talk about themselves. It wasn't so much that either of them avoided the subject; it was simply that neither of them brought it up.

During this time Link was working with Hank Benton, the cutter who was putting *University* together. Link did that on all his pictures. He would come down to the studio every morning and look at what had been done the day before; then he and the cutter would talk about it, and about what was going to be done that day. In the afternoons Link usually played golf.

While Hank Benton was cutting *University*, however, Link didn't show up every morning.

"Didn't see you yesterday," Hank said casually, the first time Link missed.

"I was playing golf," Link said.

Hank didn't mention it when Link failed to show up after that, though he was a little curious, for Link had something of a reputation as a director that watched the cutting very closely. But it was none of his business, he guessed, and anyhow Link had been acting sort of funny lately. He had never been a very talkative fellow, but now he seemed almost irritable, and even when he wasn't, his remarks were faintly acid.

SID Kohlmeyer hadn't paid much attention to the picture while it was still in rushes, but as they began to get rough cuts of sequences put together, Sid began to get a little excited. And when the preliminary cut was finally completed, he had a special preview at the studio for the Press.

The Press went silly about it. Everyone went silly about it. It was one of those things that happen in Hollywood. It was the thing at the moment, to say *University* was swell and everyone kept trying to say it was better than anyone else had said it was.

Still, it was a good little picture. It had almost amounted to a quickie in everything except what they had when it was done.

And there was a new star—at least a starlet—named Jane Perry. Her name was spread across the whole top of half-page advertisements when the picture was released in Los Angeles. It deserved to be. She was good.

She had been getting twenty-five dollars a week in the stenographic department; but the studio raised her when she became an actress. They raised her to forty.

Of course, by that time she was under contract to Continental. She would get more money as time went on. As a matter of fact by the time her five-year contract was ended, she would be getting three hundred dollars a week.

Link heard about that. Jane didn't tell him, but he heard about it. He hadn't seen Jane except casually for a week or so, then.

There had never been any regularity about their dates. They would run into each other at the studio, in the restaurant or on the lot some place, and he'd say: "Why don't you come up to see me some time?" in good Mae West accents, or she'd say: "Are you busy to-night? I expect it's time I was smirched a bit more." Like that. Light; casual. Carefully so.

The intervals between those times widened gradually. Once Jane said she was busy that night; the next time she mentioned it Link said he was busy.

A few days later she had said: "Not to-night, Link." And after a little pause: "Anyhow, don't you think we have this thing pretty well established by now?"

"I guess so," Link said and neither of them mentioned it after that.

That had been a couple of weeks before he heard about her contract. Link went to see Sid Kohlmeyer as soon as he heard.

"Sure, you're giving her a wonderful opportunity," he told Sid sardonically. "Of course she's not going to make you any dough; you're not going to loan her to other studios and get five hundred for her while you pay her fifty. Oh, no."

He yelled at Sid. Sid had never seen Link Trevor yell before, and it was pretty impressive. His eyes kept changing colour and a couple of times he banged Sid's desk with one of his lean, long-fingered hands.

"All right," he yelled, "you *are* giving her an opportunity! I know that. But just the same I know she's got something on the ball, and you do too! Take a profit. Protect yourself. But damn it, you don't have to deal her a hand like this; you don't have to try to get fat off of one green kid. Give her half a break at least."

Sid gave in, finally. Link went on out and shot thirty-six holes of golf a day for the next three days and then went to New York.

SID called Jane Perry in. He talked to her quite a while. They were giving her a new contract. She was to get a hundred a week after the first three months, and she was only tied up with them for two years, with rises so that she would be getting three hundred a week at the end of that time. They had options for another three years, but those options started at five hundred and finished at fifteen. Sid pointed out how generous they were being.

Jane just signed the contract and didn't disagree with Sid. But anyone that had been around the Continental lot as long as she had knew that Sid Kohlmeyer didn't write new contracts simply because his generosity got out of control.

Link was in New York three weeks and when he got back Sid had a new picture ready for him. He started shooting when he had been back about a week.

Jane saw him around the studio now and then, of course. She was working in a western at the time.

They said "Hello" when they met and he said once that he heard she was doing all right and she said she hoped so, or something like that.

He had looked rather sour before he went to New York, and he still did when he got back. Perhaps a little morose.

The last week of his picture they were on location at Lake Arrowhead. He drove back to Los Angeles the evening of the day they finished. He got to his hotel about nine o'clock and went up to his apartment.

The couch and the daybed were gone, but he didn't think much about it. He was tired and went out to the kitchenette and got a bottle of beer out of the ice-box and poured it into a glass.

He came back and sat down. Finally he finished the beer and stood up and threw the glass into the fireplace, where it broke with a shattering tinkle. He went in to the bedroom.

Jane was sitting there in the bed in a nightgown, leaning back against the pillows. She looked almost, but not quite, calm.

He remembered he had given her a key. He looked around the room and saw toilet articles and things on a dressing-table which had been moved in beside his own chiffonier. The closet door was open and he saw dresses and things in it, hanging from the same pole that held his suits.

He leaned against the door for a moment, looking at her; then he walked over and lay down on the bed beside her, but not close to her. He lay level, for she had both pillows behind her. He stared up at the ceiling for awhile and finally said:

"What the hell, kid?"

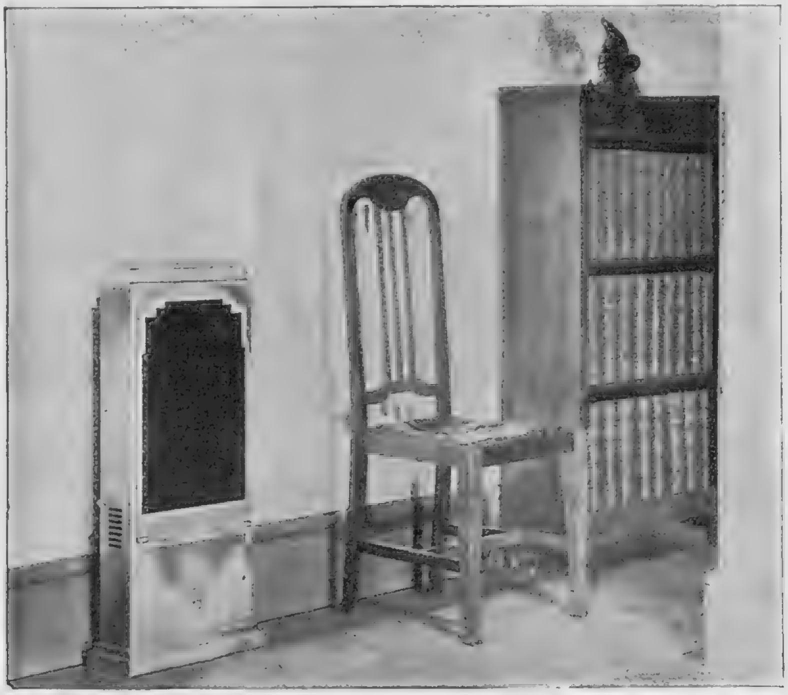
"There's no daybed," she said, "and there's no couch. You can sleep here or on the floor. And I'm not here for the night only. I'm staying. If you want to get me out I'm going to raise one hell of a fuss. And——"

She stopped. Her voice had gone a little choked on her.

(*Continued on page 114*)

NEATER HEATING

One of the DWARF Radiant-Panels is illustrated below. Only 28" high. Will fit under projecting window-ledges and in other positions, thus serving a number of domestic uses and ideal for Shop or Office heating.



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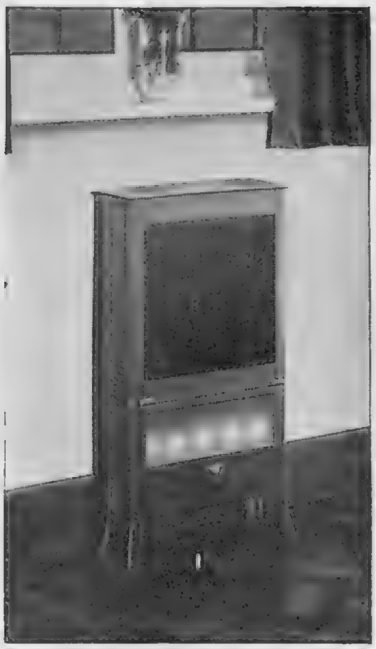

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THE FURNITURE'S LOOKING LOVELY THIS MORNING MARY IT HAS QUITE LOST THAT DULL BLUISH TINGE
IT'S THIS STEPHENSON'S MADAM—I SEE IT IS SPECIALLY MADE TO DEAL WITH 'BLUE BLOOM'

HAS **YOUR** FURNITURE GOT "BLUE BLOOM"?

Look along its surface for that misty blueness that furniture dealers recognise as the quickest destroyer of "showroom condition." It is a film of dampness that eats its way through the beautiful finish and steals the pride from your home.

Give it a damp-proof polish now with Stephenson's Furniture Cream. The special waxes in Stephenson's provide a beautiful glass-like gloss that "*Blue Bloom*" cannot penetrate.

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"Blue Bloom"
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Stephenson's Furniture Cream

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HINDES WAVERS
SOLD EVERYWHERE

From the corner of his eye he saw her chin quiver ever so slightly.

She composed her face and went on looking determinedly calm.

Link didn't say anything for a long time. He lay there trying to remember things. A little breeze rustled the curtains at the window. Six stories below there was the clang of a street-car bell and the honk of an auto horn. They seemed remote and very far away.

Eventually, without looking at her, he said: "Would you like to—get married?"

Her answer was whispered so softly he could hardly hear it. It was:

"Yes." And then: "If you don't—if you've no objections."

He sat up suddenly with something very excited in his eyes that no one had ever seen before. There was something excited in her eyes, too; but it was more than that. Happy, and . . .

Presently they were both laughing a little breathlessly. It was a great joke, they assured each other. Here everyone thought they'd been lovers for three months and their first kiss wasn't three minutes old. There was something very funny and lovely about it. Something . . .

They quieted a little after the second kiss.

"But," Link said slowly, "but I don't see—why did you . . . come in the first place?"

"Do you think," she said, "that I could have come over here that night out of a sense of . . . gratitude . . . or for *any* reason . . . except that I . . ." she trailed off, looking away.

"But you sounded," Link faltered, "you sounded so . . . matter-of-fact . . . as if—well, as if you were just doing something that was expected of you."

Her voice was soft, barely audible; but audible to someone not more than ten inches distant.

"I thought—well, you sounded pretty casual yourself. If you wanted it that way—on that basis . . . I didn't want to get in your hair."

Link was staring at her. "You—Jane, you . . . thought I—but you—Jane, you would have . . ." He stopped, trying to think of some way to say what he wanted to, and unable to do it.

She turned toward him and smiled a little. "Do you know about love?" she said. "Have you heard? What it is and does and all?"

"I've been finding out," he said. He was grinning. "I'm in favour of it. Now," he added.

"Well, it was all your fault," she told him with some spirit. "If you hadn't been so silly all this wouldn't have happened. Going around being a big, strong silent, artistic Sphinx, and making generous, self-sacrificing gestures that no one wanted you——"

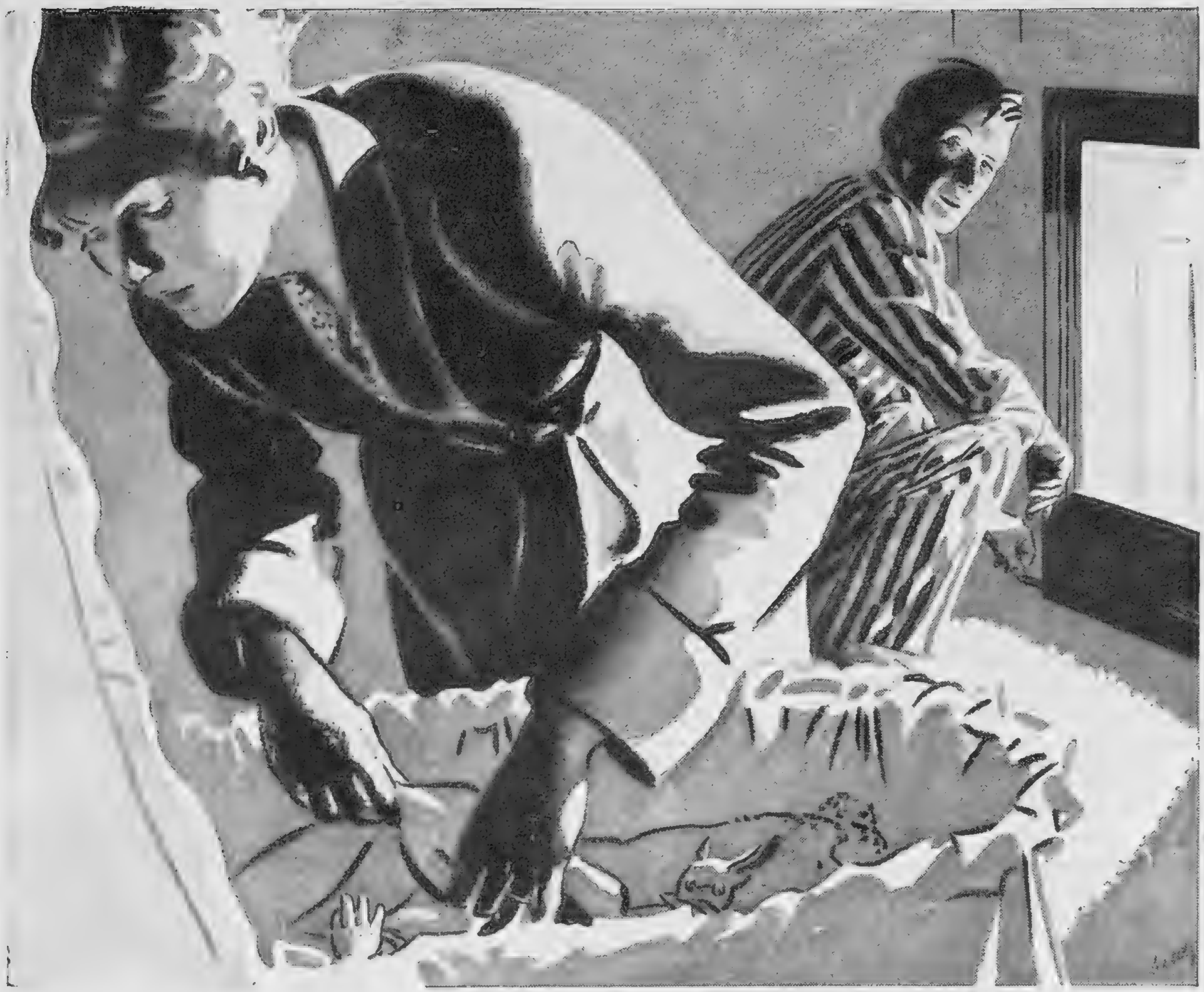
She disappeared into Link's arms and he was laughing. Then they were both laughing.

THE newspapers announced the marriage of Link Trevor and Jane Perry as a great surprise, as they announce all Hollywood marriages. And, of course, it was, to people not in the know; but not nearly as much as it was to people who *were* in the know.

"It was about time," some of them said, and some of them raised their eyebrows and said: "What did he *marry* her for?" and the others just shrugged and said something to the effect that Hollywood sure was a screwy place, which no one denied.

As for Link and Jane, they just went on laughing at their joke, and also doing a good deal of laughing simply because they felt like laughing. And since they looked so happy, Louise Parker, "*Through The Camera's Eye,*" picked on them as her "Hollywood's Happiest Couple" because she needed a new "HHC" anyhow; not even suspecting that for once she was absolutely right.

END



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"Healthiest heat for bedrooms" SAYS **Mr. THERM**

THREE A.M. Life at its lowest ebb. *Thank goodness* for a gas fire you can turn on while you soothe down baby.

A comfort for you—*but an absolute necessity for the child.* That's the whole point. A gas fire is the *healthiest* way of heating baby's room *and yours too, for that matter.* You see, a gas fire *ventilates* the room — sucks all the spent air away up the chimney, and makes the room fresh and healthy. And its cheery rays are very like the sun's rays. That's why Harley Street doctors use gas fires. That's why they recommend gas fires to their patients. That's why *you* should have gas fires, too.

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CLARK'S DYEWORKS
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Orange Soufflés

If You Have a Sweet Tooth . . .

These Recipes will please you

AFTER a period during which they were definitely out of favour, sweet things are very much "in" again. It would be difficult to state exactly why England appeared to be losing her sweet tooth—cocktails, slimming, and a reaction against the heavy meals which were served before 1914, all contributed—but we do know that there is a revival.

Perhaps because we are, fundamentally, so attached to our best traditions, we have realised with shame that our reputation for the best cakes and puddings in the world has been stolen.

During the last few years, travellers to the Continent have found an importance given to tea-time which made this meal rival, and sometimes even surpass, the best English version.

But now, thank goodness, we can discuss the tea question openly, and without that feeling of guilt which, until recently, has been forced upon us by the prevailing fashion of despising tea-drinkers, a fashion, of course, doomed to early failure, for at heart we, all of us, men, women and children, enjoy tea as much as ever.

It does not matter how we serve it: cosily and intimately round the fire; seated comfortably at the dining-room table in the country, or stiffly perched in the drawing-room to drink our tea in the grand manner, our cooks will be busy again sending up hot buttered toast, scones, delicious jam and lovely cakes.

Mont Blanc

Take a pound of chestnuts and plunge them into boiling water, leaving them to soak for a few minutes; this will help to make the skins come off easily. Peel them and scrape well. Boil them in milk with sugar and a vanilla pod until quite soft. Drain thoroughly and squeeze through a potato masher which will give you a pile of chestnut shreds looking like vermicelli.

Put these into a mould with a raised centre, turn out into the serving dish and fill the hollow with sweetened whipped cream, piling it up into a little peak.

Some people make the Mont Blanc simply by mashing the cooked chestnuts and arranging the *purée* in the shape of a peak with whipped cream on top. The flavour is the same, but the pudding is much stodgier. In either case, hand separately an extra dish of whipped cream.

Crêpes Suzette

A good batter for pancakes is made as follows. Put half a pound of flour into a basin, make a small hole in the middle and put in one egg, a pinch of salt, one ounce of melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of castor sugar and half a port glassful of rum.

Mix well and add, little by little, sufficient cold water to make a batter like thick cream. Cover the bowl and let it stand for two hours before using.

Take a plain iron pancake pan, make it thoroughly hot and rub it all over with lard. Pour in enough of the batter to cover the bottom of the pan, cook on a quick fire for a minute or two, and if you are clever enough toss the pancake to brown the other side, otherwise turn it by slipping a knife under and flick the pancake over.

Go on making, until you have the required number of pancakes, two or three for each person being sufficient.

Now take an orange, rub it all over the lumps of sugar until all the rind has been rubbed off—one should get about six lumps of well-flavoured sugar from one orange—crush this and add the same quantity of butter, working the two together into a smooth paste, which you melt in a clean pan.

Fry the pancakes for a minute or so in this mixture, folding them over twice to form small triangles. Put the pancakes into a hot serving dish and pour over whatever is left of the melted butter and sugar.

This is the real recipe for Crêpes Suzette, which are *not*, as many people seem to think, burnt with liqueurs.

Orange Soufflés

Cut a small slice off the top of each of six oranges. Cut the rind off each slice and boil it for ten minutes in half a pint of milk heavily sweetened with four ounces of sugar. Pass through a strainer. Make a fairly thick white sauce with 1½ oz. of butter, a tablespoonful of flour and the hot milk mixture.

Mix the yolks of two eggs with this sauce when slightly cooled, and add a liqueur glass of curaçao. Add the whipped whites of three eggs, mix well. Scoop out the oranges completely and fill them with the mixture. Cook in a very hot oven for eight to ten minutes. Garnish each orange with a little crystalised fruit.

Ginger Coupes

A pretty effect can always be obtained by serving various combinations of fruits in individual *coupes* of silver or glass.

Pineapple and preserved ginger blend very happily together, taking each fruit in equal proportions. Cut the pineapple and the ginger into small pieces and fill *coupes* with this mixture.

Pour in a juice made by mixing some of the ginger syrup with pineapple juice and decorate the tops with cream whipped to a very stiff froth and sweetened.

Fruit Cake

Sift one pound of flour and keep it in a dry place while you beat three-quarters of a pound of fresh butter to a cream. Add to the butter one pound of castor sugar and the yolks of six eggs well beaten.

Put the flour in a large bowl and add half a pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of seedless raisins and a quarter of a pound of sultanas, all the fruits well cleaned, also two ounces of crushed peel well chopped, and two ounces of chopped almonds blanched.

Mix well, flavouring with a pudding spoonful of spices—cinnamon, mace and nutmeg. Now mix in the yolks of eggs, creamed butter and sugar, stirring vigorously, and add a port glassful of rum.

Mix again and stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Beat the whole mixture several times, before pouring it into a cake-tin lined with greased paper. Bake in a moderate oven for two and a quarter to two and three-quarter hours.

Gâteau Genoise

Put four well-beaten eggs into a bowl, add a quarter of a pound of sugar and beat well together. Add, little by little, four ounces of sifted flour, mix well and add a port glassful of Grand Marnier.

Beat the mixture in a warm place (the bowl standing in a corner of the stove or over a saucepan of boiling water) and pour it into a cake tin lined with buttered paper dusted with flour. Bake for three-quarters of an hour in a slow oven, turn out on to a sieve to cool and cut the cake into two layers.

For the filling, boil a quarter of a pound of castor sugar in a little water to make a thick syrup, remove from the fire and add the yolks of four eggs, beating them in.

Let this cool, and put in four ounces of very fresh unsalted butter, beaten to a cream, mix well and add your flavouring, coffee or orange essence, grated chocolate or liqueurs.

Work this cream to a smooth consistency, put a good layer of it between the two slices of cake, keeping back enough to coat the top and sides, which should then be sprinkled with finely chopped nuts.

"Dear Elizabeth Arden..."

Daily Elizabeth Arden receives hundreds of letters from women all over the world asking her advice on skin care. Here are some of the questions most frequently asked—perhaps one of them is *your* problem too.

Q. I was so proud of my tan, but now my skin looks yellow and coarsened. How can I make it white and soft again?

A. Use my Anti-Brown Spot Ointment twice a week. It will quickly remove that sallow look, refine the texture and restore your skin to pink-and-white freshness. I use this salve in the successful "Après L'Été" treatments given at my Salon. Jar 10/6 Tube 18/6.

Q. There is a growth of hair on my lip and chin which worries me as it comes back so soon after using a depilatory.

A. Ordinary depilatories only remove the surface hair. Use Electra Hairoff Eradicator. It attacks the roots and weakens the hair follicles. It removes every trace of hair without coarsening the skin, and it helps to discourage further growth. Complete outfit 10/6.

Q. My complexion is rather high coloured. I flush unbecomingly very easily. Is there any way of concealing this?

A. Yes, use Verte Ardena Powder. It is specially blended to tone down a high colour and give a creamy look to the skin. Would you like me to send you a sample to try?

Q. I'm not very clever at applying rouge, and I do hate a "made-up" look. Can you give me some hints?

A. Read my leaflet "The Art of Make-up." It tells you how to choose the proper foundation and apply your rouge and cosmetics to give a perfectly natural and charming effect.

Q. I do a lot of close work and my eyes get so tired and look it too.

A. Use my Eye Lotion night and morning and whenever your eyes feel strained. It instantly soothes and strengthens and clears the eyes, making them healthy, bright and sparkling. 4/6.

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How Dictators Escape Death

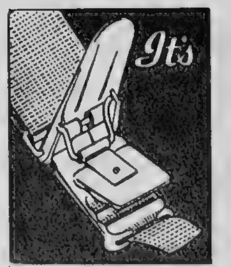
(*Continued from page 15*)

limousine, and by one gendarme every eight yards, keeping back the throng. It had been carefully suppressed that the Communist Municipality, thinking that, really, too many risks were being taken, offered to supply twenty more cyclist police, that the *Sûreté Générale* from Paris disdainfully declined the offer, that the patrol was none the less ordered to encircle the royal car as it started on its journey, but that the intruders were spotted, in waiting, and were peremptorily told to clear off. Had they ridden slowly and close round the car, Kelemen (or Tchernozemsky, to give him his proper name) never could have gained the running-board, much less have continued to fire from there.

"Tchernozemsky was a silent, moody person, always keeping to himself, his nose perpetually buried in a book. He neither drank, smoked nor ate meat. Incredible as it may seem, he once said that he would not eat meat because it was cruel to kill animals."

THE lesson of the foregoing has not been lost upon the remaining dictators. To-day, in Europe and out of it, the lives of dynamic national figures are more in danger than ever in the past. One need not insist on whys and wherefores. Three men stand in more or less permanent danger; one less so; another, of different category, less so again. One refers, respectively, to Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Kemal and Roosevelt. A sixth ever in peril must certainly be he who currently offends the Japanese "Black Dragon" secret society said to be composed of 300 nationalist officers (the murder of General Nagata, slashed to death with a sword in his office, will be fresh in the public memory). Some might go so far as to add Mr. de Valera, who assuredly must preserve a certain caution in his public appearances. Nor may another absolutist figure, Carol, exactly go strolling after dark; in fact Majesty has largely to dart hither and thither "unbeknowns." But suffice, here, with our 100 per cent. dictators, since this subject might otherwise go on and on. For example, the Queen of Holland has to be constantly guarded. Why? So, also, has the young strong man of Spain, Gil Robles. And so, since his motor tragedy, has poor Dr. Schuschnigg, for whom one has fears. And so have, in Paris, the French President, ex-King Alfonso, and Venizelos. Sentenced to death, the inextinguishable and self-seeking Cretan must see far too much of his closely guarded apartment, for which police attentions he has to pay heavily, though he is also being protected as a past friend of France and holder of her highest decorations.

An entire technique of protection is now in force in the cases of the Führer, the Duce, the Ataturk and Stalin. Otherwise 'tis unlikely that any one of them could long remain alive. There must be scores and scores who would kill them gladly, passionately, did opportunity present itself to prepare a coup. That is the point. These things must be prepared, sometimes over long periods. No use taking up position here and there on chance. Would-be assassins of dictators must become possessed of specific "intelligence" regarding their intended victim's trick movements and subterfuges; the game of the protectors is to keep such "intelligence" an ever-changing puzzle. Yet considerably more has crept into the contemporary "game" than that. After all, dictators are asking for it. Under the systems they themselves have evolved, resentment against them cannot be expressed popularly by ballot. Only an act of violence (failing the intercession of Providence in the normal way) can separate them from their positions of utter power over nearly 300,000,000 people. They are subjected to the hatred of individuals and of groups, of White Russians and Jews, Communists and Socialists, as of persons who have suffered terribly through dictatorial actions, (*Continued on page 120*)



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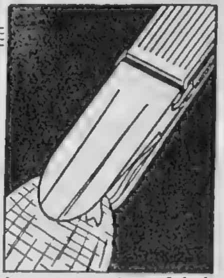

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Nuvo 'Snappies' solve woman's most disturbing dress problems—the overcoming of laddering in fine hose, the obliteration of suspender outlines and the banishment of periodic "bulky outlines."

Nuvo Suspenders, fitted with 'Snappies' Grips, are only $\frac{3}{16}$" thick. From 1/3 per pair.

Nuvo Sanitary Belt, incorporating Lastex Yarn and 'Snappies' Grips, holds gauze firmly and is unfelt and unseen.

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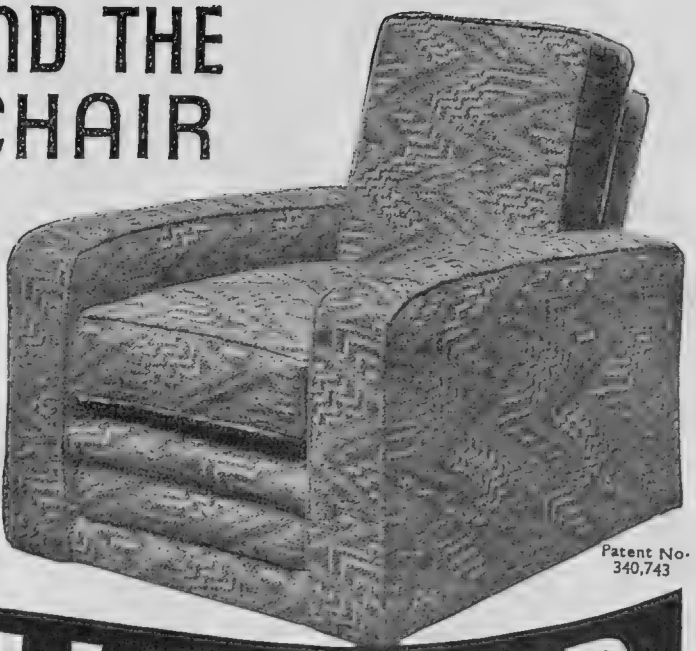
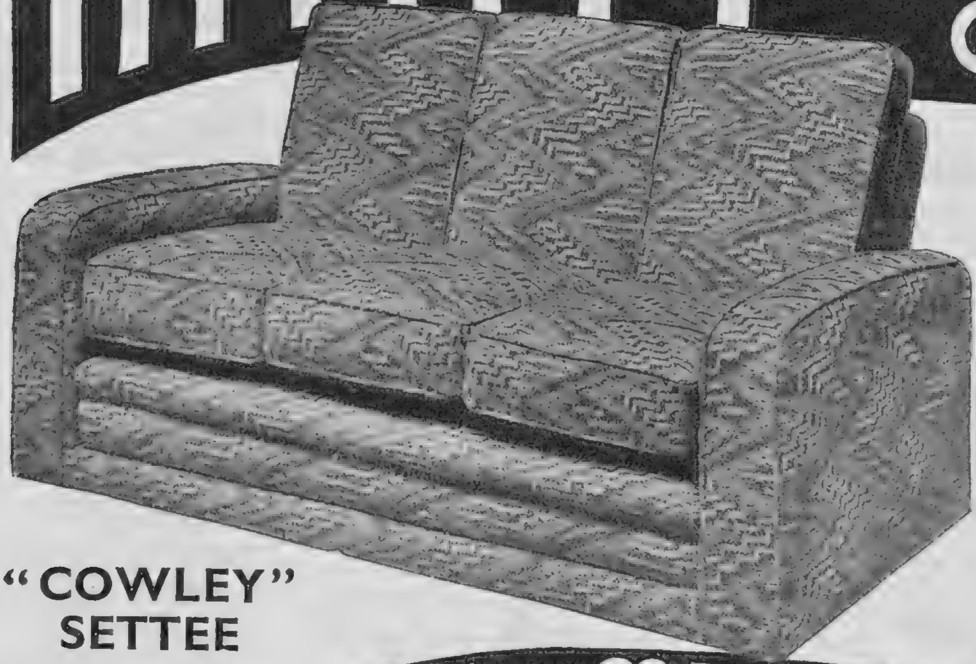
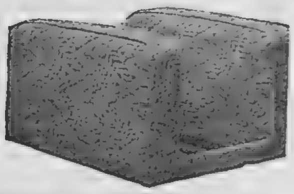
When you first sit in a Minty Chair you are conscious of welcome luxury. After a few minutes you feel your body and nerves sliding into a sense of relaxation which is the most complete rest. So much for its comfort. Think for a moment of the ordinary arm chair, a receptacle for dust and fluff between the seats and arms. This cannot happen with a Minty. As illustrated below, right, it takes to bits and can be thoroughly cleaned. Of course it makes child's play of the making of loose covers.

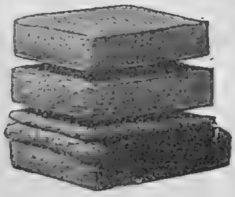


Patent No. 340,743

MINTY CLUB CHAIR







Alongside is shown the unit construction of the "COWLEY" and "MERTON" models. Cleaning and the making of loose covers can easily be carried out at home.

Framed in Hardwood, Patent Springing and Hair Stuffing throughout. The luxurious lines and the beautiful colours appeal immediately to the eye. There is a wide choice of coverings to choose from.

"COWLEY" SETTEE

TWO CHAIRS AND ONE SETTEE FORM AN ADMIRABLE SUITE.

The MERTON MODEL

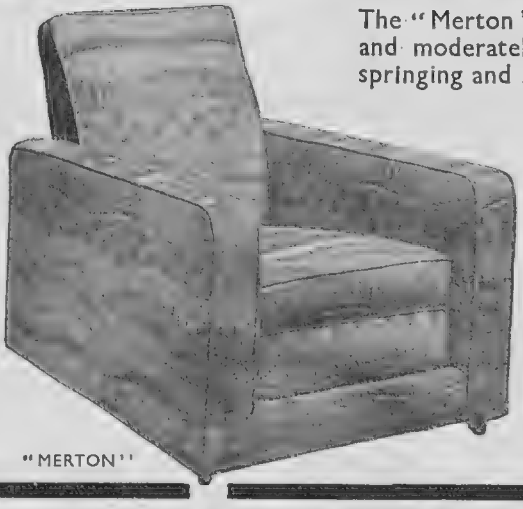
The "Merton" Economy Model is thoroughly practical, and moderately priced. Framed in hardwood, patent springing and hair stuffing throughout.

'COWLEY' CHAIR
From - £7 . 7 . 0
(according to length of seat)

"COWLEY" SETTEE
From - £12 . 12 . 0

'MERTON' CHAIR
From - £3. 19 . 6
(according to length of seat)

"MERTON" SETTEE
From - £7 . 19 . 6
(according to length of seat)



"MERTON"

All Minty Chairs are made in three lengths of seat.

Deferred Terms can be arranged.

Write for Catalogue of the MINTY "COWLEY," "MERTON" and "ISIS" Chairs and patterns of coverings.

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5 EXCHANGE STREET, MANCHESTER.

mother!

Unlike cows' milk Allenburys Humanized Milk Foods closely resemble the natural milk. There is no risk with Allenburys.

Allenburys Humanized Milk Foods Nos. 1 & 2 are made from fresh cows' milk by an exclusive process which renders them almost identical with mothers' milk. They contain added Vitamin D to prevent any possibility of rickets and to ensure the formation of healthy bones and teeth.

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SEND FOR SAMPLE

COUPON Allen & Hanburys Ltd. (Dept. A), 37 Lombard St., London, E.C.3.

Mrs. .... will be pleased to receive a free sample of 'Allenburys' Food and a copy of pamphlet. Baby's age is ....

CJFD

INFANT FEEDING and MANAGEMENT
Allenburys Milk Food
No1

VAREEN *The Satisfaction Liquid Nail Polish*

A Pleasure to use. Durable in colour and finish. Gives an exquisite finishing tone to My Lady's Toilet.

● *FAVOURITE COLOURS*

Natural, Rose, Pale Coral, Coral, Deep Rose, Pearl, Blush Pearl, Rose Pearl, White, Lake Red, Orange, Carnation, Dark Red, etc.

Liquid Nail Polish - - - 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6
Remover - - - - - - - - 1/- and 1/6
Cuticle Cream (softens and removes excess cuticle) - - - - - - 1/- and 1/6
Nail White Pencil, which is also an effective cuticle remover - - - 1/-
Vareen Oily Polish Remover - - - 1/-
(Specially Recommended)

Obtainable from Messrs. Harrods, Barkers, Marshall & Snelgrove, Selfridges, Whiteleys, all stores and chemists, including Boots Branches, Hairdressers and Manicurists.

VAREEN LTD., LONDON, W.11

Vareen
Nail Polish

acts perhaps affecting ones dear to the potential assassin. How many of the latter category must be walking Europe to-day in agony of mind and hatred of spirit! Nor may we forget that the dictator can still easily become the target of the maniac, as in the case of Gorgouloff's slaying of the colourless President Doumer, or of the crazy idealist, as represented by Miss Gibson's coming nearer to removing Mussolini than anyone else before or since.

FOUR main considerations govern the system by which the most threatened man of all, Hitler, is protected. He goes everywhere suddenly and without notice—very often he may not turn up at a heralded official occasion or as unexpectedly descend upon one. He uses exclusively the aeroplane and the most powerful Mercédès ever built, which is saying a lot (his final rail journey was that from Hamburg to Hanover when his train crashed into a motor-coach mysteriously blocking a level-crossing, twenty of a theatrical touring company being killed). He has begun to use a double, which is apt to confuse things. Fourthly, the Führer's safety is reinforced by his eternal high-speed rushing between the Chancellery in Berlin, his mountain chalet near Berchtesgaden, and his flat in Munich. One of the most difficult things to know in Germany is precisely where Hitler is at a given moment. Unless definitely on view, he may be . . . anywhere. Remember how he flew through the night from Godesberg to have Roehm and company shot near Munich. Nobody had an idea that the Leader had spent the preceding night seated at a Rhineside terrace with Goebbels; the two had flown thither, as a blind, without a word. A gagged Press can be turned to many uses, one being not to dare utter a blessed word concerning personal movements and plans.

Hitler must be desperately glad of his great Junkers, for he flies everywhere. He thinks nothing of rising on the spur of inclination from a conference in the Wilhelmstrasse and taking his dinner two hours later adjacently to the Munich Brown House. Who can hope to track him down under such circumstances? A number of hazards are immediately deleted, as, for instance, the set railway station departure or arrival, ever fraught with major danger since people can hang around stations, wait for trains. Seipel was caught like that; so was a Japanese Premier. So (I think) was King Humbert, back in 1900. The Empress Elisabeth was caught catching a lake steamer. King Alfonso was early on warned by the *Sûreté* that if he resorted to fixed arrivals and departures they could not be responsible for his safety. King Carol habitually leaves his special train somewhere *en route* and shoots off the rest of the way by car, on a pre-arranged plan. Some past régimes had special stations built for receiving potentates (Paris, Brussels). But that would not hinder bombs on the line, or the tearing up or blocking of this. Hitler is far safer in the clouds. Nevertheless, Germany has had to install the most rigid air-control system in the world. A strange machine reported to German officials means a definite hazard to Hitler, who will not brook a guard 'plane, as he also declines to have a machine-gun or other armament aboard. He will take his chance, and it happens to be a pretty good one, since the other danger, sabotage of his Junkers, is rendered impossible, thanks to a night and day vigil by black-garbed trusties.

At Haus Wachenfeld, looking down on Austrian Salzburg away below, the Führer is safe enough—by the way, he spends far more time there than is commonly supposed. That he intends to spend even more in the future, drawing solitary inspiration from cloud and mountain top, is evidenced by his having latterly removed one whole half of his Berlin Chancellery services to Bad Reichenhall, where two large hotels were taken over. Subsequently was completed a special 20-mile motor road between Reichenhall and Berchtesgaden, nearest place to the lone

(*Continued on page 122*)

IT'S SMART TO BE WARM IN 'VIYELLA'

You keep warm in the day-time and smart withal. Why not at night time too? Have your night clothes in a fabric that lends itself to chic line and design, yet is as warm as your own fireside; a fabric that boasts delightful colours, dainty patterns, yet remains like new even after countless launderings, never shrinking and never losing its quality.

Why does 'Viyella' do all this? Because it is made for these purposes. Its base is lambs' wool, and it is spun by a secret process into a yarn that is unique for all health and practical purposes. And, as you know, in a fabric it is the yarn that counts.

THAT'S WHY MONTHS HENCE YOU WILL SAY—

"I'M GLAD I GOT IT IN 'VIYELLA'"

Regd.

★ *READ WHAT A FAMOUS SPECIALIST SAYS ABOUT*

" THE IDEAL NEXT-THE-SKIN FABRIC "

"The ideal next-the-skin material must be sufficiently porous to let the air and valuable ultra-violet rays penetrate, to allow a circulation of air maintained at an even temperature between the garment and the skin, and, most important, to allow perspiration to evaporate. Therefore, in my opinion, an ideal health fabric is 'Viyella,' because it fulfils these requirements even after numerous washings."

DAY & NIGHT WEAR A VIYELLA HOUSE PRODUCT

WILLIAM HOLLINS AND COMPANY LIMITED, VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM

Half an hour in the evening

In many letters E. B. is requested to plan out the necessary daily care of the skin—"but not more than 5 minutes, I have so little time," or "in these bad times I can't spend more than a few shillings." These are the usual cries and both are wrongly conceived. You might as well know—you must give at least 20 minutes of your time daily; and your money is wasted on bad preparations. Quality is remembered long after the price is forgotten; and, of course, good things are more economical and cheaper in the long run than bad ones.

* * *

E. B.'s skin tonics are marvellously refreshing. They strengthen the skin and make it healthy, they keep the tissues firm and increase the blood circulation. They have been tested over forty years and are as perfect as anything can be.

Her creams are manufactured from ingredients which could well be employed in the manufacture of foods, so absolutely pure are they.

Her methods are simple and logical, and can be easily carried out at home. You will find too that even the *first step* along Elizabeth Bock's Path to Beauty produces speedy results. Just now is the time to repair the ravages of summer suns and sea breezes. Getting rid of those undesirable freckles, those sunspots and other blemishes of the kind is easy enough if you follow E. B.'s simple regime.

Come to the Salon to discuss your own beauty problems with women whose experience is unrivalled and whose advice is gladly and freely given. If you live out of town, you will find that the same advice, the same preparations and, sometimes, the same treatments are obtainable from Elizabeth Bock's personal representatives in the better stores throughout the country. But, remember, ten minutes' talk is worth a dozen letters.

The following preparations are specially recommended for this season of the year—

Special Skin Tonic, 5/-: Liquid cleanser. Whitens the skin. The thorough cleansing is the most important step of the Elizabeth Bock method.

Cleansing Cream, 4/6: a light fragrant cream, deeply penetrating the pores. For oily skin use Cleansing Lotion (6/-).

Bleaching Lotion, 5/-: After a thorough cleansing apply Bleaching Lotion. This prepares the skin for the application of Bleaching Cream (5/6). Bleaching Cream contains both softening and bleaching ingredients without extracting the natural oil from the skin. For a supersensitive and a very dry skin use alternately with Pasta Divina and Muscle Oil. To obtain better results, after cleansing and toning, apply a thin film twice a week of Strawberry Cream (14/-).

Lotion Divina, 4/-: For toning and stimulating the blood circulation.

Pasteurized Cream, 5/-: For refining and strengthening the tissues. For a dry skin use in place of this Pasta Divina (4/-) or the preparation most recently introduced:

Vitamin Cream, 15/-: Specially to be used at the time of the year when there is no sun.

Astringent Lotion, 8/-: The last step in the Elizabeth Bock method is to close the pores and to restore the relaxed contours. While the skin is still damp pat in gently Welda Lotion (6/-). It is slightly antiseptic and shields the skin even in autumn. The supersensitive skin is inclined to become freckled through exposure to light. Now you are ready for make-up.

All further information about the other Elizabeth Bock preparations will be found in "The Path to Beauty," which will be sent to you free of charge.

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From Monday, Oct. 7, an Elizabeth Bock representative will attend at BIRD & STORY, Marble Arch, to acquaint you with Elizabeth Bock's Beauty plans for Autumn

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Let Your Teeth delight in a
2-MINUTE
BEAUTY TREATMENT
- Give them new sparkle & whiteness

SECRET OF HER RADIANT SMILE REVEALED

IS *YOUR* SMILE A PLEASANT MEMORY?

The first step towards personal beauty and attractiveness is to give your teeth what is rightly their due and reward them with special care and attention. This, thousands are now doing daily and with a radiant smile which is a reflection of beauty and a passport to happiness.

NEW METHOD OF CLEANING TEETH GIVES WONDERFUL RESULTS.

Use only *half-an-inch* of KOLYNOS—the proved, antiseptic and germicidal tooth paste—on a *dry brush*—and for *two minutes!* Your mouth will immediately feel cleaner and fresher and your teeth will glisten and sparkle.

DISCOVER FOR YOURSELF THE JOYS OF A CLEAN MOUTH AND SOUND, ATTRACTIVE WHITE TEETH

Get a tube of KOLYNOS to-day. of all Chemists and Stores.

TRIAL SIZE 6ᴰ 1/6 SIZE NOW 1/-

NEW LARGE SIZE 1/9
Ask your Chemist for particulars of
HANDSOME BATHROOM FITTING FREE

KOLYNOS (REGD) DENTAL CREAM

THE TOOTH PASTE THAT BRINGS BEAUTY TO LIGHT.

STOP THAT CONSTANT DISTRESS AFTER EATING
TAKE 'BiSoDoL' THE COMPLETE REMEDY
NOW IN TABLET FORM

BiSoDoL REGD MINT TABLETS
Made in England

'BiSoDoL' is MORE than a STOMACH remedy—it is a COMPLETE TREATMENT which gives COMPLETE RELIEF. It pacifies a rebellious stomach and ensures harmony throughout the digestive system.

'BiSoDoL' enables you to eat and enjoy every meal without fear of pain, flatulence or discomfort. That is because 'BiSoDoL' actively assists the digestion of meats, fats, starches and all foods—rich or plain.

Try 'BiSoDoL' and you will realise what a great stride has been made in the conquest of indigestion and gastric troubles by this COMPLETE remedy. You will like taking 'BiSoDoL,' either in the Powder form, or the pleasant-tasting, Mint-flavoured Tablets. Obtainable of all Chemists.

'BiSoDoL' Mint TABLETS Price: 1/- (30) and 2/6 (100).
'BiSoDoL' POWDER Price: 1/3 and 3/-, Family Size 4/9.

chalet on the frontier summit. Berchtesgaden is, however, still two miles below Haus Wachenfeld, and if another special road climbs up (what it costs to protect a dictator compared with King George's sprinkling of detectives!), this road is shut to all save those with passes. Visitors who would make ultimate pilgrimage to the Leader's retreat must do so afoot, those last two miles steep up the mountain side, and in full view of numerous look-outs. Moreover, once on the top, the curious or adoring will find a high barbed-wire fence right round the estate and guards ever patrolling.

HITLER'S employment of a double led to an amusing show-up not long since, when he was billed for two time-coinciding functions, as sometimes deliberately is done. He was to preside at the opening of the German section of the Munich-Salzburg motor road and also at the dedication of Munich's new "House of German Art." By an oversight "he" appeared simultaneously at both. The double went off on the road job, and was suitably *heiled* on the way while Storm Troopers, lining a forest section of the new highway, dutifully turned their backs and concentrated on watching the spectators (a novelty in anti-assassination technique introduced by Mussolini when M. Lebrun, the whole distance from Modane to Trieste on his way to Alexander's funeral, found soldiers' backs turned to him as they guarded the line, looking outwards). Meanwhile, the real Hitler was functioning down in Munich. Whether the double got the sack is not recorded. He is said to be the highest-paid official in the Third Realm and to be indistinguishable from his master. Of course, the employment of doubles is nothing new. The late Tsar employed "the living spit" of himself; indeed, how well do I remember having to wait three solid hours at a level-crossing in the depths of Poland, in wintry 1914, for the Imperial train to pass. Orders were to keep the barrier firmly down and to listen to nobody, not even to a Russian colonel who was of our motor party. At last two specials dashed by (that was another precaution: always two trains, so that none should know in which travelled the Little Father). But on this occasion he happened to be looking out of the window. I turned excitedly to the Colonel. "There he is!" "Nothing of the kind," came laconically, "that's the double."

Curiously enough, Hitler is not most in danger where one would think he ought to be, namely, when taking tea in the public lounge of the Berlin Kaiserhof, as he does nearly every day while in the capital. No one prevents you entering the lounge, and you can sit at the very next table to the Führer if it is free, though this is not done. The company keeps away from the semi-deified one. Still, there he sits, and the only people then protecting him in all Germany are half a dozen black-coated guards around the doorway. Each has an automatic, each is a crack shot, each keeps the Hitler circle constantly in view. The slightest suspicious move by one of the public, and *bang-bang*, he or she would be laid low. Which prompts one to wonder if Hitler has ever been wounded. Possibly yes, though not when a bomb was thrown at his supposed car at Nüremberg. That was Julius Streicher's car. But late last December there were strong rumours that the Führer had been wounded in the arm by a young woman. Thereabouts he cancelled all engagements save one, the New Year's reception of the Diplomatic Corps, and a film of that ceremony certainly shows the central figure holding stiffly, seemingly immovably, his left arm—though it may, of course, only have been evening-dress stiffness at high noon.

MENTION of the Chancellery reminds that ever since the Dollfuss raid, this Berlin headquarters of the Leader's is guarded by 150 S.S. *élite*, each in steel helmet and carrying a rifle. The vicinity of Hitler's offices is full of guards carrying automatics, while outside in the street there is ever moving a strong police patrol in addition to a picked force being held in permanent readiness near by. A complicated scheme of defence has been worked out which includes a surging of guards from the old Chancellery to block all entrances.

Another live peril is when the Leader attends some official or party function and has to use his car. He has a famous driver, Schreck, who must know every village street in Germany, but the Führer insists on riding in the front seat while going through crowded streets, even of standing up to return the Nazi salute. However, such exposure is tempered by his wearing a body-shield beneath his tunic, which is what makes him look curiously bulgy. What a life! Moreover, behind him in the back of the car are five sharpshooters with rifles between their knees and revolvers at their belts. They search the crowd on either side: no one could make for that running-board and live an instant. A bomb? That's different. Particularly is there danger at corners. The Serajevo bomb was thrown when Franz-Ferdinand's chauffeur had slowed down to take a corner.

When extra risky periods arrive in the régime the Führer will fade right out, sometimes for a week or two. This occurred after the notorious purge. He drove next day to the Kroll Reichstag through police-emptied streets and with armed-to-the-teeth "carsters" fore and aft; then he vanished. If it is easy to imagine Hitler as forever circulating, that is because of the unexampled publicity with the camera that Goebbels engineers. Incidentally, no amateur may direct a lens on him, nor may the fairest flaxen Backfish propel flowers in his direction. Terribly risky, floral offerings, other than tiny bouquets held up by all-Aryan small girls.

The protection of Hitler when he attends concert, opera or theatre is simplified in this way. No one ever knows he is going. He comes in late. To obviate a repetition of the Ford Theatre tragedy in Washington, guards mount sentinel outside his box. He leaves in darkness before the final curtain, the lobbies being cleared for him. And to obviate what happened to William Terriss, nobody is allowed near the street exit selected for that evening's departure.

Never must be forgotten, finally, what may well be Hitler's surest shield against assassination; namely, the fearful reprisals that would ensue did anything happen to him.

So much for how Hitler escapes—plus, of course, the fact that he never ventures outside his own country. He did so once, to Venice, when the diplomatic consequences were deplorable for him. One might call that journey his Locarno visit, the reference being to the Duce's third and final foreign outing just ten years ago (his other two were London and Lausanne). Dictators don't travel. If I have treated Hitler at length there is the advantage that one can be unexpectedly less long with Mussolini because of much the same technique operating in each instance: the "flit invisible," the aeroplane, the suddenness of everything, the camouflage, the heavy unseen guarding, the avoidance of checkable travel, the sticking to native soil, the threat of unthinkable sanctions, the total absence of newspaper information concerning movements, perhaps even the double, though this is no longer certain.

Yet there are differences. Mussolini has no Brown House flat or private alp. After a dozen years of it, he is a less restless being than his after-comer above the Brenner. The Italian sticks much more to his all-compelling desk in Rome. He will, of course, shoot out in all directions to speechify or lay a brick or empty a lake—though more often at the wheel of his roadster than by air—as he will suddenly happen upon some fiesta or harvesting and be pally with the locals, but the Duce's outings are much more set and rounded by long usage. He swims down at Castel Fusano full six months in the year. He swims at Riccione on the Adriatic in the hotter spells. The pair constitute about all his personal displacements for relaxation. He lives on work at that desk, thirteen and more hours of it a day; safe, too. His stays up high at (*Continued on page* 124)

To the woman who pays 8/11

You may perhaps think that the extraction of 8/11 from a lady's purse in exchange for a pair of silk stockings is a major operation requiring an anaesthetic. It is not so.

Not, at any rate, as far as Aristoc are concerned. Women whose appearance matters; women who feel they can face the world better in stockings of the highest quality; women who want heavy-weights for sport, very sheer stockings for other occasions—they find all their needs exactly met in the Aristoc range at 8/11—which, when you look at the range—isn't surprising . . .

⁂

No. 344	*Lisle top and foot—very heavy weight stocking*
No. 396	*Grenadine, medium service weight. With clox.*
No. 466	*All silk Grenadine—fine service weight. Picot top.*
No. 420	*All silk Grenadine—sheer, with clox. Picot top.*

Aristoc

The Aristocrat of Silk Stockings

Manufactured by Aristoc Ltd., Nottingham; and distributed to the trade only by W. L. Arber Ltd., 4 Great Portland Street. London, W.1

Regd. Trade Mark

Yardley Powder

ORCHIS

For all those occasions when a woman desires to look her loveliest, she turns instinctively to the Yardley Complexion Powder. Cleverly tinted, miraculously fine and clinging, this Powder gives the skin a lasting flawless finish, a glamorous softness which is utterly irresistible. A specially youthful tint is English Peach and the Powder is attractively perfumed with Orchis.

2/- LARGE BOX

YARDLEY · 33 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON

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DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

HAPPY CHILDREN
make
CONTENTED MEN & WOMEN.
8,500 children in Barnardo's are receiving happiness.
Please help this work.
10/-
feeds one child for a fortnight.

Cheques, etc. payable 'Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund' & crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 319 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

the family home near Forli, counterpart of Haus Wachenfeld, are brief and infrequent and usually occur when he wants to meditate.

AGAIN, Mussolini is never seen taking tea in the lounge of the Grand or Excelsior, nor yet standing up in the front of a car in a crowded street. His ultimate piece of public fraternisation may have been when he used to take small lions for a walk on the Pincio, or have his morning canter there. But those daring days are long over. The Duce now jumps his fences within the gardens of Villa Torlonia. Remember there have officially been four attempts to kill him. I say "officially" because one affair, when a youth is reputed to have attached a bomb to his car in the Piazza del Popolo, has often been discounted as Fascist fake in an attempt to popularise their hero at a time when the Party's fortunes were at their lowest.

On the other hand, the Irish lady's effort on Capitole Hill was no joke: the Duce got a bullet across the nose. Similarly, he brushed the other world uncomfortably closely when a general had everything ready to level a telescopic-rifle at him from a window facing the balcony of the Palazzo Chigi whence Il Duce was to harangue his followers. (The general got thirty years for thinking that out.) Lastly, there came the shots from the boy of Bologna and the lynching of the firer on the spot: shots which made Fascist history in their leading to the dread special tribunals, to the death penalty for endangering the lives of Duce or King, and to the institution of the Islands of *Confino*. That was nine years ago. Except on the rarest occasions, Mussolini is now seen no more save at a distance: at public parades the camera shows the crowd far off behind human avenues of uniforms.

His love of the beach comes nearest, perhaps, to Hitler's Kaiserhof risk. But on these occasions, as in Berlin, invisible automatics are ever in close proximity. It is easy enough when the Duce is working in his cabin, but when he sun-bathes or enters the sea eyes have to be doubly alert.

Mussolini's safety is, on paper, entrusted to 300 highly trained police; actually, many more lend a hand since the Head of the Government is also protected by the OVRA or political section of the police. This large organisation operates throughout Italy and in foreign countries. The special police section automatically moves from Rome when the Duce travels, so that wherever he goes he has this force, plus the local section of the OVRA watching over his safety. His police are in plain clothes. With the Royal Caribineers, they guard the Villa Torlonia. The "Duce Police" also guard the Palazzo Venezia, where their charge, their supercharge, spends the bulk of his time. Outwardly but two Fascist guards are to be seen acting sentinel, but everywhere round that Piazza are hidden eyes—try and loiter. A paramount duty of the special police is that of ensuring the safe passage of the Duce between his home and office. The route is frequently changed, and plain-clothes men are stationed all along the day's particular route. A special signal warns them that Mussolini is coming (signal also constantly modified), the ordinary police are told to clear the road, and the great man comes whizzing by, usually driving himself at such a speed that only by a terrific fluke could anyone or anything hit him. Even so, these lightning, last-minute passages were not deemed safe until gratings had been fitted across the apertures by which gutter water escapes underneath the Roman pavement: bombs could have been placed in those apertures. Lamp-posts are also regularly inspected, while householders must bar all access to their roofs. On days of ceremonial, windows are lavishly "occupied" to cover all possibilities.

EVERYTHING in the Duce's enormous mail is opened by other fingers which move gingerly with parcels. There is little fear of poison since Mussolini hardly ever circulates socially save to Embassies, when his own cook may come along. He always lunches at home. His visits to the theatre are of the rarest. In fact, it is work and swim and tear away somewhere, reviewing, haranguing, opening things, and ever the same prescription as before. When he careers down to the sea on his motor-cycle at 60 m.p.h., he looks just as non-human as your average freak in leathers, goggles and crash-helmet. Quite unrecognisable, thoroughly disguised in the fancy dress of the machine age.

Stalin's case notably differs by his being a hermit of the Kremlin compared with the gallivantings of his German and Italian counterparts. The Russian hardly ever appears in public. He lives and moves in utter secrecy. Yet that does not stop a vast company watching over him and the two or three others in whose hands entire power is centralised. If anything happened to that tiny handful! Secret police hearts missed a beat when they were all out together last May, the occasion being the funeral of Menjinsky, Ogpu chief. Only at funerals of the very great, and at Red Square parades, do Stalin and his lieutenants really show themselves; funerals are the more dangerous. The ritual is to follow the ashes from the Hall of Columns to Red Square, for burial in the Kremlin wall. Last May, Stalin, Molotoff, Voroschiloff, Kalinin, Yagoda, carried Menjinsky's ashes all the way. I am not exaggerating about funerals being the chief risks incurred by Stalin. Prior to May, he took a similar risk in entraining for Leningrad on hearing of the killing of his closest friend and presumed successor, Kirov. The station at Moscow, as at Leningrad, was packed with troops, since Stalin, who does not fly, only has news of his rare journeys made known after they are completed. Here he was openly catching a train. To pursue the argument, possibly the greatest risk Stalin ever took or is likely to take was when he walked five miles behind the body of his young wife. I have always thought what a wonderful painting that would yield: the God-denying chief of 170,000,000 people bowed down by human sorrow as he strode towards a cemetery, the highest in Russia around him, strode over snow behind an all-red hearse drawn by six black horses.

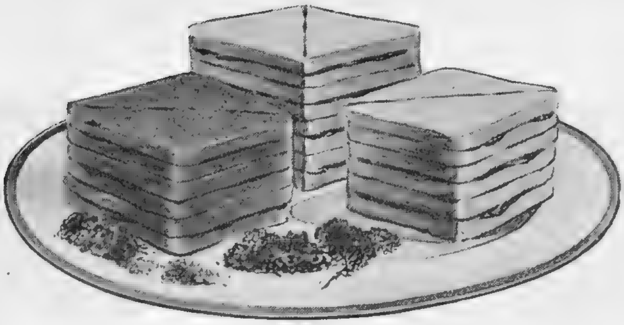
STALIN has a small flat below the Kremlin, where he lives with his two children. He seldom goes out; once in a while unannounced to the theatre. He only has to pass along closely guarded corridors to his offices, yet here lurks the danger of what happened to Kirov, struck down at his desk by a Party traitor. Since then, only the most filtered mortals ever see Stalin. To enter the Kremlin is no longer possible. Tourists used to be allowed in—until Kirov. Now, the rare accredited ones have to show papers and passports and permits. Even Stalin has to show papers lest he be impersonated. Everybody is meticulously counted in and out. Sentries pace everywhere, high on the walls, at every gate of the vast barbaric enclosure of palaces which was so easy of entry back in 1915. I remember I just walked in one March day.

Final security is achieved by housing the Cadet School, 300 strong, within the precincts.

Stalin's other main danger is reviewing parades on Red Square. Could someone contrive to level at him a telescopic-rifle of the Roman pattern? As he stood there hour after hour, on high by Lenin's tomb? Apparently the people responsible for the dictator's safety thought yes, because of late no one is allowed on Red Square without a pass. Still, there are such things as juggling with passes. . . .

And so to the Ataturk. It is a short and sharp story. Kemal had all his first regiment of protectors killed. He would. But they really were bad men: I crossed from Therapia once, in 1920, and met some. They were called Lazes. In those early days Kemal formed his bodyguard from these smuggling, piratical, murderous, fantastically cruel gentry. The colonel of the bodyguard was one Topal Osman, and one day, after victory over the Greeks, Topal and his fellow Lazes decided they were not getting enough swag and began terrorising

(*Continued on page 126*)



If you don't feel like eating a heavy lunch or dinner have

Sandwiches

They're light yet they make a perfect meal

because

they're made with

BREAD

P.S. **Be sure you have some bread whatever the meal**

C.F.H.107

"HE'S WONDERFUL—BUT HE DIDN'T SEEM IMPRESSED WITH POOR ME—I'VE OFTEN WONDERED.. MY HAIR..
"TAKE A TIP FROM AN OLDER WOMAN, MY DEAR, JUST WEAR A HALO WAVER HELMET EVERY NIGHT—HE'LL SOON SEE THE DIFFERENCE
"WHY THAT'S MARVELLOUS! —I WILL FROM NOW ON."
"YOU'VE MET JOAN, OF COURSE, TONY
"WELL, I THOUGHT I HAD BUT THIS IS A NEW WOMAN! SHALL WE DANCE?
LATER

In the "Halo" Patent Waver Helmet the back of the net is of Lastex wonder yarn and fits any head. The front strips are adjustable according to the position of the waves. Sold by BOOTS, Hairdressers, Drapers, Stores, in six pastel shades. Price **3/11**. Look for the "Halo" tab, it's on all our products. *If unobtainable, please write direc to Sales Department:*

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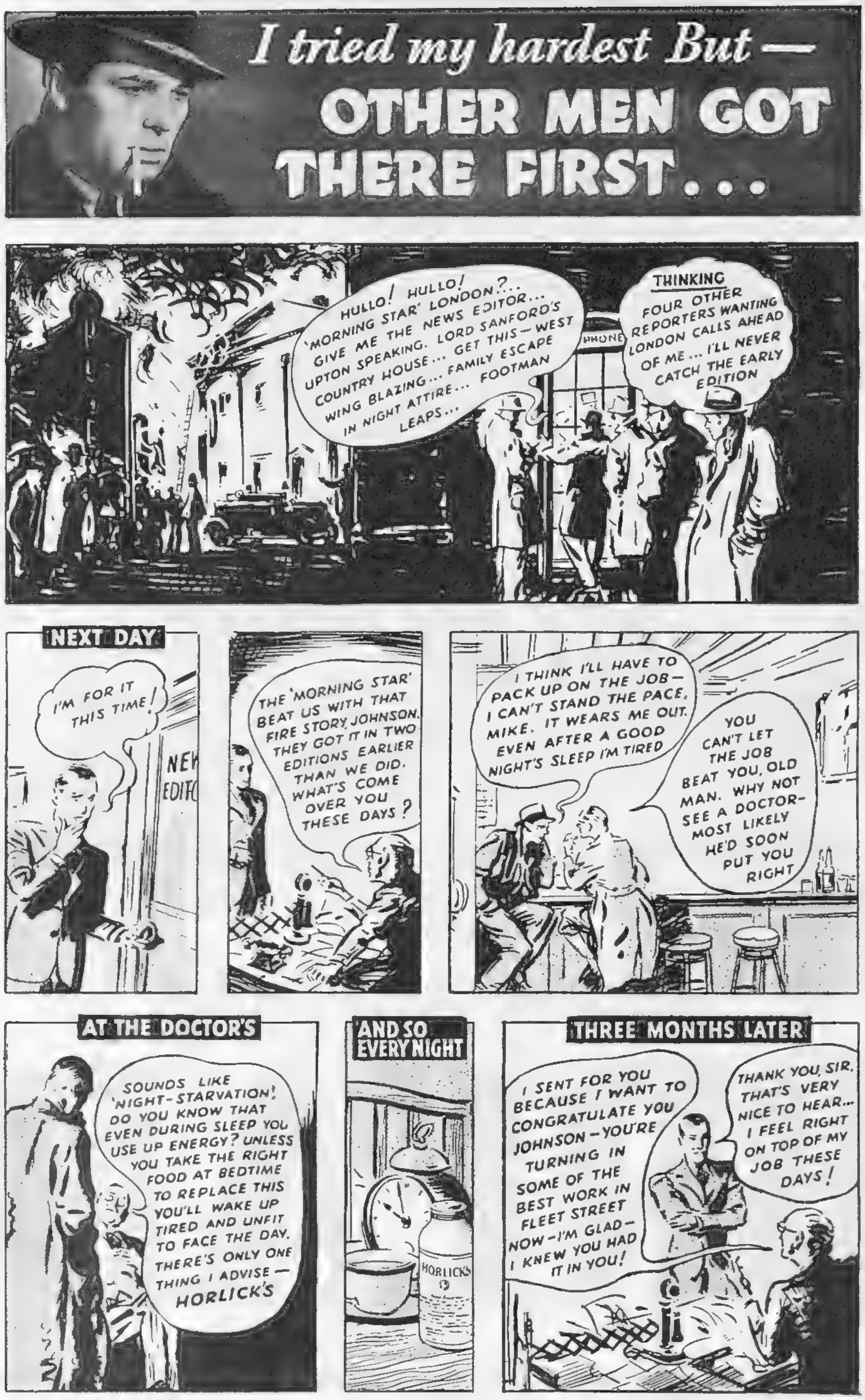

I tried my hardest But —
OTHER MEN GOT THERE FIRST...
HULLO! HULLO! 'MORNING STAR' LONDON?... GIVE ME THE NEWS EDITOR... UPTON SPEAKING. LORD SANFORD'S COUNTRY HOUSE... GET THIS—WEST WING BLAZING... FAMILY ESCAPE IN NIGHT ATTIRE... FOOTMAN LEAPS...
PHONE
THINKING FOUR OTHER REPORTERS WANTING LONDON CALLS AHEAD OF ME... I'LL NEVER CATCH THE EARLY EDITION
NEXT DAY
I'M FOR IT THIS TIME!
NEW EDITO
THE 'MORNING STAR' BEAT US WITH THAT FIRE STORY JOHNSON. THEY GOT IT IN TWO EDITIONS EARLIER THAN WE DID. WHAT'S COME OVER YOU THESE DAYS?
I THINK I'LL HAVE TO PACK UP ON THE JOB—I CAN'T STAND THE PACE, MIKE. IT WEARS ME OUT. EVEN AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP I'M TIRED
YOU CAN'T LET THE JOB BEAT YOU, OLD MAN. WHY NOT SEE A DOCTOR—MOST LIKELY HE'D SOON PUT YOU RIGHT
AT THE DOCTOR'S
SOUNDS LIKE 'NIGHT-STARVATION'. DO YOU KNOW THAT EVEN DURING SLEEP YOU USE UP ENERGY? UNLESS YOU TAKE THE RIGHT FOOD AT BEDTIME TO REPLACE THIS YOU'LL WAKE UP TIRED AND UNFIT TO FACE THE DAY. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I ADVISE—HORLICK'S
AND SO EVERY NIGHT
HORLICKS
THREE MONTHS LATER
I SENT FOR YOU BECAUSE I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU JOHNSON—YOU'RE TURNING IN SOME OF THE BEST WORK IN FLEET STREET NOW—I'M GLAD—I KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU!
THANK YOU, SIR. THAT'S VERY NICE TO HEAR... I FEEL RIGHT ON TOP OF MY JOB THESE DAYS!

ARE YOU LIKE JOHNSON?

Are others " getting there " before *you*, too ? Do you feel too fagged to make that little extra effort which would mean success ? If so, "Night-Starvation" is your trouble. All night long your body burns up energy. Unless this is replaced as you sleep, you wake tired out — " Night-Starved." Horlick's taken regularly at bed-time prevents " Night-Starvation." You wake up every morning full of energy and drive. The milk is already in Horlick's — just add water. And the flavour is fascinating. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

How Dictators Escape Death

all and sundry in Angora, even murdering M.P.'s. So one night the Ghazi, great soldier that he is, slipped from his house at Tchankaya and, collecting trusted battalions, surrounded Laze H.Q. On refusal to surrender, the Lazes were exterminated, and Kemal then selected for his new bodyguard picked officers and soldiers of the Republican Guard, who still accompany him wherever he goes. These trusties form the outward sign of a bigger underground protective force, since Kemal is obviously hated by vast numbers who have been trodden under foot and massacred under Turkish rule. Any strolling Armenian might, alone, do the trick. Yet it would not be so easy, because another piece of protection that the Ataturk has devised consists of always, which means always, having half a dozen of his most devoted friends with him, hard-bitten guys, one and all, and terrific with gun, pistol, dagger or anything. Over their dead bodies ! Literally. In addition, a score of detectives follow the Ghazi everywhere, taking up points of vantage in all the private and public places Kemal visits, mingling with the people around.

Whenever the President leaves his residence all police posts are warned and his personal guard line approaches to his house. There they must one and all remain until Kemal's return, no matter how late it be, and often it is quite, quite late, or, rather, early. As it happens, things are reasonably safe in Angora, where Kemal rarely leaves his residence save on official functions or to visit his thoroughly guarded farm. It is when he goes to Istanbul that the danger signals flash. There, in that cosmopolitan, seething ex-Constantinople, are thousands of foreigners whose movements and identities cannot be checked. The situation is rendered worse when the Father of All the Turks insists, invariably, in indulging his pet recreation, which consists of visiting all the best night places of whoopee. Hitler in the Kaiserhof, Mussolini on his beach, Stalin at his funerals, Kemal at his cabarets. The danger points.

End

The Story *of* Lastex Yarn

(*Continued from page* 61)

Two-way stretch meant that garments in which Lastex Yarn was woven had resiliency. They stretched, they gave to every movement, but when the action was over they went straight back to their own firm shape. They gave support, moulded spreading lines, but still gave women perfect freedom of movement.

And whatever the pull they never lost their elasticity in wear or wash.

" Two-way stretch "—first an awed whisper, born, no doubt, in the office of some advertising agent—became a terrific shout, resounded round the world. It did, in fact, put a Lastex Yarn girdle round the world, not in two minutes, but certainly in two years.

There are stockings—you know those Wolsey ones, with bands of Lastex inserted above the knee, which means you can stretch and bend, and do what you like, but they won't ladder.

Women who wore Lastex Yarn bathing-suits last summer won't easily forget their comfort, how they retained their shape and fit. There is underwear—and here the hair-fine character of the yarn permits of its being woven into the sheerest fabrics, into satin vests and panties, lace brassieres, with Lastex Yarn insets providing the uplift line.

Lastex Yarn is also successfully introduced into surgical corsetry, surgical stockings, bandages, children's socks, men's socks, knitted wear, belts, the tops of flannel trousers, riding breeches, golf caps (comfort with no forehead pressure), sleeping nets (your hair set is safe, and there's no night discomfort), golfing jackets, giving to every swing. . . .

Well, this is its story, so far. It is a pretty big story, considering it is barely five years old.

When it is five years older I expect we shall be able to add many more chapters to it.

End

Childhood's clear skin

can be yours—too!

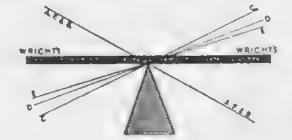
Wright's Coal Tar Soap is the only toilet soap to receive the highest award of the Institute of Hygiene.

PROCLAIMED *by science—vital soap facts*

IF YOU WANT the smooth, clear complexion of childhood why not use the soap which doctors and nurses recommend for the care of delicate little skins. For your skin is delicate, too. Wright's Coal Tar Soap is pure and bland. It contains no heavy, drying scents. Its generous lather is not oily. There is nothing in Wright's to irritate. Wright's does more than other soaps, it actually purifies the pores, makes them fine-textured and clear.

More physicians, themselves, use Wright's than any other toilet soap. Prominent analytical chemists and physicists confirm its superiority. Wright's is the only soap to hold the coveted Blue Seal (highest award) of the Institute of Hygiene. Be guided by these facts and don't experiment with cheap, impure soaps. Insist on Wright's—6d per tablet, 1/6 in boxes of three. At all chemists.

Protection is assured by the better balance of Wright's



Preference of Doctors Explained

From the famous research laboratory of Prof. A. M. Low come facts that reveal clearly the value of the superior balance of Wright's Coal Tar Soap over cheaper brands. If you are interested in getting value for your money, in safeguarding health and beauty, send now for

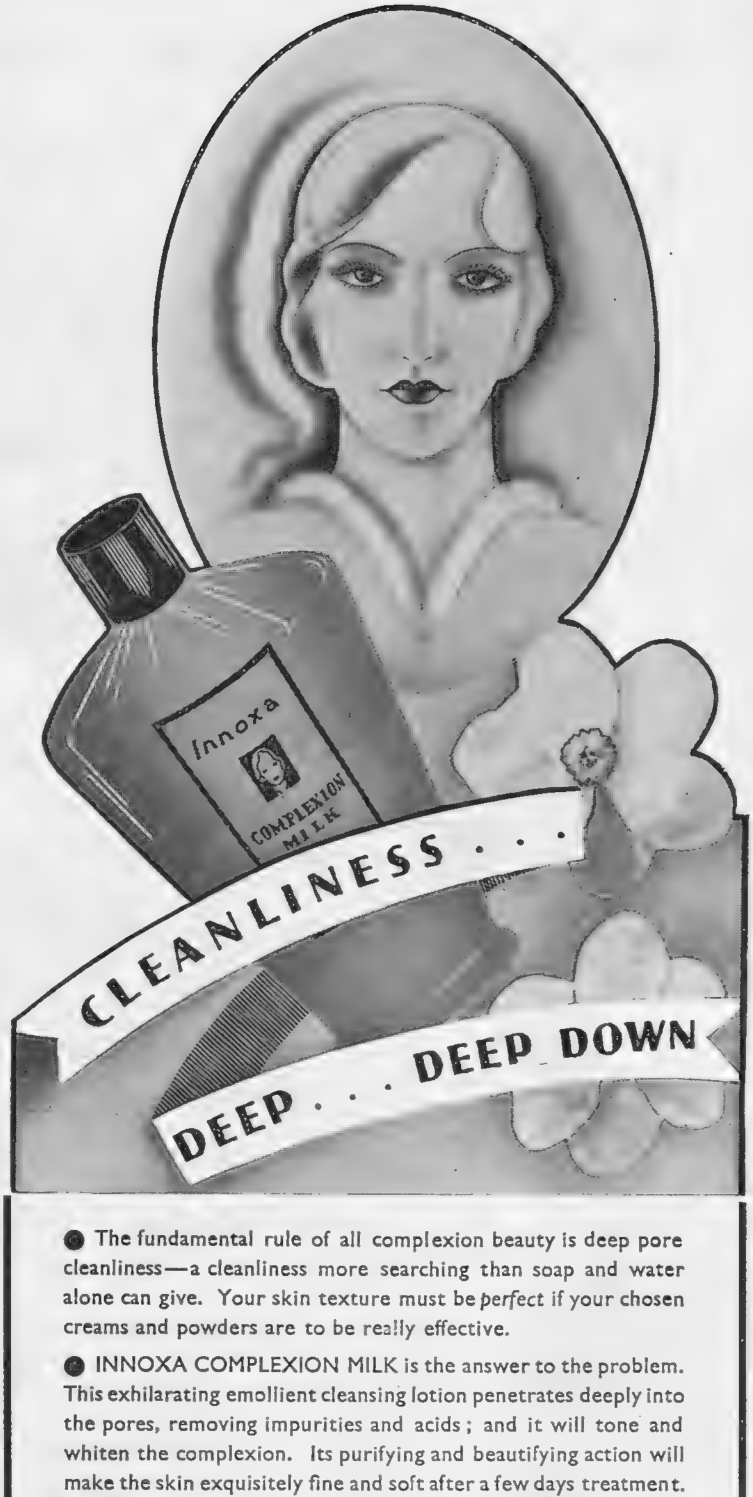
FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET

"The Truth about Soap" by Prof. A. M. Low, to Messrs. Wright, Layman & Umney Ltd., Dept. K.5, 44-50 Southwark St., London, S.E.1.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap
Wright's costlier materials protect your skin

● *Make this simple test for mildness—touch a tablet with tip of tongue, note complete absence of burning or sour caustic taste common to cheap soaps.*

WRIGHT'S lifts AWAY THE DIRT



● The fundamental rule of all complexion beauty is deep pore cleanliness—a cleanliness more searching than soap and water alone can give. Your skin texture must be *perfect* if your chosen creams and powders are to be really effective.

● INNOXA COMPLEXION MILK is the answer to the problem. This exhilarating emollient cleansing lotion penetrates deeply into the pores, removing impurities and acids; and it will tone and whiten the complexion. Its purifying and beautifying action will make the skin exquisitely fine and soft after a few days treatment.

● Apply Innoxa Complexion Milk on a small pad of cotton wool, smoothing it over the face and throat—the arms too if you are a devotee of dancing. Allow a few moments for its revivifying action and dry with feather-soft Innoxa Cleansing Tissues.

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Innoxa Cleansing Tissues 1/9

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The clearest silk stockings that ever flattered a pretty leg! Made from fine, flawless silk of matchless quality — without a ring or a shadow from top to toe. Fitting as only Kayser can — Mir-o-Kleer stockings from 4/11, or Sansheen* Mir-o-Kleer† from 6/11. Other Kayser numbers from 4/11 as usual ★ Wholesale Distributors: C. J. Davis, 3, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

KAYSER

* TRADE MARK
† Patented Canada 1933—336,234
† Patented Great Britain—396,346

MIR-O-KLEER STOCKINGS

The Bite of Mr. Browne

(*Continued from page 21*)

Past Land's End and the Scillies the *Rowena* took the south-wester on the nose. And as her engine hammered on, the wintry winds of the North Atlantic came shrilling at her, fighting her progress and raising to aid their futile violence great grey combers that made the Channel chop seem like ripples.

The thumping of the engine grew erratic under the crashing blows of huge seas breaking on the foredeck. White, broken water and often solid green water came racing aft and went roaring out over the sides of the ship. She reeled, shuddered and rose. And in between whiles she contrived to add a little westing to her position. Unceasingly the hard westerlies came charging at her, sea after sea. From latitude 49 degrees 50 minutes North, longitude 6 degrees 27 minutes West, just off the Scillies, to latitude 43 degrees North, longitude 50 degrees West, where the hundred fathom curve of the Newfoundland Grand Banks projects into the deeper water of the Atlantic, is a long slog of 1,698 miles on the chart. And it is something more than that over the bottom with a weary and bruised man at the wheel.

The gales never gave her a let up as she butted and pounded her way toward Fifty West. Captain Guthrie, intent upon making a rapid winter passage, never gave her a let up either. He pressed her to the limit and her men had all the comforts of a half tide rock but none of its steadiness.

Nothing let up on that voyage. Mr. Browne found it a strain to walk, a strain to stand, a strain even to sit or lie in that pitching, shuddering, rolling boat. Sometimes a sea stopped her dead in her lunging course, with a terrible jolt for her engine, frame, gear and men. At other times men braced themselves, as the ship soared up on the shoulders of some great comber, for a shock that never came.

" Hell ! " said the limey steward.

Watch after watch, day after day, the ship lurched on. It became harder and harder to eat or sleep, to wash or smoke, to make a movement or to keep still. Being itself became laborious and work became toil unendurable. It was as difficult for a bruised mind to think as for a bruised, jolting body to work. And it kept up, with no break. The wind snarled on and on in the standing rigging ; sometimes rising to shrill climaxes in which it cut the tops off the cresting seas and sent the white water pelting through the air like buckshot.

Danger would have lightened the strain, but the *Rowena* was a stout ship and danger was in the background. The boarding seas smashed a boat, bent the steel plates of a bulwark, raised some cain with various gear on the foredeck and kept the watch standing by on the lower bridge. But at no time was the ship herself visibly threatened. Her hull took the pounding, her engine throbbed along and the steam steering gear swung the rudder.

The cold and the wet were the least of it, but these twin agonies were not such as any man would stick ashore save in an emergency. And this was no emergency ; this was a voyage, North Atlantic winter style. Mr Browne had had plenty like it.

Embittered more and more by each day's poor run, suspicious young Guthrie rode his chief mate hard. Unremittingly he watched Mr. Browne, and quite as unceasingly he corrected his acts and castigated him for his omissions. In Captain Guthrie there was none of that traditional aloofness of the commander which was reflected in brief, polite and rare conversation with his officers. By that old custom the officers, too, attained dignity.

Brant Guthrie put the verbal boots to his mate with all the energy of a boss stevedore driving a roustabout. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Jones, the second and third officers, were appalled, likewise highly apprehensive that their commander's ire might turn in their direction. Privately, too, they decided that Mr. Browne must have almost piled her up on the Manacles to have so aroused the skipper.

"Why else should he jump the poor little devil like that?" Mr. Henderson inquired of Mr. Jones, in the privacy of his stateroom. Mr. Jones, grabbing the side board of Mr. Henderson's bunk as the *Rowena* took one on the starboard bow, agreed. "The skipper's no man to ask for unpopularity with his mate without a good reason."

"Without a blasted good reason," Mr. Henderson stated emphatically. "Guthrie's always been a bit too much one of the boys to suit me."

Mr. Browne protected his own dignity with a sort of bleak philosophical acceptance of the situation that actually gave but little protection for his thin skin. With every countermanded order of his own and every direct order from the captain to quartermaster, boatswain, lookout or man of the watch he became a trifle more rigid in his bearing, a trifle more withdrawn from other officers, a trifle more precise in his speech with the men.

Captain Guthrie turned out on the bridge as promptly as the mate for the four to eight morning watch and for the dog watches. The inference that he feared to trust his chief officer was plain. Neither as a watch officer nor as the manager of the deck department did the mate function save under the lowering regard and quick correction of Captain Guthrie.

"You'll learn, Mr. Browne; by God, you'll learn!" Captain Guthrie assured him in the privacy afforded by the flogging weather cloth and the pelting spray. "Maybe one of these days you'll be as good as your friend the marine super thinks you are."

"Yes, sir," responded Mr. Browne curtly.

"Reputations that have been built up year after year under slack skippers go to hell in one voyage under a real master!" Captain Guthrie flung at him. "And you'll learn that, too, Mr. Browne!"

The mate, staring ahead at the next huge, tumbling sea, as was his duty and privilege, did not reply, but his eyes were troubled. He had long ago divined Captain Guthrie's intention to undercut his name in the line. But there was nothing to do about it.

The old *Rebecca*, where he had had a master's responsibility on his shoulders without a captain's four stripes on his sleeve, seemed strangely idyllic now.

The everlasting gale grew colder as the *Rowena* dragged on across the rough salt trail.

And then, within the short space of a single watch the wind puffed out. From Force Ten it dropped to a calm.

Mr. Browne came up on to the bridge during the third mate's night watch for a look around at the ship and the sea.

The *Rowena* was contending against a swell mountain high. The seas ran under her with as smooth regularity as if the ship herself were swaying on a pivot. She would mount slowly, pause on the crest and then drop swiftly into the hollow.

The air had suddenly become almost balmy. Before three bells in the night watch struck they were running into patches of fog. At four bells Mr. Jones sent down word to the master and started the siren going.

Captain Guthrie came up the starboard ladder with his hand on his jaw. He glowered at Mr. Browne and the fog impartially and motioned the mate away from the engine-room telegraph.

"Keep her moving, Mr. Jones," he said. "We've some time to make up."

Watch after watch the fog hung on. A southerly zephyr fanned over the dying seas as the *Rowena* ground away at the nine hundred miles separating the Grand Banks from Nantucket lightship. The temperature ran up to fifty.

Captain Guthrie clung to the bridge, cursed the cottony vapour, and kept the *Rowena* thrusting through it at all he could get out of her engines. And he kept his hand on his jaw.

Under that protecting hand, as the ship's crew came to know, a tooth was raising fiery hell in the shipmaster's head. His temper frayed out more and more under the lash of pain and (*Continued on page* 130)

A skin of damask smoothness

—even after her recent sporting holiday

Lady Marguerite Strickland

OF all the gay and lovely Society women to be seen around Bond Street of a morning, there's none you'd admire more than Lady Marguerite Strickland.

Her skin is literally dazzling! Fresh as a flower. Against it her dark eyes and dusky hair look all the darker by contrast.

"You think my skin looks nice? That's good news," she said when we met her the other day. "Actually I'm just back from the country where I've had quite a sporting holiday. I was afraid that what with the sun and the wind I'd find my skin pretty rough when I got back to London. But thanks to Pond's Creams no harm seems to have been done."

A glorious complexion like Lady Marguerite's can be yours, too, if you learn these simple facts about your skin and follow her method of skin-care.

Actually you have two skins. Below the skin you see is the under-skin. Complexion beauty depends on the vigorous action of this under-skin.

In early youth this under-skin works briskly but as you grow older it tends to become sluggish. Then circulation slows up, tissues shrink, pores gape open. Soon blackheads and blemishes appear . . . later lines and wrinkles.

But you can rouse this sluggish under-skin. First cleanse your skin night and morning with Pond's *Cold* Cream. The fine oils in this cream stimulate the under-skin. Blackheads wipe away. Enlarged pores close up. Once again your skin is clear and lovely. Then after cleansing with Pond's *Cold* Cream, smooth on Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. This cream, besides holding powder on smoothly, actually puts two beauty substances into the skin. One substance nourishes skin cells, guards against lines. The other makes skin smooth as velvet.

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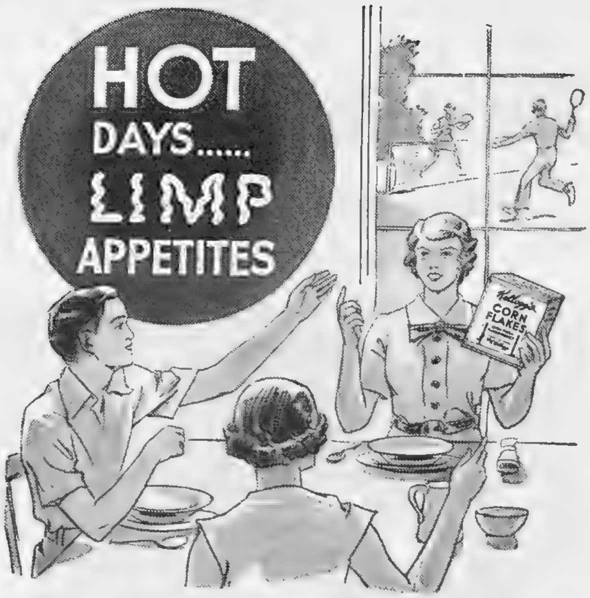

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Appetites lose their edge so easily in hot weather. Dull, heavy foods are out of the question. Serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes instead. So crisp! So delicious with cold milk or cream, and as an extra treat add fruits! No cooking necessary.

Kellogg's gives you the nourishment in light, concentrated form that is so often lacking in summer diets. A meal in a moment for the whole family. The special inside WAXTITE wrapper keeps Kellogg's always oven-fresh and flavour-perfect.

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OVEN-FRESH
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lack of sleep. Mr. Browne caught it hard and often. So, too, for the first time did the other mates and the steward.

"Try holding a mouthful of whisky, sir," Mr. Henderson suggested diffidently on the second day of unending fog. "I've heard it deadens the pain."

"You stick to your dead reckoning, mister, and I'll look after my teeth," Guthrie snapped at the second mate. It was close to noon, with no possibility of a shot at the sun. The lack of a sight did nothing to improve Guthrie's disposition. After jerking up his head to glare at the thick vapour over them he flung himself toward the bridge ladder.

At the top the elbow of the arm protecting his swollen jaw came into violent contact with the head of Trent, the radio man, who was coming up. The skipper gave vent to a roar of pain.

"I've told you before not to hang around the bridge!" he shouted and drove his fist hard at the pointed nose of the radio operator.

Mr. Trent, taken unawares, went over backwards. He bounced down the steep incline of the ladder and only half saved himself from a stunning impact with the deck by a last-minute clutch at the rails.

He got up with his nose gushing blood and a lump rising on the back of his head.

In soundless fury he glowered up at the startled shipmaster and then, without a word, limped aft.

"The nosy fool!" Guthrie growled, with a doubtful eye upon his expressionless second officer. "I didn't mean to hit him, but that knock he gave me sent it shooting up——"

He ran his finger upward from his harassed tooth toward his brain. "Like a hot needle," he added. "I think I'll try that whisky on it."

"I hope it helps, sir," said Mr. Henderson diplomatically.

The *Rowena*, with her siren crashing, surged on through the fog while Captain Guthrie strode the bridge with a cheekful of whisky. Mr. Browne attended to the ship's work, without so much correction from his superior. Occasionally Captain Guthrie would turn his red-rimmed eyes aft and look thoughtfully, and even uneasily, back at the radio shack. It is not considered proper these days in the merchant service for a captain to slug one of his ship's officers.

The steward reported to Captain Guthrie in the chart-room that Mr. Trent had discarded his earphones and taken to his bunk.

"'E ain't 'urt, sir, 'e's just 'ot," he reported.

The captain nodded, not much relieved by this diagnosis. He poured out two fingers of whisky and with sudden impulse drove the cork hard into the bottle.

"Here, steward, take him this—with my—my compliments," he commanded. "Tell him a sip or two will fix him up."

"Yes, sir," said the steward, taking up the bottle and examining the label respectfully. The captain's eye remained fixed upon the man during his short walk aft to the radio shack. Then once more he turned to the job of placing the ship's position accurately by dead reckoning. The voyage was drawing to a close.

The fog gave them no let-up during that day, nor did a single star break through during the night that followed to give them a fix. The *Rowena* churned through the lazy, dying swell toward the coast. Captain Guthrie thoughtfully refrained from having the damaged Mr. Trent roused during the night to get radio bearings. The morning would do, according to the dead reckoning position of the ship. The *Rowena* carried no radio compass but bearings radioed from Surfside, North Truro and Amangansett would give her her position with sure accuracy.

Next morning at four when Mr. Browne came up on the black bridge to relieve Mr. Henderson he found the captain fast asleep on the settee in the chart-room under a couple of blankets. The relief of wheel and lookout did not awaken him and Mr. Browne, for a change, took over without his glowering supervision.

The *Rowena* was still ploughing ahead through unending banks of mist, over a sea that was almost flat. Only a long, slight swell disturbed the surface. The breeze from the south had died out entirely. The mournful bellow of the ship's siren was unheard, unanswered, in that strange, opaque grey world in which they had dwelt for three days.

The night orders were to keep her moving along at the same course and speed. Mr Browne started the boatswain and men on the day's work. The noise the gang made roused Captain Guthrie about six o'clock. Sandy-eyed, he stumbled wearily out on to the bridge.

The whisky treatment or time was relieving the pain in the skipper's tooth and the swelling was going down. But his eye was no less choleric. Mr. Browne's suggestion of a sounding was promptly vetoed.

" We'll take soundings when we're near enough to get bottom, Mr. Browne," he said. " We've had delay and inefficiency enough on this voyage."

Nevertheless the master sent the steward to rouse Mr. Trent with a polite request for bearings from the shore stations. Rolling his gulp of whisky in his mouth, Guthrie waited in the starboard wing of the bridge.

Hanks came back within a few minutes, shaking his head.

" I cawn't wake 'im, sir," he reported to the captain. " In a—a stupor, 'e is, sir, and the whisky's all gone—every drop, sir."

Captain Guthrie expelled his own mouthful over the side.

" I'll see to that young man myself," he said grimly, and clattered down the bridge ladder.

Mr. Browne, left to do a heel and toe on the bridge, stopped a moment to listen intently. Somewhere in this pea soup was moored the Nantucket light vessel, with her fog signal going as well as her submarine oscillator and her radio beacon. He caught no sound and moved to stare hard over the side. The unseen sun was still below the hidden horizon but day was whitening the fog. Mr. Browne thought he could make out in the dark water a lightening tinge of green. And it wasn't quite the shade of honest deep sea water that he had expected. There was more light green than belonged there if the ship were still off soundings. He looked over the side twice in the next ten minutes, frowning judiciously.

" This fog will lift before noon," he told himself, staring skyward. " Probably sooner. And when it does we'll catch something."

Captain Guthrie was still aft in the radio shack, seeing to Mr. Trent.

" We need a bearing," Mr. Browne murmured with conviction. He prowled into the wheelhouse and looked at the course ; then moved back to the chart-room to take a glance at Chart 51.

There was Nantucket Shoals light vessel on the chart about 43 miles south of the island, with a formidable mess of trouble between it and the land. Looking at those shoals Mr. Browne muttered a hope that Captain Guthrie and the second mate, his navigating officer, had not slipped up too much in their dead reckoning. The *Rowena* had made good time through the smooth water.

He glanced at the Coast Pilot, although he knew the language almost word for word :

" Nantucket Shoals is the general name of the numerous different broken shoals which lie south-eastward of Nantucket Island and make this one of the most dangerous parts of the coast of the United States for the navigator. These shoals extend 23 miles eastward and 39 miles south-eastward from Nantucket Island, are shifting in their nature, and the depths vary from three and four feet on some to four and five fathoms on others, while slues with depths of ten fathoms or more lead between those farthest off shore. . . . Tidal currents—strong and variable . . . forming extensive rips and broken water over the shoals."

The radio transmitter back in the shack now occupied by the master and Mr. Trent was still silent. (*Continued on page* 132)

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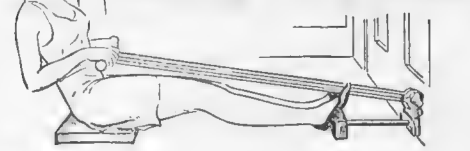

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Guthrie seemed to be having his difficulties in rousing the radio operator.

"A couple of bearings would help," Mr. Browne muttered, walking back to the bridge. "And the sooner the better."

The helmsman, catching his glance, rolled his eyes hastily back to the compass.

Mr. Browne moved to the side and looked again more distrustfully than ever at the water. Certainly it was a lighter green than he wanted to see.

Suddenly he lifted his eyes to stare intently at the sea a distance of twenty feet off the starboard bow. Upon the surface, no longer quite flatly placid, the strengthening light showed him the dying remnants of a burst of foam, such as a cresting sea might leave. He saw a line of fading whiteness vanishing under the fog.

Mr. Browne rang down the engine and sent a man of the watch for the captain. But Guthrie, having heard the bell, was already emerging from the radio house. Red-faced, he came forward at a trot.

"Looks like a tide rip, sir," Mr. Browne said. "And by the look of it this water's shoaling fast."

Captain Guthrie stopped flat-footed, staring over the side with his red-rimmed eyes half shut in an intent squint. Then he darted a withering glance at the mate and walked to the telegraph. He yanked it to full speed ahead before the engine-room had answered the stop engine order.

"Getting nervous, Mr. Browne?" he inquired softly. "A ship's bridge is no place for a man troubled with the jitters. Or perhaps you think we're making too good a passage? You keep your lily fingers off this telegraph handle no matter how many school o' fish you see. Understand?"

The scrawny little mate bit his lips.

Captain Guthrie swung around and with a stentorian voice hailed Hanks.

"Bring a bucket of water aft to the radio room, steward," he commanded. "Sea water, steward!"

He rounded upon the motionless mate. "I'll have a couple of radio bearings for you before you get hysterical, Mr. Browne," he said. "Trent's going to come to in a hurry. Try to last out."

He disappeared into the chart-room for a mouthful of whisky and then hurried aft. Hanks, with his bucket slopping over, hurried after him.

Mr. Browne walked to the starboard wing again and looked over the side. The third engineer, who had heard the jingle, stuck his head out of his stateroom and stared inquisitively up at the bridge.

Steadily Mr. Browne searched the face of the sea. He looked until he saw unmistakably the signs of a current, a strong current such as would show in a slue amidst shoal water. Then, with compressed lips, he strode over to the engine-room telegraph once more. This might be the last official act of his career. He pulled the handle up to "Stop"; then to half-speed astern. This time the engineer on watch responded in a hurry.

Captain Guthrie came out of the radio shack like something out of a gun. He bounded forward to the bridge ladder and climbed it two steps at a time.

"Didn't I tell you to keep your hands off that telegraph?" he roared. "Go to your room, sir! You're relieved!"

With a wrench he put the handle ahead again.

"Strong current running and a heavytide rip, sir," Mr. Browne said. "I judge we are well in on the shoals."

"You judge we——"

Guthrie's storming voice died in his throat.

Something had grated softly under the keel of the *Rowena*. The ship lurched a bit to port and her bow came up. Then she lost her way abruptly. Men jerked forward, clawing about them for support.

Captain Guthrie pulled himself away from the bridge rail and stared glassily down into the unwavering eyes of his mate. Grounded! Fast on the outer

(*Continued on page* 134)

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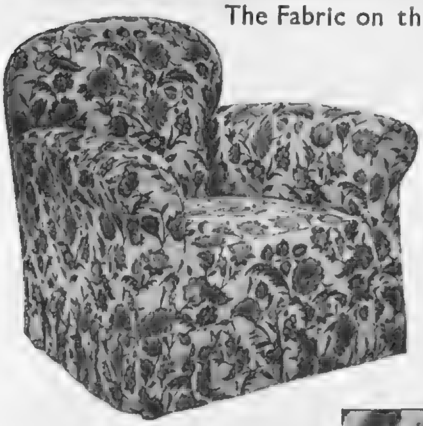

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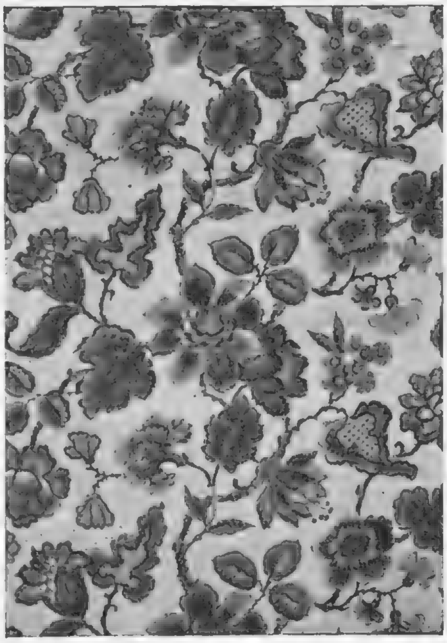

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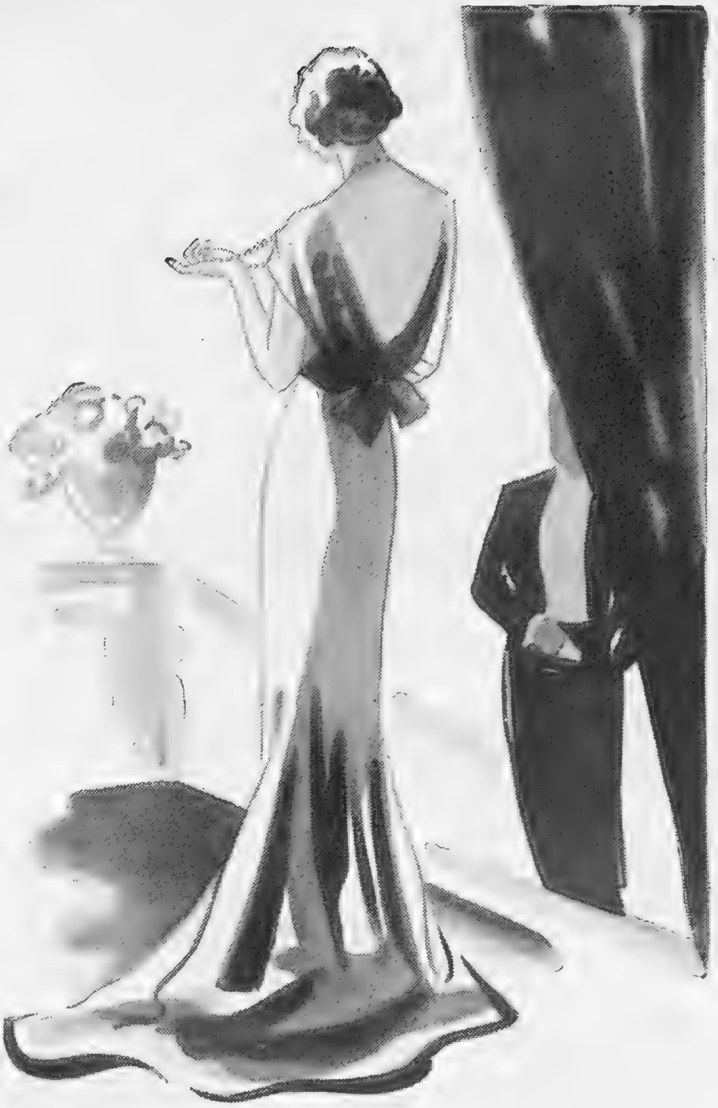

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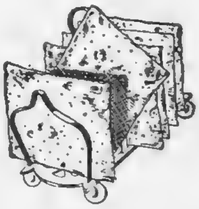

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shoals of Nantucket in January! Slowly the master of the *Rowena* licked his lips. Shocked though he was, he was not too numbed of brain to realise what this disaster meant to him. And he stared on, as if trying to read his fate in Mr. Browne's unfathomable eyes.

WITH the prospects of a gale coming howling down upon them in the wake of that unseasonable calm, Mr. Browne worked hard.

Guthrie, busy with fiddling desperately with reversed engine, gave him only vague directions. The shipmaster's efforts had their mainspring in desire, which is a poor substitute for mechanics. Despite the thrash of her screw the *Rowena* stayed where she was.

After a quick glance at tide and current tables, Mr. Browne put off in a lifeboat and astern of the ship took his soundings. Then he laid out in the direction of deep water the kedge anchor with a new three-inch manila line attached to it.

While the captain argued with the exasperated chief engineer over the advisability of more efforts with the engine, Mr. Browne spoke briefly to the second and third mates. Then, with a picked gang, he lashed two lifeboats together, with a strong spar athwart them amidships and resting upon both gunwales of each boat. From this stout timber he suspended between the boats the *Rowena's* starboard bower, a heavy brute of an anchor that put the boats deep in the water. The longest and strongest wire hawser on board was coiled down across the boats.

As he left the ship to swing down into the stern of one of the lifeboats Mr. Browne heard the sound of the *Rowena's* radio going. That meant that Mr. Trent had recovered. Did it also mean that Captain Guthrie had asked for assistance? Even if the *Rowena* got radio bearings that placed her fairly accurately it would be a difficult and dangerous job for a salvage vessel or tug to find her on the shoals in this fog.

Mr. Browne speeded up his men. They knew what they were doing and they knew that Mr. Browne knew, too. That was a good combination. By means of the three-inch manila attached to the kedge they hauled the lashed boats astern of the *Rowena*, paying out the wire hawser behind them as they went. Close inside the kedge Mr. Browne cut the slip rope and the bower anchor suspended on the spar plunged into the sea.

It was while they were hauling the anchor along between the boats that the fog thinned under the cold breath of an air from the north-west. Before it hit bottom the mist was gone. The wind picked up. Little ripples not due to the tidal rips hissed along on the surface.

Coming back to the ship the mate secured a heavy tackle to the wire hawser to increase the strain of which the windlass was capable.

Captain Guthrie, on the bridge, was staring into the cloudless and coldly blue north-west. Mr. Trent was still busy at his key in the radio shack.

Wearily Mr. Browne looked at his watch. It was within an hour of high water.

"There won't be much more rise of tide and the set of the current favours us, sir," he reported to the apprehensive master.

Captain Guthrie looked from the windlass to the wire hawser vanishing under the sea. On those his ship, his job and perhaps his ticket depended. He had no doubt what would be coming out of the north-west.

"Get going, Mr. Browne," he said gruffly.

Mr. Browne shouted his orders. Steam hissed and the windlass clattered. The line of the tackle came in fast; then more slowly as the slack was taken up on hawser and tackle.

The ship under them remained as rigid as a rock.

Captain Guthrie's weathered face was pallid under the brown.

"The anchor's coming home; she doesn't move," he muttered.

Mr. Browne did not reply. He had his doubts of the holding ground but he had done his best in the time he had.

The ship shuddered.

It was not the tremor imparted to her plates by the straining windlass. It was something else.

"Coming, sir," Mr. Browne reported crisply. The men were yelling; Mr. Jones was dancing on the after deck.

The *Rowena* came off. It was a matter of slow, grudging undramatic inches, with the purchase of the tackle overhauled again and again by sweating and profane men. Mr. Browne rigidly refrained from permitting hope to substitute for mechanics. It was slow drudgery but drudgery without a slip-up.

The rising wind and the waves that slapped ungently against her stern told the more knowing of the ship's company that the stranding of the *Rowena* might easily have been much more exciting. Only, if they had missed the top of that tide, they might never have recounted the yarn.

Captain Teagle, the marine super, boarded her at Quarantine. A precise little man with white hair and a pointed, strangely dark beard, he came up the ladder spryly as a young rooster. In the starboard alleyway he paused a minute to shake hands and wag tongues briefly with the chief engineer.

During the run up the bay he stood in the wing of the bridge while Captain Guthrie and the pilot brought her up. Mr. Browne was down at his post on the forecastle head.

When she was warped into her Brooklyn pier and made fast Captain Teagle beckoned Mr. Browne into the saloon.

"Had a cable from our agents in Fowey about your old ship, Mr. Browne," he said in his high, brisk voice. "They reported Captain Dunlap somewhat—ah—unwell. Mr. Clode, the new mate, seemed reluctant to sail with him. Was old Captain Dunlap ill during your last voyage with him?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Browne.

"H'm," remarked Captain Teagle, eyeing a porthole. "Did his work, did he?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Browne stoutly. After all, a good shipmaster's work is delegated to his mates. It is his responsibility he should bear alone.

Captain Teagle nodded. Before he had time to voice another question there came a sharp rap at the door.

Captain Guthrie entered in response to the marine super's command. His face was flushed and he ignored his mate.

"Perhaps I may be permitted to say a word in my own behalf, sir," he said stiffly.

"Certainly; certainly!" Captain Teagle agreed, quite unruffled by the interruption. "Tell us about the Manacles first, captain."

Guthrie's eyes flashed bitterly at Mr. Browne. His brow was black.

"We steamed close to the rocks but to windward and in deep water, sir," he said. "I believe no one on board will deny those facts."

Captain Teagle nodded again and again. "A good position, to windward and in deep water," he murmured approvingly. "Now, about taking the ground on the shoals, captain?"

"We had been unable to get a sight for several days, sir," said Guthrie, somewhat hoarsely. "The fog was very thick. Our radio man had—had an accident and was unable to ask for bearings from the shore stations. I take full responsibility, of course, sir, but——" His eyes, full of resentment and wrath, bore upon Mr. Browne. "It was the mate's watch, sir."

"H'm!" murmured Captain Teagle. He drummed upon the table with white, boneless, nimble fingers. "It happened in your watch, Mr. Browne?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Browne steadfastly.

The marine super waited for him to go on. Then he nodded again and again. Abruptly he pulled out of his pocket a radio form.

"It is not my custom, Captain Guthrie, to discuss a shipmaster with members of his crew before interviewing him," he said. "Mr. Browne and I were speaking about a different matter (*Continued on page* 136)

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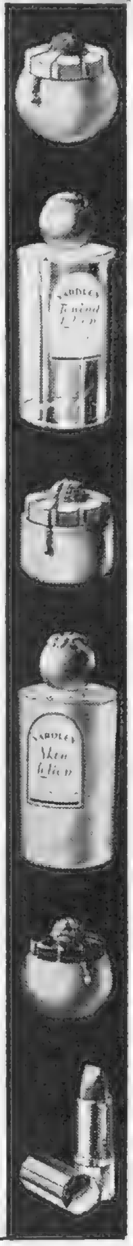

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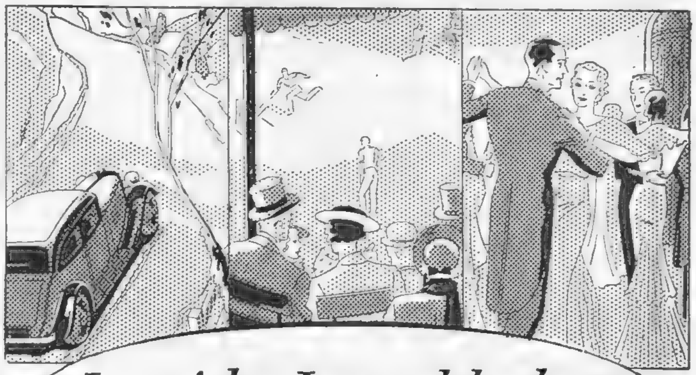

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when you came in. Nevertheless, since Mr. Browne is here I will ask him a question."

He paused to wag his goatee again. "We have received a long and rather extraordinary radio message from Mr. Trent," he said. "Although a youngish man Trent has been an operator on our ships for some years and he has a good record for veracity. He makes the allegation, Captain Guthrie, that at the time of the stranding and for several days before it you were in an intoxicated or semi-intoxicated state."

He held up an imperative hand to halt Captain Guthrie's roar of protest and turned on the stiff little figure of Mr. Browne. "In your opinion, Mr. Browne, was Captain Guthrie more or less under the influence of drink at any time prior to the stranding?"

Mr. Browne's eyes flicked irresistibly toward the slumping figure and dejected face of Captain Guthrie. He realised plainly enough in that tense instant while the super waited that Guthrie's principal fault was immaturity. His cocksureness, boastfulness, avoidance of blame, all were the faults of youth.

This stranding might be the making of the young man as a really competent ship-master—if it were not his ruin.

Mr. Browne remembered well just then Guthrie's own words: "Bite or be bitten, Brownie!"

Should he, Mr. Thomas Browne, take advice from Captain Brant Guthrie?

"He'll grow up and we can't all be masters," Mr. Browne told himself soberly.

With unwavering steadiness he answered the question of the keen-eyed old super:

"I am positive that Captain Guthrie was not in the least intoxicated at any time during the voyage, sir."

Captain Teagle raised his eyebrows. The intimation of lingering doubt was unmistakable. All that was needed now to damn Brant Guthrie forever was silence.

Mr. Browne spoke again, without being asked to do so. His voice was curt with conviction and his eyes bored at the super's face:

"The radio operator got that notion because Captain Guthrie was holding whisky in his cheek to cure an aching tooth, sir. He did not drink. He was worn out by a hard passage, constant pain and lack of sleep. It is my custom to speak the truth, sir."

Captain Teagle looked hard at the mate, as if he were seeing him for the first time. "H'm!" he murmured and plucked absently at his short, pointed and suspiciously black beard. "Thank you. That will be all."

Mr. Browne walked to the door. But there Captain Teagle's voice stopped him:

"For a small man you have broad shoulders, Captain Browne. There's a well-earned pension waiting for Captain Dunlap; you'll take over the *Rebecca* when she reaches New York. She's not much, captain, but we'll bear in mind that you're big enough to command anything we own."

END

Thou Shalt Not Covet Thy Neighbour's Husband

(*Continued from page* 13)

Lucia never forgot . . . could always be depended on. Damn! Why keep harping on Lucia? Perhaps Eleanor had had an accident . . . taxi smash or something! Good heavens! Supposing she had, he'd be in a hell of a mess. The whole affair might come out, and he might be made responsible. He paced as far as the barrier for the tenth time, and threw away his sixth half-smoked cigarette. The train would be going in a minute . . . he couldn't go alone. Ahead of him was an uncomfortable nerve-racking journey, all because he had forgotten to book two corner seats. It was no good, he missed Lucia and her wonderful capacity for organising. He had supposed it would be delightful to be the strong male, protecting, all powerful, but somehow leaning on Lucia was much easier.

Four twenty-five! Archie's nerves were in a fret. If only he could go back home without violating the code and honour of a gentleman. True he had flirted with Eleanor; she had made it such an agreeable pastime. But he had not been prepared for her passionate denouement; it had embarrassed him not a little, but, having gone so far, he could not in very decency draw back. Besides, she had everything so cut and dried.

"Paris, darling . . . and then the Riviera . . . and Lucia will have to give us a divorce."

Eleanor made him feel a kind of king and god combined. The feeling was rather intoxicating after five years of marriage with Lucia. At home Lucia was the goddess in command. It was Eleanor who had woken him up to the fact that he had become a cipher in his own house. "You're so strong, darling. . . . I wonder you stand for it with your personality." Archie had begun to wonder himself, why he left everything to Lucia; and found himself yearning for freedom and exotic romance as pictured by Eleanor.

Twenty-seven minutes past four! The train was full . . . good-byes were being said. Farewells cried. Good God! Where was the woman? As the guard signalled the engine driver, and the train began to crawl out of the station with a steady Zumph! Zumph! Archie dashed into the crowded compartment and hurled his luggage on to the platform. People and porters glared and shouted, while Archie rushed pell-mell to the nearest telephone box. He must know the worst. Either Eleanor had funked at the last moment, or there had been a terrible accident. Should he try her home, or the hospitals? He dialled her home number. The next minute he was out of the box; forgetting his luggage he jumped into a waiting taxi and shouted the address of his flat.

Arriving at his own front door he threw a heap of silver at the driver, turned the latchkey and fled upstairs two at a time. Outside the bedroom he heard the clash of steel. He wrenched at the door. It was locked. Frantically he banged on the panelling. He heard a crash . . . a long-drawn cry and then a silence. In the silence the key turned in the lock and there stood Lucia, her cheeks flushed as with a fever, her eyes bright.

Archie burst into the room in a state of dementia.

"What the hell . . . !"

He stared wildly at the disordered condition of the room and at Eleanor, who lay prostrate on the bathroom floor. As she scrambled to her feet she cried in a voice from which all bravado had vanished: "Thank God you've come!"

Archie went to her assistance. "You're not hurt?"

"The bathroom door gave way!" Lucia's voice bit across his emotion.

Archie turned on her; he had to vent his anger on someone.

"What in the devil have you been up to? I've been going mad at the station. . . . I suppose it was you who sent that fake message to Eleanor's house?"

"Guilty!" Lucia faced him unmoved.

"What's the idea? Revenge?"

Eleanor intervened, clinging round Archie's neck as she spoke.

"Your wife is crazy . . . she tried to murder me. Call the police."

Archie jerked her arms away; he was preoccupied with his wife.

"What do you mean by turning my house into a bear garden and making a scene before the servants?"

Lucia flamed into temper. "What do you expect me to do? Stay put, while you bolt to Paris with another woman?"

Archie gazed at

(*Continued on page* 138)

STANCE

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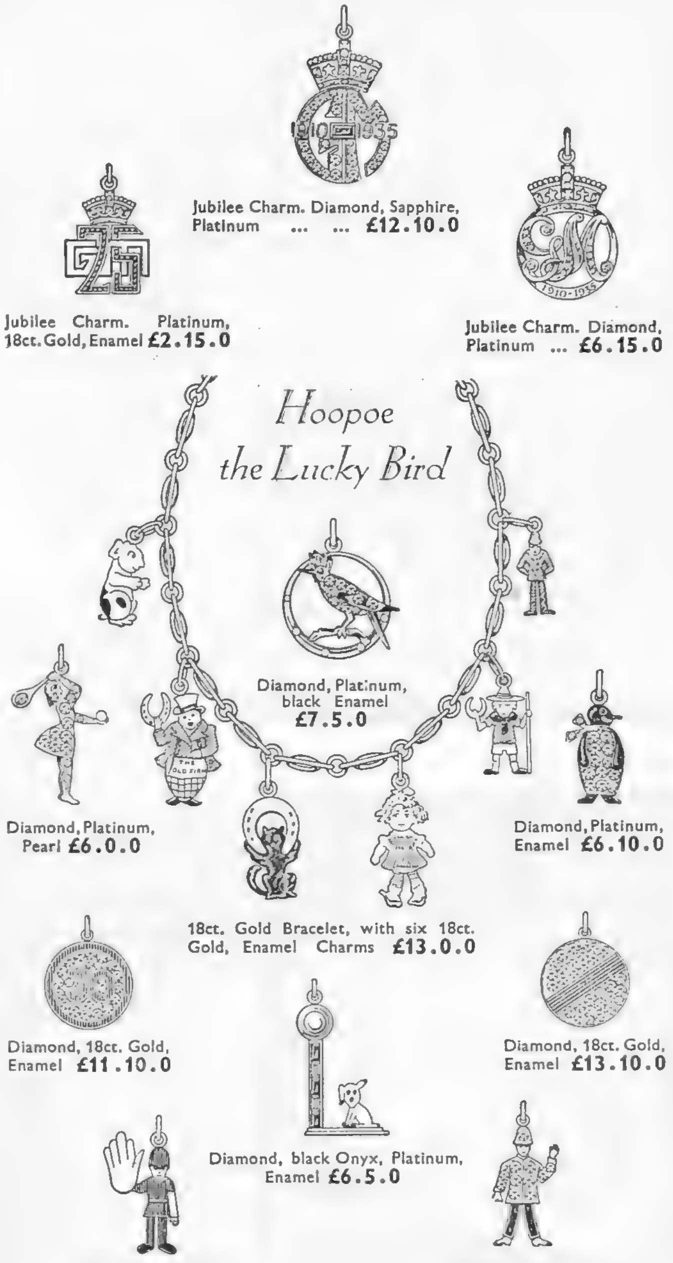

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Thou Shalt Not Covet Thy Neighbour's Husband

her; this wasn't his wife, this tigress in disguise. He continued to gaze as if he had seen a vision, while his mind reacted to the stimulus of that vision. Lucia cared! She cared enough to try to stop him eloping. Her defensive mechanism was falling to pieces, disclosing her weakness, disclosing her heart.

"Archie, take me away, take me home." Eleanor began her sob-stuff act.

He removed his eyes from Lucia and surveyed Eleanor with distaste; she was blowsy, dishevelled and no longer exotic.

"We've missed the train; we can't elope now."

"Archie!" Hysteria was in Eleanor's cry. "You're not throwing me down?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"The whole thing's a wash-out," he said.

At his words Lucia nerved herself for the supreme sacrifice. She was the wife who had fought and lost. In her efforts to retain her rights she had led the three of them into an impasse. It was up to her to see that their exit was conducted with dignity. Besides, she knew now that unless a right was based on mutual desire, it was worthless.

"You'd better go while the going's good." She managed to get the words out with every appearance of indifference.

"Do you want me to go?" Archie could not take his eyes from those of his wife.

"Yes." Lucia turned her back on the two of them as she said it.

Archie remained staring, unable to cope with the situation. It was Eleanor who dealt with the anti-climax in the only possible way.

"If Archie can't make up his mind, I can. I'm through."

Throwing her cloak around her shoulders with a theatrical gesture, she went out and slammed the door.

Archie, looking round the rose and gold bedroom, saw it with new eyes. It was his home, his nest, that he and Lucia had made together. He looked across at Lucia... she had told him to go, and she was right, she had every reason to kick him out. As he looked he saw something that sent him across the intervening space in record time. A pair of black satin shoulders were shaking. His arms went round her holding her close.

"Darling, don't! I've behaved like a cad, and you've saved me from worse than death."

He felt her relax in his embrace, and felt at the same time the true mantle of his kingship wrapping him round.

"I don't . . . want you back because you're . . . saved." The words faltered through her tears.

He bent his head. "How do you want me?"

The tenderness of his tone disarmed her, melted her anger and bitterness. She had thought their marriage so perfect, but somewhere it had failed, and Eleanor had been the danger signal.

"Darling . . ." She raised her eyes to his, seeking to discover his inhibition. "You weren't satisfied?"

"Were you?" He looked down at her with an expression she had not seen before. Archie was probing now, probing into her heart and finding unexpected reactions. Had she been satisfied with the flawless rhythm of their life together? Wasn't there something missing? Their glance locked and held . . . and suddenly Archie was whispering in her ear, his cheek close pressed to hers.

Into the blue of Lucia's eyes crept the ghost of a smile, she drew away and faced him, lovely and defiant. "But, darling! If we have a baby, I should be doing the right thing, in the right way!"

She challenged him with the words he had thrown at her a short while ago, the words that had hurt so much.

Unperturbed Archie drew her back into his embrace.

"At the right time," he said with a look that sent Lucia's technique flying out of the window, while his kiss completed the argument for the defence.

End

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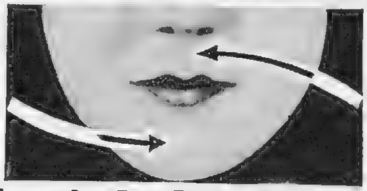

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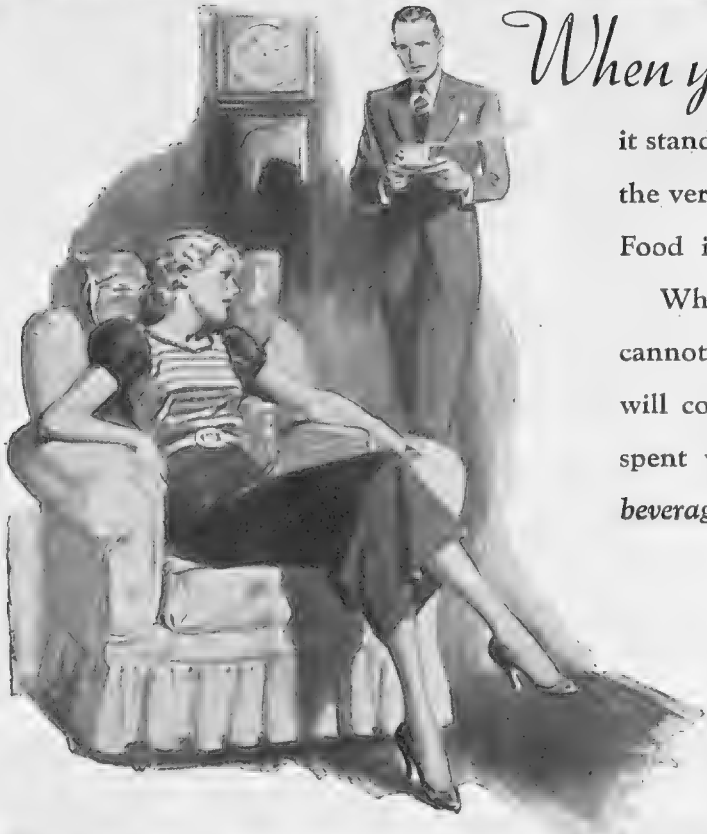

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GYPSIA

New Paris Trends Are . . .

(Continued from page 57)

boleros. Reason: Continuation of the Oriental try-out of a few designers last Spring.

Skirts. Length, from about nine to thirteen inches from the ground, with the tendency towards shortness for sports-wear. There are many divided skirts for flying, motoring, golf and all sport, often so skilfully concealed as to be scarcely perceptible.

Waistline. Little change. Here and there is a high effect by pleats above the belt, or a similar contrivance. Molyneux goes the other way and sets some bodices into the skirt nearer the hips.

Suits. Classic tailor-mades have a little shoulder or sleeve top emphasis. Otherwise they are sternly simple, except perhaps for subtle stitchery at seams, waistline or pockets.

More sporting types have interesting odds and ends. Schiaparelli, for example, has a green suit with slit breast and hip pockets closed by brilliant red plastic zips.

Directly suits leave the practical class they vary in a dozen ways. They are trimmed with astrakhan and flat furs, trimmed with soutache and flat braid. They have bandmaster arrangements in front, they fasten with braid or fur frogs.

The Schiaparelli suit on page 58 is typical of many little military suits in the collections. Heim does a similar one, but with an astrakhan band hemming the short jacket, and a little astrakhan collar. At the top of the slightly leg-of-mutton sleeves, on pocket flaps and accompanying gauntlets is a motif of soutache braid. The gloves turn back over the hand to show astrakhan, so that clasp your hands and you've a small muff.

Braid is seen everywhere, miles of it must have been used. On one coat it embroiders the entire sleeves, while at the throat of a black dress and on the accompanying black gloves it makes three brilliant red motifs.

Little hip length, fitted jackets, trimmed with astrakhan or other flat fur, are mostly black. As usual, there is a great amount of black for daytime everywhere.

With these little coats there are brilliant flame, coral, geranium velvet scarves. Green and red, the Italian flag colours, is a colour combination appearing again and again for morning, afternoon, evening, on hats and throughout trimmings.

Boleros. There are many little boleros, some with fur sleeves, these often quite full, often with bandsman fronts in braid or fur. They are worn over a matching skirt, pencil slim, with a blouse of pleated or shirred chiffon or lamé.

Swaggers. These wander about with all the assurance of old favourites. Rochas does them in royal blue broadcloth over a black velvet skirt. One finger length swagger has a shirred section edge with the astrakhan running down each side front. Each section finishes as a muff, one for each hand.

Molyneux, famous for his swagger and dress combinations, has them in soft bird browns, greens.

One, with completely nutria sleeves, has its accompanying dress girdled simply with heavy matching cord. Another, in black woollen, is deeply banded at the coat bottom with Hudson seal and fastened at the collarless throat by a large fur button. Tendency to back fulness in swagger coats at many houses.

Materials. Lovely woollens abound. For sportswear there is one with a natural ground, over which run upright, alternate red and green cord-like lines, with frequent nobbles.

A grey tweed is nobbled with white, and has a jade and grey large plaid to go with it, for vestee, lapels, waistcoat.

Duvetyn-like surfaces and velveteen are among the black suits. Broadcloths make smart swaggers. Dressy swaggers are also made in a new black cloth with regularly placed wisps of monkey fur.

Black easily leads for smart wear, but there are greyish greens, slates, soft nutria browns and the whole gamut of red, from raspberry, crushed strawberry and mulberry through to deep autumn leaf and wine shades, deep purple blues, black tulips.

Coats. When strictly tailored, the revers are ample, directoire like, double breasted, with a little shoulder emphasis. A small diamond shape inset between collar and revers recalls a masculine fashion of the early eighteen hundreds.

The hoods on street coats are a development of the evening hood, which derived in turn from the sari. It can be entirely of woollen like the coat, or of fur. You draw it over the head when you need it; it's very good for all travel, and it slips back into a back cowl when not needed. Sometimes the hood is attached to a little capelet, the whole removable.

Some coats have plastron fronts of fur, down to the waist, and lower. Dressy coats have very full sleeves, an amplitude of material shirred into a fur or cloth cuff. Sometimes seaming makes a banana or mellon shaped sleeve. Black is popular either trimmed with astrakhan, silver fox or Hudson seal; fur trims are lavish, often making the entire upper part, half or all the sleeves, or great collars.

Dresses. Simple morning woollen dresses have a little turn-down collar and interesting buttons or fastenings. Getting a little dressier, they acquire a braid belt, perhaps a braid neck or sleeve theme.

With woollen and the stiffer silks there is a tendency to slight leg-of-mutton sleeves; but as the material softens into crêpes, pleated chiffons, soft velvets, satins and so on, bishop sleeves of varying volume lead the way.

Skirt fulness, if any, is usually in the centre front, falling, with slenderising effect, from waist to hem. Quite often the front is slightly uplifted.

Bodice drapery is lower. Instead of the high cowl necklines, a similar loop drapery; but coming from side seams, or falling more deeply from shoulders, cups the bust.

From dressy frocks onwards the rich materials and glowing colours get assertive, gathering in wealth of tone or weave every step towards dinner-time.

For afternoon, the rich material calls for simplicity of cut. Rochas does a dress of darkish grey silk, half quilted, half embossed all over to represent double sized dog roses. It has a plain choker neck, bishop sleeves in a velvet wristband, and a gently shaped skirt. The belt is black velvet, and, following a zouave line over each breast, flat velvet flowers are appliquéd.

Materials favoured are black triple ninon, glinting with steel flecks, black woollens with all-over flower beaded outlines, spotted lamé, fringed woollens, embossed and cloqué silks, plain and creponed velvets.

Evenings. Titian, Florentine, Venetian are typical of many names for evening dresses, so you can guess what they look like. Some models are actual replicas of those seen in Italian pictures—proud and lovely. They have full skirts, enormous sleeves sometimes shirred twice to the arm, girdles and yokes, richly jewelled. Occasionally a pleated white chiffon vest fills in a deep square cut almost to the waist. A velvet pile on shot taffeta gives a three-colour changeable effect. There are handsome brocades, plain and crushed velvets.

In the Greek school, dresses are draped in many fascinating ways. Materials get softer. Romaines, crêpes, georgettes, chiffons, fine silk velvets being used. Schiaparelli has a lovely pale grey, draped with orange.

A line you'll see plenty of is drapery coming from one shoulder to cup the opposite breast.

There is side skirt drapery, lovely ethereal floating drapes, loose panels, from shoulder to hem, looped at waist. These are the ethereal, angelic types.

Some skin tight dresses are shirred down the centre front to *(Continued on page 142)*

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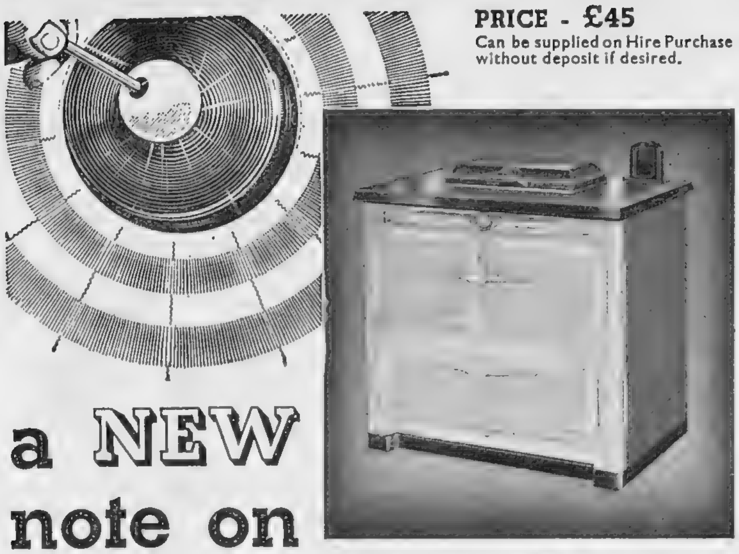

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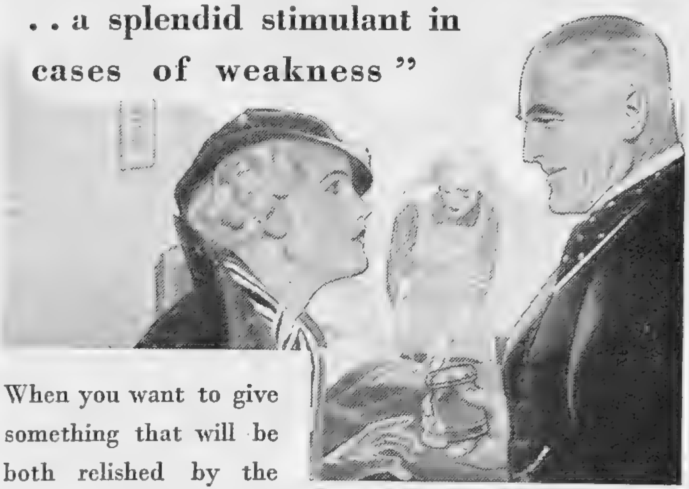

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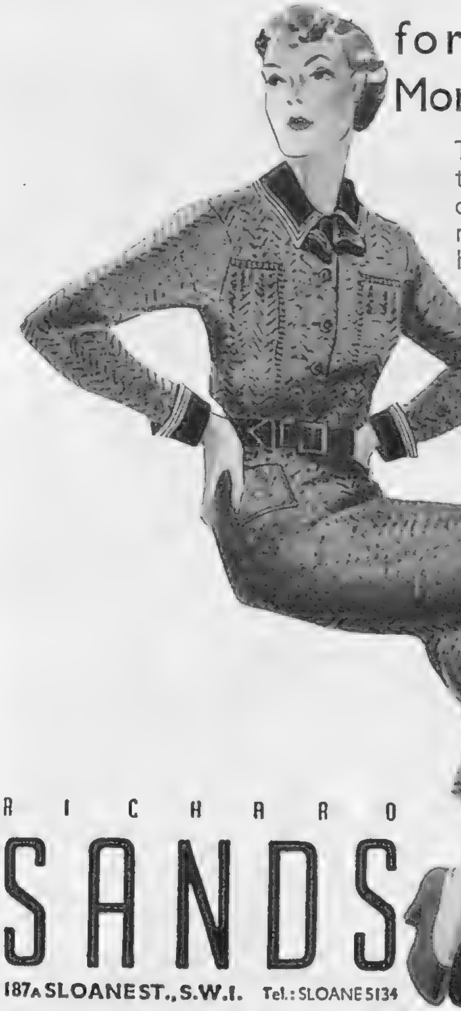

for SMART Morning Wear

Tweed frock, trimmed velveteen or self material. A new note is the hemstitching, which gives it a most becoming line.

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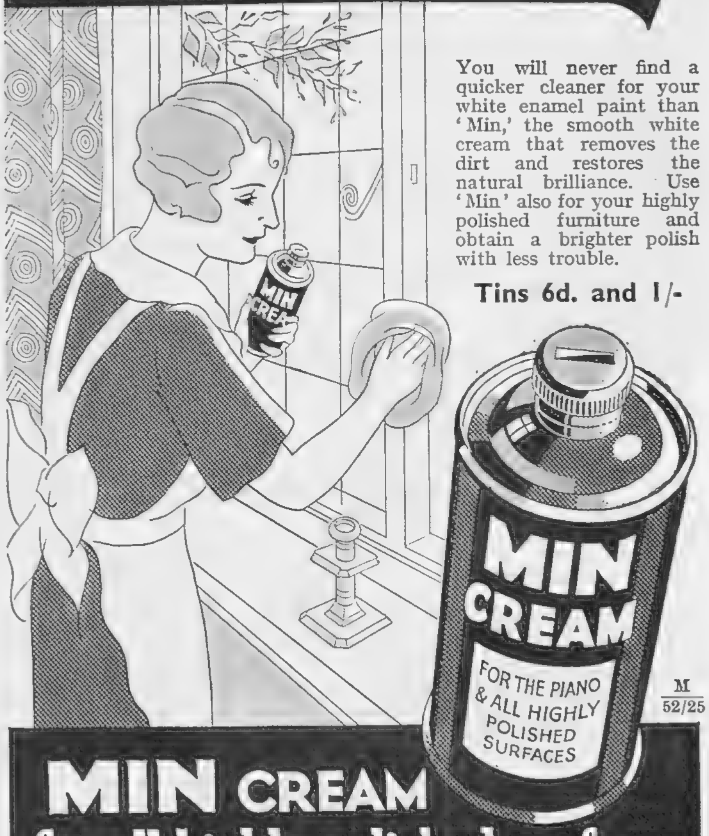
Cleans in a moment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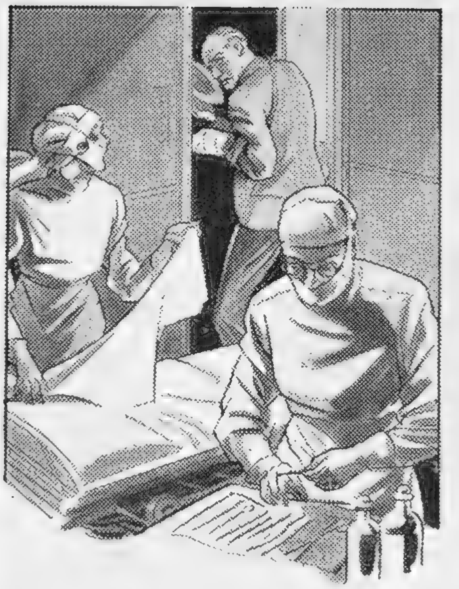

"... to have my hand amputated. *As the surgeon was preparing for the operation I got up and walked out!"*

(An astonishing document.)

Dear Mr. Simpson,

You're an M.P.S. chemist. Yes, and you have discovered an ointment of yours to combat skin diseases, etc.

I bought a 2s. 6d. box a few weeks ago. I tried it, and when it was half used I said, "Shall I send it back, and get my 2s. 6d.?" That is exactly how I felt. Then I persevered and started using it up, to say nothing more.

Now then, let's just think for a moment or so. I was not fair to you—my skin disease was "T.B." Lupus Vulgaris—the most terrible of all diseases. 34 years I have suffered from it—had 18 operations—had Radium treatment—had sunlight treatment—X-rays—Snow treatment, scraping of the flesh and bone, but all no good. Only two years ago I stepped in the operating room at the Blackburn Infirmary to have my hand amputated. As the surgeon was preparing for the operation I got up and walked out. That's cheek for you, isn't it—or was it fear? Perhaps the latter, but it's true, nevertheless.

Well, up to the present—your ointment has completely cured the disease except one of my fingers, which is undoubtedly in a terrible condition, but it is doing its work nicely, and in any case, a very slight minor operation to nip off the nail part will end my trouble.

I am only sorry I can't find enough money to show you my hand, by making a journey to you. . . .

Yours most sincerely,
Mr. J. A.

The original letter is in Mr. Simpson's office.

NOTE BY MR. SIMPSON, M.P.S. (CHEMIST)
(THE IODINE SPECIALIST)

This Disappearing Iodine Ointment is now available at Boots, and all Chemists, 2/6 and 4/6 (double size). (The Iodine colour disappears as you rub it in.)

It is now prescribed by doctors as the quickest and practically non-failing treatment for skin diseases, Acne, Eczema, Psoriasis, Boils, Pimples, Insect bites, Burns, Scalds, and cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Arthritis, Swollen Joints, Neuritis, Bad Legs, Goitre, Piles, Ringworm, Festering Sores, Poisoned Wounds, Varicose Veins, and Alopecia.

Ask for Simpson (Brand) Disappearing Iodine Ointment. See Mr. Simpson's name on the gold label. Full directions are enclosed. You can, if you like, obtain a jar post free direct from Mr. Simpson. Send to:

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New Paris Trends Are . . .

mid-thigh, so that the skirt lifts slightly in front.

A few formal dresses are trained, some are shoe-tip length, a few are draped harem fashion between the legs.

There are some gorgeous sari effects for evenings. Long floating capes in chiffon, tulle silk and velvet are seen repeatedly, enhancing the ethereal suggestion.

Many magnificent sleeved wraps adopt the rich material and extravagant line of their Italian inspiration. Evening headdresses are fascinating. Bruyère shows a gold halo, Lelong a brown tulle bonnet with ends touching the ground. Molyneux does headdresses of upstanding velvet bows on a twisted band. Long floating scarves attached to the shoulder can be hoods, sari-style.

The fashion story is a good one this season. Taking it from early morning to late evening, there are few eccentricities, good lines, lovely colours, interesting and beautiful fabrics, and something, somewhere, for everybody.

END

The Maddest Street on Earth

(*Continued from page 23*)

believe they *are* really the girls they pretend to be.

Along Hollywood Boulevard walk girls with stories printed on their faces. Staring, in startling headlines, from their mascarared eyes are the tragedies of a million small-town cuties swamped by a big-time town. They pass with an air of defiance, and you wonder what the story can be behind those tragic masks. They pause to gaze in a shop window. Sometimes, greatly daring, they venture inside to enquire the price of some fantastic object they could never hope to possess. One girl, having recognised a celebrated director as he scooted across the pavement into a luxury shop, plunged in after him, stood at his elbow by the counter, and ordered an extremely expensive clock, which was to be sent C.O.D. to some hastily invented address.

As the girl drawled the address the director looked at her. She smiled, and he felt he was expected to recognise this lovely vision. They all look alike, anyhow. . . So *he* smiled, and the girl got a job. And *that's* Hollywood Boulevard. Strolling past the attractive shops I have often wondered how many of those golden girls will end with their names in print for the first and last time—"Would-be film star commits suicide." False hopes, to match false faces and faked personalities; those are the products of this hellish highway. And the toll that is paid is heavy.

The Boulevard begins in a small meadow, a few miles outside the city of Los Angeles. It ends in a maze of bridle paths, foothills, palms, white palaces, and the smooth ease of homes based on substantial banking accounts. It flings its way over six or more miles of land in the interim. Now I come to think of it, less than a mile and a half of that interminable roadway deserves to be called famous. For when we say "Hollywood Boulevard" we mean just the few blocks that lie between Vine Street and La Brea Avenue. The rest matters not at all.

Film stars like to talk about their Boulevard. Many of them, in reminiscent mood, have told me they remember the days when pepper trees wept along the rough sidewalks, when chickens and cows gambolled unchecked where stop-and-go signals flourish to-day. Peach orchards fringed the Boulevard in those peaceful days. Walnut orchards, too, and simple farms. A horse-drawn tram wobbled lazily from east to west, with a straw bonnet swaying above the head of an ancient knock-kneed horse.

At the corner of Highland Avenue and the Boulevard, on the north side of the street, stands the Hollywood Hotel. It is a sprawling, grey-walled building in a garden. It has a semi-circular drive leading to its unpretentious front door, fronted by the inevitable porch, with the inevitable rocking chairs as its only form of furniture. There are wire-screens to all the windows, and a general air of serenity about the whole place.

It was there that many film stars who made this great industry what it is had their first homes in Hollywood. Mary Pickford, her sister Lottie, her brother Jack; Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Norma and Constance Talmadge, W. S. Hart, Wallace Reid, Maurice Costello, John Bunny, Louise Fazenda, Theda Bara, Ruth Roland, Bebe Daniels—all of them lived there once upon a time. Mary Pickford does not like driving along Hollywood Boulevard to-day. The street is too full of memories. So she tells her chauffeur to go by Sunset Boulevard, or even further south, so that she need not see that hotel, with the ghosts of yesterday clustering behind its carefully screened windows.

IN one afternoon I have seen so many different types along the Boulevard that it needs a large note-book to keep track of them. They bustle, they hustle; they appear to be going to a dozen important places within the next few minutes. It is all rush and flurry. If any two of them have any real place to which they are going, for any set purpose, I'll eat my handbag. Some are shopping, on credit, it is safe to bet.

Some sell flowers, others seek adventure by other means. At each main corner newsboys scream themselves hoarse. "W'extry . . . W'extry!" they bawl. Somebody has kicked the bucket, or got married, or divorced, or born. It's all one to the lad who yells "W'extry!" There are limousines worth thousands of dollars, and rackety cars, from some far-off farm, that wouldn't fetch a dollar on a rubbish heap. The trolley cars barge back and forth, noisy but useful. There are cowboys at the corner of Cahuega Avenue. Five-gallon hats huddle in groups, while their owners wish audibly for the return of the good old days of silent films, when Westerns were in vogue, and they were at least sure of enough cash to purchase pork and beans.

Tourists from Peoria and places in the Middle West, gaping, goggling, bidding their pals to "Lookit"—at anything or nothing—in raucous tones. Here a writer seeking inspiration in the kaleidoscopic panorama of the Boulevard. There an out-of-work director, once a big shot, hailing those who were so recently ready to lick his shoes, and who now strive to avoid the "touch" they know so well is coming. Peter the Hermit is there, most days, striding along with flowing locks caressing dusky skin, staff in hand, sandals flapping on bare feet. The synthetic blondes sneak close, trying to put a finger on his canvas robe. They say he is a mascot.

Scarcely a brunette in sight. Hollywood is a blonde town, these days. Redheads are scarce, too; since Clara Bow retired to the bliss of domesticity the rage for vermilion hair has gone out with a jerk. There are film stars in open roadsters, with bags of golf clubs, bunches of tennis rackets, or a couple of rifles somewhere in evidence. There is Marlene Dietrich driving along with her fair-haired daughter, Maria, both closely guarded by detectives. That kidnapping scare means something, out in the Wild West.

On any sunny morning there may come a frantic screaming of sirens, heralding the approach of a squadron of motor-cycle police. They race along, with their sirens letting out that unearthly screech which sends traffic and pedestrians scuttling for cover. And behind them comes an open car with a familiar face, covered with brown grease paint, rising from the back seat, between two beauteous females. It will be Jim Cagney, or Chester Morris, or Dick Powell, grinning the grin that is known to millions. Somebody on the sidewalk will ask somebody else what all the shooting's for, and will be told, with a wise wink, that Mr. Cagney, or Messrs. Morris and Powell, *never* go out in Hollywood without an escort of motor-cycle police. At which (*Continued on page* 144)

Miss **RENEE HOUSTON**

star of
the Hippodrome Success
'LOVE LAUGHS'
says

"This is good
and I know
Something about
perfumes"

Miss Renee Houston says that Aziadé Compact Perfumes are good because she is an acknowledged expert on all kinds of perfumes and knows that these solidified compact Aziadé Perfumes are made from pure concentrated flower essences.

Aziadé is the modern way of carrying perfume and the attractive little compact can be safely tucked away in the corner of the handbag—no bottle to break or spill. Though made so small for your convenience, the entrancing perfume of the Aziadé Compact is equal to that of the largest bottle of liquid scent and it never wastes by evaporation. You can choose from Jasmine, Violet, Lily of the Valley, Carnation, Mimosa, Sweet Pea, Gardenia, Narcissus, Wallflower, Lavender, Chypre, Rose and, of course, Eau de Cologne.

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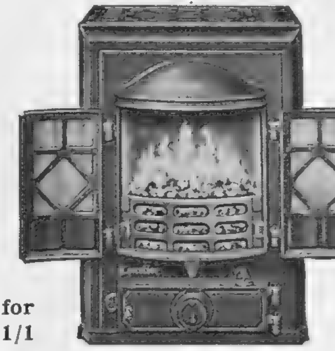

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A MONTH'S TREATMENT 3/6

From Boots, Lewis's, all good Chemists and Hairdressers. If any difficulty write to:

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—The safe and pleasant way—

Use the Little Victor, whose delightful healing and soothing vapour reaches all those parts where the germs lurk and multiply.

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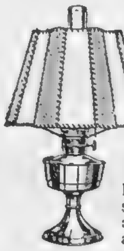
HOW MUCH GOOD LIGHT DO YOU GET

FOR LESS THAN A 1/4D AN HOUR

IF YOU USE GAS OR ELECTRICITY they cost you *more* but Aladdin definitely costs *less* and gives you a better light. Used throughout the world, in the tropics the arctic regions, town or country, Aladdin has proved itself the cheapest light—clean, safe, odourless and trouble free. 9,000,000 people use Aladdin—obviously there *cannot* be a better light! Why hesitate, halve your lighting bill and yet have better lighting



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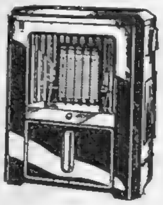
Makes its own gas from paraffin and gives an intense *radiant* heat, burning brightly and cleanly without odour or ashes. It can be carried anywhere whilst alight and requires no pumping or pressure. The heat can be regulated as desired. Beautiful in appearance, it costs less than ½d. an hour. Costs but £5 : 10 : 0 and gives you comfort anywhere—just when you want it.



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ALWAYS USE ALADDIN PARAFFIN

«

"PYORRHŒA?

"WHAT ABOUT YOU, MOTHER? You're over 40."

"Well, darling—I never try to deceive myself about my age! But Pyorrhœa—that *is* something I might quite easily have deceived myself about, if I hadn't found out how to prevent it."

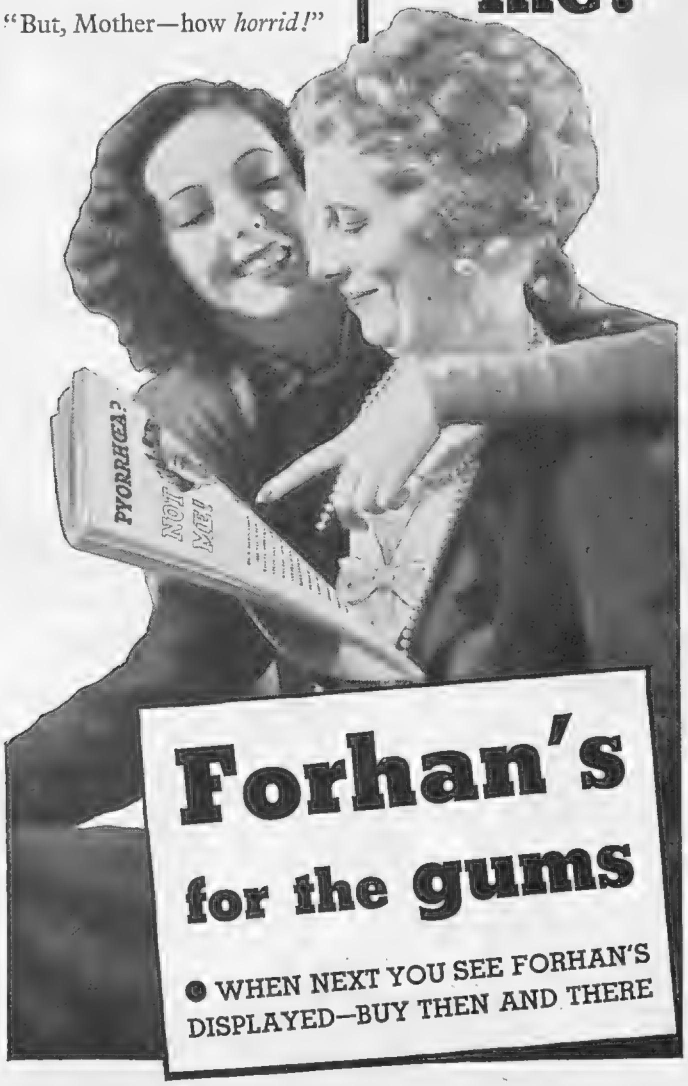
"You mean by using Forhan's?"

"Exactly! And that's why I want you to use it, too. It's easier and a great deal pleasanter to prevent Pyorrhœa than it is to cure it. It's when you're young that Pyorrhœa can so easily start its deadly work without your knowing, and gradually develop for years until the first visible symptoms appear—tender red gums which bleed at a touch."

"But, Mother—how *horrid!*"

"It may be horrid, but it's true! And Forhan's for the Gums can guard you against such things. My dentist told me that neglected gums became flabby and unhealthy. Modern conditions and unsuitable diet, he said, made the gum tissues lose their natural resistance to disease. That's how Pyorrhœa starts—no matter how brilliant and white you keep your teeth. He told me I must massage my gums regularly with Forhan's for the Gums, because besides keeping teeth beautifully white it keeps the gums firm and healthy and prevents Pyorrhœa."

not me!"


PYORRHŒA?
NOT ME!

Forhan's for the gums

● WHEN NEXT YOU SEE FORHAN'S DISPLAYED—BUY THEN AND THERE

FORHAN'S LIMITED, ALDWYCH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

the informee will gulp and swallow quickly and ejaculate—"Why, just fancy *THAT!*" And another legend will find its way into the far-off hick towns.

The real truth is that the whole episode is part of a scene in a film; and that somewhere along that Boulevard—several somewheres, probably—hidden cameras are doing their rapid work. To-day, film companies always hide their cameras, if it can be managed, when making scenes in the street. They have found that the sight of a brace of cameras and a few cameramen brings a crowd quicker than yesterday's big fire. And crowds have a way of interfering, thus causing the overhead to mount by staggering leaps.

Cars rush across the busy junction where Highland Avenue and the Boulevard cross; in them sit girls with the world's longest, most curly eyelashes, and lips that would make Cupid blush for sheer shame. Sometimes the occupant is a young man with lacquered hair, a supercilious sneer, dark-brown skin, and full evening dress. The sidewalkers stare and tell each other that there goes Clark Gable, or Georgie Raft, or Una Merkel, or Jeanette Macdonald—whereas it is only some hard-up Extra hurrying off to earn seven dollars, and offering up a prayer of thanks for the opportunity to pouch a little dough.

I have seen a girl walking along the Boulevard, in sunshine brighter than any limelight ever was, wearing sandals on bare feet, a pair of white linen shorts, a bare body with just a wisp of so-called brassière embracing her in the right place, leading a couple of Great Danes, and staring defiantly into the faces of every passer-by. On any other street she would be arrested; but not on this Hellish Highway. . . . There is a man who strolls from Vine to Highland, daily, escorting four ice-white borzois on their promenade. He hires them out to the studios, and believes that publicity brings prosperity.

OPPOSITE the Roosevelt Hotel stands the Chinese Theatre, with its celebrated forecourt where film-favourites have imprinted the size of their hands and feet and the shape of their signature in the cement of big, square, grey tiles. A film first night at this theatre is all part of the panorama of the maddest street on earth. Fans assemble from five p.m., all ready to greet the objects of their affection, or hoot the objects of their scorn, as these gentry drive up in state, around eight o'clock.

Large trucks parked on each side of the wide road carry searchlights which make a pattern on the dark blue sky. And the racket they create defies description. A man stands at a microphone close to the pavement, announcing the celebrities as they step from their cars. Photographers swarm, flashing bulbs, demanding names. Further inside the courtyard, through another microphone, somebody is broadcasting a description of the dresses worn by the lovelies of the screen. It is all noise, and boost, and hot air.

Although Hollywood Boulevard exploits Sex more flagrantly than any other street of its kind, it does not reveal signs of dissipation. The individuals who are striving to draw handsome incomes from Hollywood, and those who have succeeded in doing so, are far too occupied with the never-finished game of keeping up appearances to allow themselves to show the faintest hint of wear and tear. If they dissipate, they do it in private. Out on the Boulevard they show only fresh faces and wide smiles, though fear may lurk unbidden in their eyes.

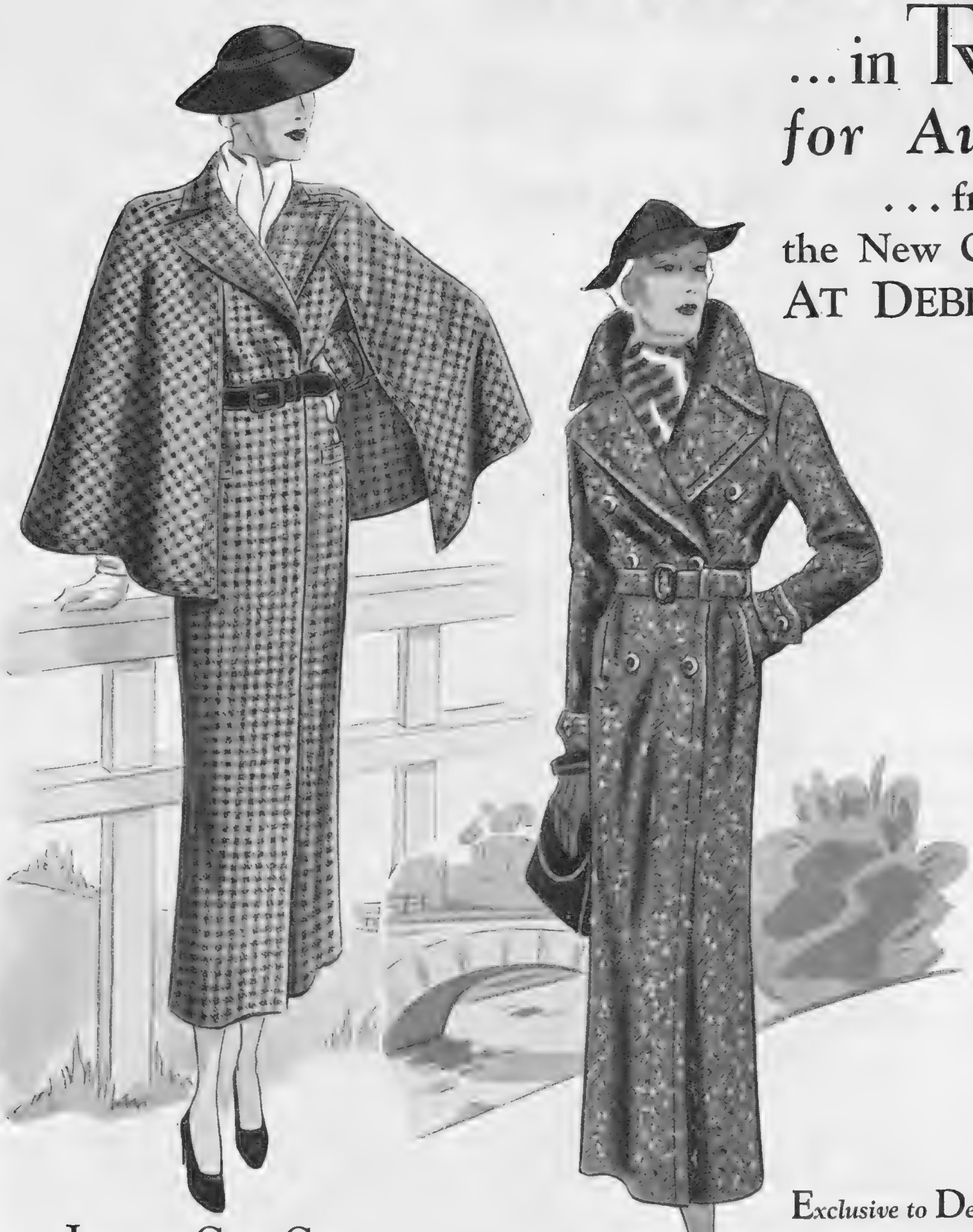
Jump off the bus at the corner of Vine Street, and walk along this Boulevard of Broken Dreams for a few minutes. Here at the corner is the Broadway Department Store, twelve storeys high, full of luxuries to tempt women of every age and type. This is where Miriam Hopkins buys perfumes and Ronald Colman finds new gadgets in the sports section for his tennis court. Close by is Magnin's, most famous dress shop. Watch Dolores Del Rio go in, and Norma Shearer, and Joan Crawford, closely followed by Marion Davies.

(*Continued on page* 146)

Shower Coats ... in Tweed for Autumn

... from
the New Collection
AT DEBENHAMS

Coats may be sent on approval



Inverness Cape Coat for Country Wear ... in smart Rodex showerproof tweeds. Lined throughout. Various sizes. $8\frac{1}{2}$ GNS.

Exclusive to Debenhams Man-tailored Dexter Showerproof tweed coat. In brown, blue, green, and grey mixtures. Lined throughout. Four sizes. *Exceptional Value.* 4 GNS.

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A Bennett or two will be there also, busy trying on frocks, hats, shoes. Opposite is Sardi's, a smoothly run restaurant where Wally Beery takes his small daughter, Carol Ann, to lunch—unless he votes for the Brown Derby just around the corner. Two big banks, very high in stature, and the Hollywood Public Library come close together not far from Sardi's on the north side of the street. There is a florist's shop opposite—The Rosery, no less—patronised by male film stars who send gardenias and orchids to the Merle Oberons, the Loretta Youngs, the Myrna Loys of the screen.

Several brands of 5 and 10 cent stores are next in order; and then Oviatt's shop, where Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery and the rest buy shirts and socks. Popcorn is sold from a wheelbarrow just outside Magnin's, and the film star who has just ordered clothes costing several hundred pounds stops to buy some in a bag costing 5 cents. That's Hollywood, too. . . . The Iris Theatre, now rebuilt, but originally the first film theatre in all Hollywood, is on the south side of the street. On the opposite side is Warner Brothers' big theatre, where film first nights draw crowds.

A drug store on every corner is a foregone conclusion. Nobody who has starved in this strange town overlooks the Army and Navy Store, where a pair of pants can be bought for 5s. A few steps ahead is the smart tailoring establishment of Mr. Watson, where Greta Garbo stands patiently in a cubicle while one of the Watsons fits her for that new overcoat she wants by next Tuesday. They make grey flannel trousers at the same shop.

There is a luxury lingerie shop, where Mary Pickford buys many garments; there is a travel agency, where film stars dash in to book tickets that will carry them round the world. Right across the road is a dairy lunch shop, where you can buy a good substantial meal for 1s., and eat it off a clean white marble table, too. . . . A man draws portraits for one dollar; his shop window is full of excellent likenesses of film stars.

There are rather dubious night clubs and two girl shows, quite close to the Christie Hotel, where many present-day film stars once lived. It belonged, originally, to a Christie Brother who made film comedies.

The Bank of Italy, to which so many celebs. entrust their fortunes, is at the corner of the Boulevard and Highland Avenue. Opposite is the First National Bank and its fine building, where dentists, doctors, publicity men, insurance brokers and mere business men have suites of offices. It has a bronze tower that gleams oddly at night. The Roosevelt Hotel, tall and white and comfortable, is at the corner of the next block, looking over the Chinese Theatre. That is the place where golden blondes and their escorts step out in the evening, to the music of a first-class band.

It isn't a dozen steps to the Gotham Delicatessen. Ask any film star where to buy caviare, and they will yell "The Gotham." I have eaten cold turkey sandwiches there at three in the morning, with Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin at a near-by table, and Jean Harlow, with her mother and stepfather, right across the aisle. The place seems to keep open for ever and ever. It provides buffet suppers for many of the smartest parties given in the film city.

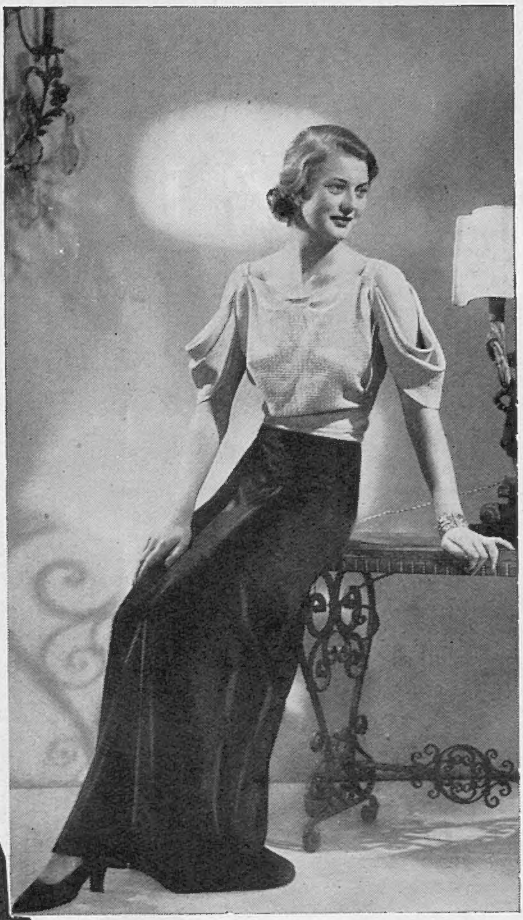
I forgot the tiny shop, near Vine Street, where you can hire a mail address for 4s. a month. This includes stationery with the Boulevard address and a telephone number printed on it. So if you want to bluff the folks back home that you are hitting the high spots in Hollywood you know the way to do it. . . . It all begins in a field, as I said, where a furnished flat (of sorts) may be hired for £1 a week. It ends in the hills at the foot of Laurel Canyon, where the lucky ones live in houses that cost £800 a month—perhaps.

In between you may see millionaires shopping in 5 and 10 cent. stores and bankrupts riding in thousand pound limousines. It's all part of the game, as played in the Maddest Street on Earth.

END

THE DEBUTANTES DEPARTMENT HAS ALL THE ANSWERS

Every type of youthful frock is to be found in Marshall & Snelgrove's Debutantes Department, which has all the answers to the vital question of what is new and smart for Autumn. A trio of styles for dinner and dance wear is shown. They're irresistible and inexpensive.



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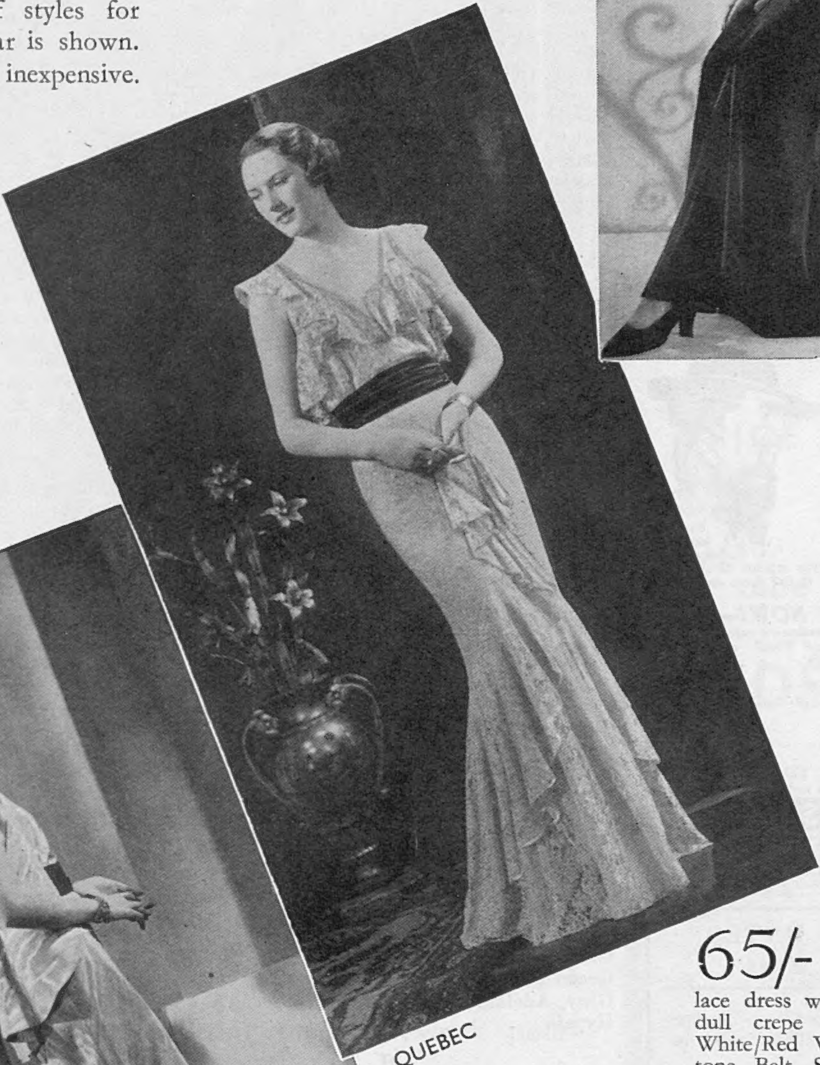

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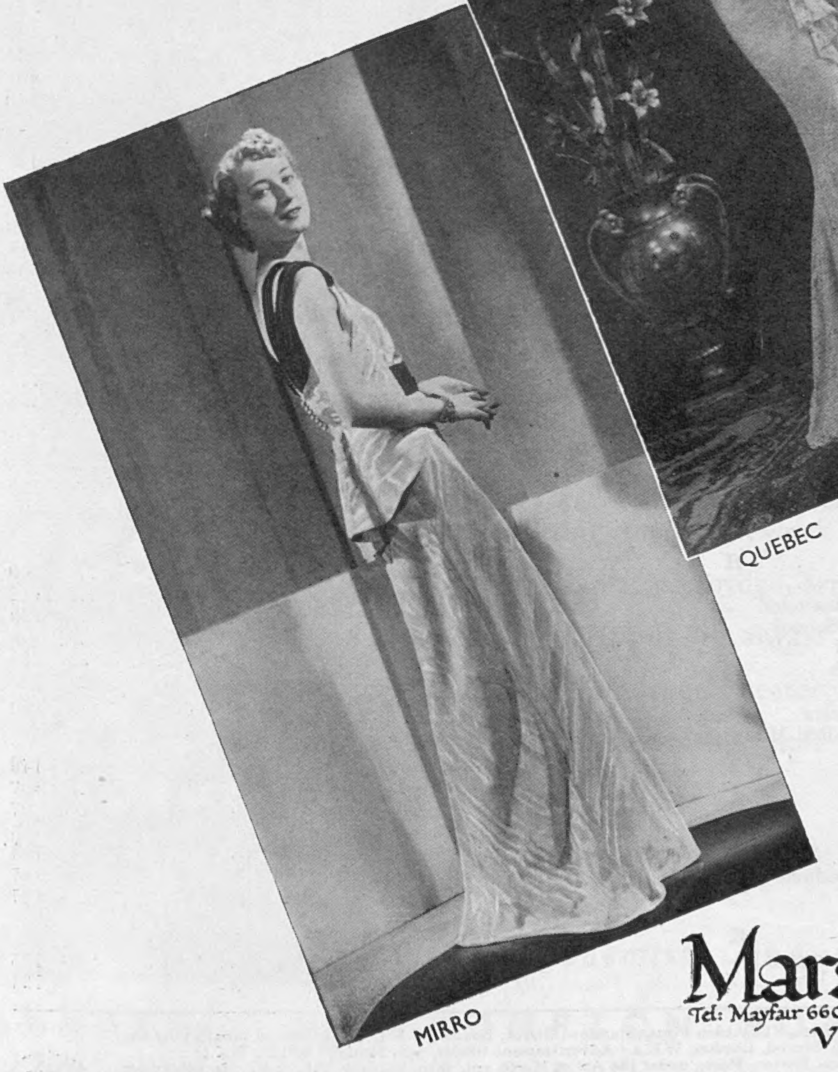

MIRRO

65/- is the price of this lovely cocktail dress in crepe with silver thread, with dull creponella skirt. Colours: Lavender/Black Skirt, Sky/Black Skirt, Turquoise/Black Skirt, White/Black Skirt. Sizes: 38, 40, 42.

65/- is the price of this smart lace dress with beautiful lines. Lined dull crepe with contrast. Colours: White/Red Velvet Belt, Turquoise/To tone Belt, Sky/Royal Belt, Royal/Self Belt, Red/Red Belt, Nigger/Nigger Belt, Black/Flame Belt. Sizes: 38, 40, 42.

65/- is the price of this new Moiré dress with sash and shoulder straps in contrast velvet. Colours: White/Green, Flame/Self, Mauve/Self, Pink/Rose, Green/Self, Black/Self, Sky/Royal, Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42.

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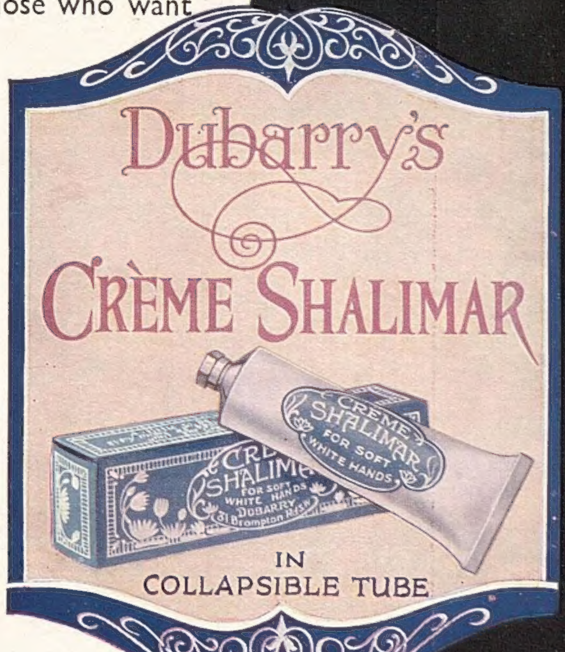
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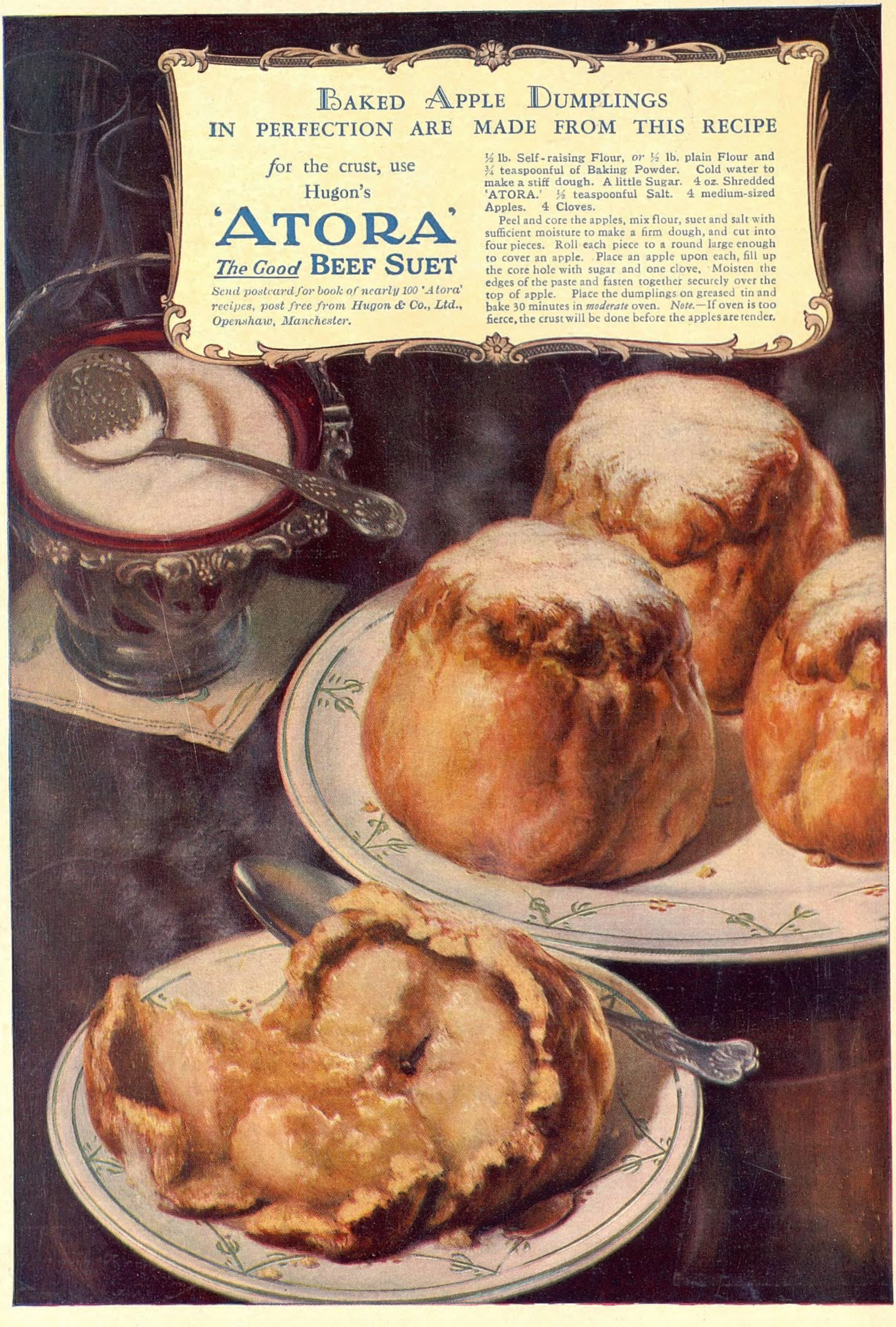

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